THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE THIRTY-SECOND.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY J. DAVIS;

FOR J. BUCKLAND, J. RIVINGTON AND SONS, T. PAYNE AND SON, L. DAVIS, B. WHITE AND SON, T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, J. DODSLEY, H. BALDWIN, J. ROBSON, C. DILLY, T. CADELL, J. NICHOLS, J. JOHNSON, G. G. J. AND J. ROBINSON, R. BALDWIN, H. L. GARDNER, P. ELMSLY, T. EVANS, G. NICOL, LEIGH AND SOTHEBY, J. BEW, N. CONANT, J. MURRAY, J. SEWELL, W. GOLDSMITH, W. RICHARDSON, T. VERNOR, W. LOWNDES, W. BENT, W. OTRIDGE, T. AND J. EGERTON, S. HAYES, R. FAULDER, J. EDWARDS, G. AND T. WILKIE, W. NICOLL, OGILVY AND SPEARE, SCATCHERD AND WHITAKER, W. FOX, C. STALKER, E. NEWBERY. 1790.

THE

THIRTY-SECOND VOLUME

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS;

CONTAINING

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE's

AND

PART OF PRIOR's POEMS.

VOL. XXXII.

THE

POEMS

OF

JOHN SHEFFIELD,

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

" —— Nec Phœbo gratior ulla eſt
" Quam ſibi quæ Vari præſcripſit pagina nomen."

VIRG.

TO

THE MEMORY OF

JOHN SHEFFIELD,

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE,

THESE

HIS MORE LASTING REMAINS

(THE MONUMENT OF HIS MIND, AND MORE PERFECT IMAGE OF HIMSELF)

ARE HERE COLLECTED BY THE DIRECTION OF

CATHARINE HIS DUTCHESS:

DESIROUS THAT HIS ASHES MAY BE HONOURED,

AND HIS FAME AND MERIT COMMITTED

TO THE TEST OF

TIME, TRUTH, AND POSTERITY.

TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS

CONCERNING

HIS GRACE AND HIS WRITINGS.

Earl of ROSCOMMON, Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe.

HAPPY that author! whoſe correct eſſay *
Repairs ſo well our old Horatian way.

DRYDEN, Abſalom and Achitophel.

Sharp-judging Adriel, the Muſes' friend,
Himſelf a Muſe—In Sanhedrin's debate,
True to his prince, but not a ſlave of ſtate.

DRYDEN, Verſes to Lord Roſcommon.

How will ſweet Ovid's ghoſt be pleas'd to hear
His fame augmented by an Engliſh peer?
How he embelliſhes his Helen's love,
Outdoes in ſoftneſs, and his ſenſe improves.

DRYDEN, Preface to Virgil's Æneis.

"Your Eſſay on Poetry, which was publiſhed without "a name, and of which I was not honoured with the "confidence, I read over and over with much delight, "and as much inſtruction; and, without flattering you, "or making myſelf more moral than I am, not without

* Eſſay on Poetry.

" ſome envy. I was loth to be informed how an epic " poem ſhould be written, or how a tragedy ſhould be " contrived and managed in better verſe, and with more " judgment, than I could teach others.

" I gave the unknown author his due commendation, " I muſt confeſs; but who can anſwer for me, and for " the reſt of the poets who heard me read the poem, " whether we ſhould not have been better pleaſed to have " ſeen our own names at the bottom of the title-page? " Perhaps we commended it the more, that we might " ſeem to be above the cenſure, &c."

DRYDEN, Ibid.

" This is but doing juſtice to my country, part of " which honour will reflect on your lordſhip, whoſe " thoughts are always juſt, your numbers harmonious, " your words choſen, your expreſſions ſtrong and manly, " your verſe flowing, and your turns as happy as they " are eaſy. If you would ſet us more copies, your ex- " ample would make all precepts needleſs. In the " meantime, that little you have writ is owned, and " that particularly by the poets (who are a nation not " over-laviſh of praiſe to their contemporaries) as a par- " ticular ornament of our language: but the ſweeteſt " eſſences are always confined in the ſmalleſt glaſſes."

DRYDEN, Dedication to Aurengzebe.

How great and manly in your lordſhip is your contempt of popular applauſe, and your retired virtue, which ſhines only to a few, with whom you live ſo eaſily and freely,

freely, that you make it evident you have a ſoul which is capable of all the tenderneſs of friendſhip, and that you only retire yourſelf from thoſe who are not capable of returning it! Your kindneſs, where you have once placed it, is inviolable; and it is to that only I attribute my happineſs in your love. This makes me more eaſily forſake an argument on which I could otherwiſe delight to dwell; I mean your judgment in your choice of friends, becauſe I have the honour to be one. After which, I am ſure, you will more eaſily permit me to be ſilent in the care you have taken of my fortune, which you have reſcued, not only from the power of others, but from my worſt of enemies, my own modeſty and lazineſs: which favour, had it been employed on a more deſerving ſubject, had been an effect of juſtice in your nature; but as placed on me, is only charity. Yet withal it is conferred on ſuch a man, as prefers your kindneſs itſelf before any of its conſequences; and who values, as the greateſt of your favours, thoſe of your love, and of your converſation. From this conſtancy to your friends I might reaſonably aſſume, that your reſentments would be as ſtrong and laſting if they were not reſtrained by a nobler principle of good-nature and generoſity; for certainly it is the ſame compoſition of mind, the ſame reſolution and courage, which makes the greateſt friendſhips and the greateſt enmities. To this firmneſs in all your actions (though you are wanting in no other ornaments of mind and body, yet to this) I principally aſcribe the intereſt your merits have acquired you in the royal family. A prince who is conſtant to himſelf, and

ſteady in all his undertakings; one with whom the character of Horace will agree:

" Si fractus illabatur orbis,
" Impavidum ferient ruinæ."

Such a one cannot but place an eſteem, and repoſe a confidence on him whom no adverſity, no change of courts, no bribery of intereſt, or cabal of factions, or advantages of fortune, can remove from the ſolid foundations of honour and fidelity.

" Ille meos, primus qui me ſibi junxit, amores
" Abſtulit, ille habeat ſecum, ſervetque ſepulcro."

How well your lordſhip will deſerve that praiſe, I need no inſpiration to foretel. You have already left no room for prophecy: your early undertakings have been ſuch, in the ſervice of your king and country, when you offered yourſelf to the moſt dangerous employment, that of the ſea; when you choſe to abandon thoſe delights to which your youth and fortune did invite you, to undergo the hazards, and, which was worſe, the company of common ſeamen; that you have made it evident you will refuſe no opportunity of rendering yourſelf uſeful to the nation, when either your courage or conduct ſhall be required.

Biſhop BURNET, Preface to Sir T. More's Utopia.

Our language is now certainly properer and more natural than it was formerly, chiefly ſince the correction that was given by the Rehearſal; and it is to be hoped that

that the Eſſay on Poetry, which may be well matched with the beſt pieces of its kind that even Auguſtus's age produced, will have a more powerful operation, if clear ſenſe, joined with home but gentle reproofs, can work more on our writers than that unmerciful expoſing of them has done.

ADDISON, Spectator, N° 253.

We have three poems in our tongue, which are of the ſame nature, and each of them a maſter-piece in its kind: the Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe, the Eſſay on Poetry, and the Eſſay on Criticiſm.

Lord LANSDOWNE, Eſſay on Unnatural Flights, &c.

Roſcommon firſt, then Mulgrave roſe, like light,
To clear our darkneſs, and to guide our flight:
With ſteady judgment, and in lofty ſounds,
They gave us patterns, and they ſet us bounds.
The Stagyrite and Horace laid aſide,
Inform'd by them we need no foreign guide;
Who ſeek from poetry a laſting name,
May from their leſſons learn the road to fame.

PRIOR, Alma, Cant. 2.

Happy the poet! bleſt the lays!
Which Buckingham has deign'd to praiſe.

GARTH, Diſpenſary.

Now Tyber's ſtreams no courtly Gallus ſee,
But ſmiling Thames enjoys his Normanby.

POPE,

POPE, Eſſay on Criticiſm.

Yet ſome there were among the ſounder few,
Of thoſe who leſs preſum'd, and better knew,
Who durſt aſſert the juſter ancient cauſe,
And here reſtor'd Wit's fundamental laws:
Such was the Muſe, whoſe rules and practice tell,
" Nature's chief maſter-piece is writing well."

POPE, Miſcellanies.

Muſe, 'tis enough; at length thy labour ends,
And thou ſhalt live, for Buckingham commends.
Let crowds of critics now my verſe aſſail,
Let Dennis write, and nameleſs numbers rail:
This more than pays whole years of thankleſs pain,
Time, health, and fortune, are not loſt in vain;
Sheffield approves, conſenting Phœbus bends,
And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

POEMS

BY THE

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

THE TEMPLE OF DEATH.

IN IMITATION OF THE FRENCH.

IN thoſe cold climates, where the ſun appears
Unwillingly, and hides his face in tears,
A diſmal vale lies in a deſert iſle,
On which indulgent heaven did never ſmile.
There a thick grove of aged cypreſs trees,
Which none without an awful horror ſees,
Into its wither'd arms, depriv'd of leaves,
Whole flocks of ill-preſaging birds receives:
Poiſons are all the plants that ſoil will bear,
And winter is the only ſeaſon there:

Millions of graves o'erſpread the ſpacious field,
And ſprings of blood a thouſand rivers yield;
Whoſe ſtreams, oppreſs'd with carcaſſes and bones,
Inſtead of gentle murmurs, pour forth groans.
Within this vale a famous temple ſtands,
Old as the world itſelf, which it commands;
Round is its figure, and four iron gates
Divide mankind, by order of the Fates:
Thither in crowds come to one common grave
The young, the old, the monarch, and the ſlave.
Old age and pains, thoſe evils man deplores,
Are rigid keepers of th' eternal doors;
All clad in mournful blacks, which ſadly load
The ſacred walls of this obſcure abode;
And tapers, of a pitchy ſubſtance made,
With clouds of ſmoke increaſe the diſmal ſhade.
A monſter void of reaſon and of ſight
The goddeſs is, who ſways this realm of night;
Her power extends o'er all things that have breath,
A cruel tyrant, and her name is Death.
The faireſt object of our wondering eyes
Was newly offer'd up her ſacrifice;
Th' adjoining places where the altar ſtood,
Yet bluſhing with the fair Almeria's blood,
When griev'd Orontes, whoſe unhappy flame
Is known to all who e'er converſe with Fame,
His mind poſſeſs'd by Fury and Deſpair,
Within the ſacred temple made this prayer:
Great Deity! who in thy hands doſt bear
That iron ſceptre which poor mortals fear;

Who,

Who, wanting eyes thyſelf, reſpecteſt none,
And neither ſpar'ſt the laurel nor the crown!
O thou, whom all mankind in vain withſtand,
Each of whoſe blood muſt one day ſtain thy hand!
O thou, who every eye that ſees the light
Cloſeſt for ever in the ſhades of night!
Goddeſs, attend, and hearken to my grief,
To which thy power alone can give relief.
Alas! I aſk not to defer my fate,
But wiſh my hapleſs life a ſhorter date;
And that the earth would in its bowels hide
A wretch, whom Heaven invades on every ſide:
That from the ſight of day I could remove,
And might have nothing left me but my love.
Thou only comforter of minds oppreſt,
The port where wearied ſpirits are at reſt;
Conductor to Elyſium, take my life,
My breaſt I offer to thy ſacred knife;
So juſt a grace refuſe not, nor deſpiſe
A willing, though a worthleſs ſacrifice.
Others (their frail and mortal ſtate forgot)
Before thy altars are not to be brought
Without conſtraint; the noiſe of dying rage,
Heaps of the ſlain of every ſex and age,
The blade all reeking in the gore it ſhed,
With ſever'd heads and arms confus'dly ſpread;
The rapid flames of a perpetual fire,
The groans of wretches ready to expire:
This tragic ſcene in terror makes them live,
Till that is forc'd which they ſhould freely give;

Yielding

Yielding unwillingly what Heaven will have,
Their fears eclipſe the glory of their grave:
Before thy face they make indecent moan,
And feel a hundred deaths in fearing one:
Thy flame becomes unhallow'd in their breaſt,
And he a murderer who was a prieſt.
But againſt me thy ſtrongeſt forces call,
And on my head let all the tempeſt fall;
No mean retreat ſhall any weakneſs ſhow,
But calmly I'll expect the fatal blow;
My limbs not trembling, in my mind no fear,
Plaints in my mouth, nor in my eyes a tear.
Think not that Time, our wonted ſure relief,
That univerſal cure for every grief,
Whoſe aid ſo many lovers oft' have found,
With like ſucceſs can ever heal my wound:
Too weak the power of nature, or of art,
Nothing but death can eaſe a broken heart:
And that thou may'ſt behold my helpleſs ſtate,
Learn the extremeſt rigour of my fate.
Amidſt th' innumerable beauteous train,
Paris, the queen of cities, does contain,
(The faireſt town, the largeſt, and the beſt)
The fair Almeria ſhin'd above the reſt:
From her bright eyes to feel a hopeleſs flame,
Was of our youth the moſt ambitious aim;
Her chains were marks of honour to the brave,
She made a prince whene'er ſhe made a ſlave.
Love, under whoſe tyrannic power I groan,
Shew'd me this beauty ere 'twas fully blown;

Her

Her timorous charms, and her unpractis'd look,
Their firſt aſſurance from my conqueſt took;
By wounding me, ſhe learn'd the fatal art,
And the firſt ſigh ſhe had was from my heart:
My eyes, with tears moiſtening her ſnowy arms,
Render'd the tribute owing to her charms.
But, as I ſooneſt of all mortals paid
My vows, and to her beauty altars made;
So, among all thoſe ſlaves that ſigh'd in vain,
She thought me only worthy of my chain:
Love's heavy burden my ſubmiſſive heart
Endur'd not long, before ſhe bore her part;
My violent flame melted her frozen breaſt,
And in ſoft ſighs her pity ſhe expreſs'd;
Her gentle voice allay'd my raging pains,
And her fair hands ſuſtain'd me in my chains;
Ev'n tears of pity waited on my moan,
And tender looks were caſt on me alone.
My hopes and dangers were leſs mine than hers,
Thoſe fill'd her ſoul with joys, and theſe with fears;
Our hearts, united, had the ſame deſires,
And both alike burn'd with impatient fires.
Too faithful Memory! I give thee leave
Thy wretched maſter kindly to deceive;
Oh, make me not poſſeſſor of her charms,
Let me not find her languiſh in my arms;
Paſt joys are now my fancy's mournful themes;
Make all my happy nights appear but dreams:
Let not ſuch bliſs before my eyes be brought,
O hide thoſe ſcenes from my tormenting thought;

And in their place diſdainful beauty ſhow;
If thou would'ſt not be cruel, make her ſo:
And, ſomething to abate my deep deſpair,
O let her ſeem leſs gentle, or leſs fair.
But I in vain flatter my wounded mind;
Never was nymph ſo lovely or ſo kind:
No cold repulſes my deſire ſuppreſt,
I ſeldom ſigh'd, but on Almeria's breaſt:
Of all the paſſions which mankind deſtroy,
I only felt exceſs of love and joy:
Unnumber'd pleaſures charm'd my ſenſe, and they
Were, as my love, without the leaſt allay.
As pure, alas! but not ſo ſure to laſt,
For, like a pleaſing dream, they are all paſt.
From heaven her beauties like fierce lightnings came,
Which break through darkneſs with a glorious flame;
Awhile they ſhine, awhile our minds amaze,
Our wondering eyes are dazzled with the blaze;
But thunder follows, whoſe reſiſtleſs rage
None can withſtand, and nothing can aſſuage;
And all that light which thoſe bright flaſhes gave,
Serves only to conduct us to our grave.
When I had juſt begun love's joys to taſte,
(Thoſe full rewards for fears and dangers paſt)
A fever ſeiz'd her, and to nothing brought
The richeſt work that ever nature wrought.
All things below, alas! uncertain ſtand;
The firmeſt rocks are fix'd upon the ſand:
Under this law both kings and kingdoms bend,
And no beginning is without an end.

A ſacrifice

A ſacrifice to time, fate dooms us all,
And at the tyrant's feet we daily fall:
Time, whoſe bold hand will bring alike to duſt
Mankind, and temples too in which they truſt.
Her waſted ſpirits now begin to faint,
Yet patience ties her tongue from all complaint,
And in her heart as in a fort remains;
But yields at laſt to her reſiſtleſs pains.
Thus while the fever, amorous of his prey,
Through all her veins makes his delightful way,
Her fate's like Semele's; the flames deſtroy
That beauty they too eagerly enjoy.
Her charming face is in its ſpring decay'd,
Pale grow the roſes, and the lilies fade;
Her ſkin has loſt that luſtre which ſurpaſs'd
The ſun's, and well deſerv'd as long to laſt:
Her eyes, which us'd to pierce the hardeſt hearts,
Are now diſarm'd of all their flames and darts;
Thoſe ſtars now heavily and ſlowly move;
And ſickneſs triumphs in the throne of love.
The fever every moment more prevails,
Its rage her body feels, and tongue bewails:
She, whoſe diſdain ſo many lovers prove,
Sighs now for torment, as they ſigh for love,
And with loud cries, which rend the neighbouring air,
Wounds my ſad heart, and weakens my deſpair.
Both men and gods I charge now with my loſs,
And, wild with grief, my thoughts each other croſs,
My heart and tongue labour in both extremes,
This ſends up humble prayers, while that blaſphemes:

I aſk their help, whoſe malice I defy,
And mingle ſacrilege with piety.
But, that which muſt yet more perplex my mind,
To love her truly, I muſt ſeem unkind;
So unconcern'd a face my ſorrow wears,
I muſt reſtrain unruly floods of tears.
My eyes and tongue put on diſſembling forms,
I ſhew a calmneſs in the midſt of ſtorms;
I ſeem to hope when all my hopes are gone,
And, almoſt dead with grief, diſcover none.
But who can long deceive a loving eye,
Or with dry eyes behold his miſtreſs die?
When paſſion had with all its terrors brought
Th' approaching danger nearer to my thought,
Off on a ſudden fell the forc'd diſguiſe,
And ſhew'd a ſighing heart in weeping eyes:
My apprehenſions, now no more confin'd,
Expos'd my ſorrows, and betray'd my mind.
The fair afflicted ſoon perceives my tears,
Explains my ſighs, and thence concludes my fears:
With ſad preſages of her hopeleſs caſe,
She reads her fate in my dejected face;
Then feels my torment, and neglects her own,
While I am ſenſible of hers alone;
Each does the other's burthen kindly bear,
I fear her death, and ſhe bewails my fear;
Though thus we ſuffer under Fortune's darts,
'Tis only thoſe of love which reach our hearts.
Mean while the fever mocks at all our fears,
Grows by our ſighs, and rages at our tears:

Thoſe vain effects of our as vain deſire,
Like wind and oil, increaſe the fatal fire.
Almeria then, feeling the deſtinies
About to ſhut her lips, and cloſe her eyes;
Weeping, in mine, fix'd her fair trembling hand,
And with theſe words I ſcarce could underſtand,
Her paſſion in a dying voice expreſs'd
Half, and her ſighs, alas! made out the reſt.
'Tis paſt; this pang—Nature gives o'er the ſtrife;
Thou muſt thy miſtreſs loſe, and I my life.
I die; but, dying thine, the fates may prove
Their conqueſt over me, but not my love:
Thy memory, my glory, and my pain,
In ſpite of death itſelf ſhall ſtill remain.
Deareſt Orontes, my hard fate denies,
That hope is the laſt thing which in us dies:
From my griev'd breaſt all thoſe ſoft thoughts are fled,
And love ſurvives it, though my hope is dead;
I yield my life, but keep my paſſion yet,
And can all thoughts, but of Orontes, quit.
My flame increaſes as my ſtrength decays;
Death, which puts out the light, the heat will raiſe:
That ſtill remains, though I from hence remove;
I loſe my lover, but I keep my love.
The ſighs which ſent forth that laſt tender word,
Up tow'rds the heavens like a bright meteor ſoar'd;
And the kind nymph, not yet bereft of charms,
Fell cold and breathleſs in her lover's arms.
Goddeſs, who now my fate haſt underſtood,
Spare but my tears, and freely take my blood:

Here let me end the ſtory of my cares;
My diſmal grief enough the reſt declares.
Judge thou by all this miſery diſplay'd,
Whether I ought not to implore thy aid:
Thus to ſurvive, reproaches on me draws;
Never ſad wiſhes had ſo juſt a cauſe.
Come then, my only hope; in every place
Thou viſiteſt, men tremble at thy face,
And fear thy name: once let thy fatal hand
Fall on a ſwain that does the blow demand.
Vouchſafe thy dart; I need not one of thoſe,
With which thou doſt unwilling kings depoſe:
A welcome death the ſlighteſt wound can bring,
And free a ſoul already on her wing.
Without thy aid, moſt miſerable I
Muſt ever wiſh, yet not obtain to die.

ODE ON LOVE.

I.

LET others ſongs or ſatires write,
Provok'd by vanity or ſpite;
My Muſe a nobler cauſe ſhall move,
To ſound aloud the praiſe of Love:
That gentle, yet reſiſtleſs heat,
Which raiſes men to all things good and great:
While other paſſions of the mind
To low brutality debaſe mankind,
By love we are above ourſelves refin'd.

Oh

Oh love, thou trance divine! in which the ſoul,
Unclogg'd with worldly cares, may range without control;
And ſoaring to her heaven, from thence inſpir'd can teach
High myſteries, above poor Reaſon's feeble reach.

II.

To weak old age, Prudence ſome aid may prove,
And curb thoſe appetites that faintly move;
But wild, impetuous youth is tam'd by nothing leſs than love.
Of men too rough for peace, too rude for arts,
Love's power can penetrate the hardeſt hearts;
And through the cloſeſt pores a paſſage find,
Like that of light, to ſhine all o'er the mind.
The want of love does both extremes produce;
Maids are too nice, and men as much too looſe;
While equal good an amorous couple find,
She makes him conſtant, and he makes her kind.
New charms in vain a lover's faith would prove;
Hermits or bed-rid men they'll ſooner move:
The fair inveigler will but ſadly find
There's no ſuch eunuch as a man in love.
But when by his chaſte nymph embrac'd,
(For love makes all embraces chaſte)
Then the tranſported creature can
Do wonders, and is more than man.
Both heaven and earth would our deſires confine;
But yet in vain both heaven and earth combine,
Unleſs where love bleſſes the great deſign.

Hymen makes faſt the hand, but Love the heart;
He the fool's god, thou nature's Hymen art;
Whoſe laws once broke, we are not held by force,
But the falſe breach itſelf is a divorce.

III.

For love the miſer will his gold deſpiſe,
The falſe grow faithful, and the fooliſh wiſe;
Cautious the young, and complaiſant the old,
The cruel gentle, and the coward bold.
Thou glorious ſun within our ſouls,
Whoſe influence ſo much controls;
Ev'n dull and heavy lumps of love,
Quicken'd by thee, more lively move;
And if their heads but any ſubſtance hold,
Love ripens all that droſs into the pureſt gold.
In heaven's great work thy part is ſuch,
That maſter-like thou giv'ſt the laſt great touch
To heaven's own maſter-piece of man;
And finiſheſt what Nature but began:
Thy happy ſtroke can into ſoftneſs bring
Reaſon, that rough and wrangling thing.
From childhood upwards we decay,
And grow but greater children every day:
So, reaſon, how can we be ſaid to riſe?
So many cares attend the being wiſe,
'Tis rather falling down a precipice.
From Senſe to Reaſon unimprov'd we move;
We only then advance, when Reaſon turns to Love.

IV. Thou

IV.

Thou reigneſt o'er our earthly gods;
Uncrown'd by thee, their other crowns are loads;
One beauty's ſmile their meaneſt courtier brings
Rather to pity than to envy kings;
His fellow ſlaves he takes them now to be,
Favour'd by love perhaps much leſs than he.
For love, the timorous baſhful maid
Of nothing but denying is afraid;
For love ſhe overcomes her ſhame,
Forſakes her fortune, and forgets her fame;
Yet, if but with a conſtant lover bleſt,
Thanks Heaven for that, and never minds the reſt.

V.

Love is the ſalt of life; a higher taſte
It gives to pleaſure, and then makes it laſt.
Thoſe ſlighted favours which cold nymphs diſpenſe,
Mere common counters of the ſenſe,
Defective both in metal and in meaſure,
A lover's fancy coins into a treaſure.
How vaſt the ſubject! what a boundleſs ſtore
Of bright ideas ſhining all before!
The Muſe's ſighs forbid me to give o'er!
But the kind god incites us various ways,
And now I find him all my ardour raiſe,
His precepts to perform, as well as praiſe.

ELEGY

TO THE

DUTCHESS OF R——.

THOU lovely ſlave to a rude huſband's will,
By Nature us'd ſo well, by him ſo ill!
For all that grief we ſee your mind endure,
Your glaſs preſents you with a pleaſing cure.
Thoſe maids you envy for their happier ſtate,
To have your form, would gladly have your fate;
And of like ſlavery each wife complains,
Without ſuch beauty's help to bear her chains.
Huſbands like him we every-where may ſee;
But where can we behold a wife like thee?
While to a tyrant you by fate are ty'd,
By love you tyrannize o'er all beſide:
Thoſe eyes, though weeping, can no pity move;
Worthy our grief! more worthy of our love!
You, while ſo fair (do Fortune what ſhe pleaſe)
Can be no more in pain than we at eaſe;
Unleſs, unſatisfied with all our vows,
Your vain ambition ſo unbounded grows,
That you repine a huſband ſhould eſcape
Th' united force of ſuch a face and ſhape.
If ſo, alas! for all thoſe charming powers,
Your caſe is juſt as deſperate as ours.
Expect that birds ſhould only ſing to you,
And, as you walk, that ev'ry tree ſhould bow;

Expect

Expect thoſe ſtatues, as you paſs, ſhould burn;
And that with wonder men ſhould ſtatues turn;
Such beauty is enough to give things life,
But not to make a huſband love his wife:
A huſband, worſe than ſtatues, or than trees;
Colder than thoſe, leſs ſenſible than theſe.
Then from ſo dull a care your thoughts remove,
And waſte not ſighs you only owe to love.
'Tis pity, ſighs from ſuch a breaſt ſhould part,
Unleſs to eaſe ſome doubtful lover's heart;
Who dies becauſe he muſt too juſtly prize
What yet the dull poſſeſſor does deſpiſe.
Thus precious jewels among Indians grow,
Who nor their uſe, nor wondrous value know;
But we for thoſe bright treaſures tempt the main,
And hazard life for what the fools diſdain.

A LETTER FROM SEA.

FAireſt, if time and abſence can incline
Your heart to wandering thoughts no more than mine;
Then ſhall my hand, as changeleſs as my mind,
From your glad eyes a kindly welcome find;
Then, while this note my conſtancy aſſures,
You'll be almoſt as pleas'd, as I with yours.
And truſt me, when I feel that kind relief,
Abſence itſelf awhile ſuſpends its grief:
So may it do with you, but ſtrait return;
For it were cruel not ſometimes to mourn

His

His fate, who this long time he keeps away,
Mourns all the night, and ſighs out all the day;
Grieving yet more, when he reflects that you
Muſt not be happy, or muſt not be true.
But ſince to me it ſeems a blacker fate
To be inconſtant, than unfortunate;
Remember all thoſe vows between us paſt,
When I from all I value parted laſt;
May you alike with kind impatience burn,
And ſomething miſs, till I with joy return;
And ſoon may pitying Heaven that bleſſing give,
As in the hopes of that alone I live.

LOVE's SLAVERY.

GRAVE fops my envy now beget,
Who did my pity move;
They, by the right of wanting wit,
Are free from cares of love.

Turks honour fools, becauſe they are
By that defect ſecure
From ſlavery and toils of war,
Which all the reſt endure.

So I, who ſuffer cold neglect
And wounds from Celia's eyes,
Begin extremely to reſpect
Theſe fools that ſeem ſo wiſe.

'Tis true, they fondly ſet their hearts
On things of no delight;
To paſs all day for men of parts,
They paſs alone the night.

But Celia never breaks their reſt;
Such ſervants ſhe diſdains;
And ſo the fops are dully bleſt,
While I endure her chains.

THE DREAM.

READY to throw me at the feet
Of that fair nymph whom I adore,
Impatient thoſe delights to meet
Which I enjoy'd the night before;

By her wonted ſcornful brow,
Soon the fond miſtake I find;
Ixion mourn'd his error ſo,
When Juno's form the cloud reſign'd.

Sleep, to make its charms more priz'd
Than waking joys, which moſt prevail,
Had cunningly itſelf diſguis'd
In a ſhape that could not fail.

There my Celia's ſnowy arms,
Breaſts, and other parts more dear,
Expoſing new and unknown charms,
To my tranſported ſoul appear.

Then

Then you ſo much kindneſs ſhow,
My deſpair deluded flies;
And indulgent dreams beſtow
What your cruelty denies.

Bluſh not that your image Love
Naked to my fancy brought;
'Tis hard, methinks, to diſapprove
The joys I feel without your fault.

Wonder not a fancy'd bliſs
Can ſuch griefs as mine remove;
That honour as fantaſtic is,
Which makes you ſlight ſuch conſtant love.

The virtue which you value ſo,
Is but a fancy frail and vain;
Nothing is ſolid here below,
Except my love and your diſdain.

TO ONE WHO ACCUSED HIM OF BEING TOO SENSUAL IN HIS LOVE.

THINK not, my fair, 'tis ſin or ſhame,
To bleſs the man who ſo adores;
Nor give ſo hard, unjuſt a name
To all thoſe favours he implores.
Beauty is Heaven's moſt bounteous gift eſteem'd,
Becauſe by love men are from vice redeem'd.

Yet

Yet wiſh not vainly for a love
From all the force of nature clear:
That is reſerv'd for thoſe above,
And 'tis a fault to claim it here.
For ſenſual joys ye ſcorn that we ſhould love ye,
But love without them is as much above ye.

THE WARNING.

LOVERS, who waſte your thoughts and youth
In paſſion's fond extremes,
Who dream of women's love and truth,
And doat upon your dreams:

I ſhould not here your fancy take
From ſuch a pleaſing ſtate,
Were you not ſure at laſt to wake,
And find your fault too late.

Then learn betimes, the love which crowns
Our cares is all but wiles,
Compos'd of falſe fantaſtic frowns,
And ſoft diſſembling ſmiles.

With anger, which ſometimes they feign,
They cruel tyrants prove;
And then turn flatterers again,
With as affected love.

As if ſome injury was meant
To thoſe they kindly us'd,
Thoſe lovers are the moſt content
That have been ſtill refus'd.

Since

Since each has in his boſom nurſt
A falſe and fawning foe,
'Tis juſt and wiſe, by ſtriking firſt,
To 'ſcape the fatal blow.

TO
AMORETTA.

WHEN I held out againſt your eyes,
You took the ſureſt courſe
A heart unwary to ſurpriſe,
You ne'er could take by force.

However, though I ſtrive no more,
The fort will now be priz'd,
Which, if ſurrender'd up before,
Perhaps had been deſpis'd.

But, gentle Amoretta, though
I cannot love reſiſt,
Think not, when you have caught me ſo,
To uſe me as you liſt.

Inconſtancy or coldneſs will
My fooliſh heart reclaim:
Then I come off with honour ſtill,
But you, alas! with ſhame.

A heart by kindneſs only gain'd,
Will a dear conqueſt prove;
And, to be kept, muſt be maintain'd
At vaſt expence of love.

THE

VENTURE.

OH, how I languiſh! what a ſtrange
Unruly fierce deſire!
My ſpirits feel ſome wondrous change,
My heart is all on fire.

Now, all ye wiſer thoughts, away,
In vain your tale ye tell
Of patient hopes, and dull delay,
Love's foppiſh part; farewell.

Suppoſe one week's delay would give
All that my wiſhes move;
Oh, who ſo long a time can live,
Stretch'd on the rack of love?

Her ſoul perhaps is too ſublime,
To like ſuch ſlaviſh fear;
Diſcretion, prudence, all is crime,
If once condemn'd by her.

When honour does the ſoldier call
To ſome unequal fight,
Reſolv'd to conquer, or to fall,
Before his general's ſight;

Advanc'd the happy hero lives;
Or if ill fate denies,
The noble raſhneſs Heaven forgives,
And glorioufly he dies.

INCON-

INCONSTANCY EXCUSED.

SONG.

I Muſt confeſs, I am untrue
To Gloriana's eyes;
But he that's ſmil'd upon by you,
Muſt all the world deſpiſe.

In winter, fires of little worth
Excite our dull deſire;
But when the ſun breaks kindly forth,
Thoſe fainter flames expire.

Then blame me not for ſlighting now
What I did once adore;
O, do but this one change allow,
And I can change no more:

Fixt by your never-failing charms,
Till I with age decay,
Till languiſhing within your arms,
I ſigh my ſoul away.

SONG.

OH, conceal that charming creature
From my wondering, wiſhing eyes!
Every motion, every feature
Does ſome raviſh'd heart ſurpriſe;

But

But oh, I ſighing, ſighing, ſee
The happy ſwain! ſhe ne'er can be
Falſe to him, or kind to me.

Yet, if I could humbly ſhow her,
Ah! how wretched I remain;
'Tis not, ſure, a thing below her,
Still to pity ſo much pain.
The gods ſome pleaſure, pleaſure take,
Happy as themſelves to make
Thoſe who ſuffer for their ſake.

Since your hand alone was given
To a wretch not worth your care;
Like ſome angel ſent from heaven,
Come, and raiſe me from deſpair.
Your heart I cannot, cannot miſs,
And I deſire no other bliſs;
Let all the world beſides be his.

DESPAIR.

ALL hopeleſs of relief,
Incapable of reſt,
In vain I ſtrive to vent a grief
That's not to be expreſt.

This rage within my veins
No reaſon can remove;
Of all the mind's moſt cruel pains,
The ſharpeſt, ſure, is love.

Yet while I languiſh ſo,
And on thee vainly call;
Take heed, fair cauſe of all my woe,
What fate may thee befall.

Ungrateful, cruel faults
Suit not thy gentle ſex;
Hereafter, how will guilty thoughts
Thy tender conſcience vex!

When welcome Death ſhall bring
Relief to wretched me,
My ſoul enlarg'd, and once on wing,
In haſte will fly to thee.

When in thy lonely bed
My ghoſt its moan ſhall make,
With ſaddeſt ſigns that I am dead,
And dead for thy dear ſake;

Struck with that conſcious blow,
Thy very ſoul will ſtart:
Pale as my ſhadow thou wilt grow,
And cold as is thy heart.

Too late remorſe will then
Untimely pity ſhow
To him, who, of all mortal men,
Did moſt thy value know.

Yet, with this broken heart,
I wiſh thou never be
Tormented with the thouſandth part
Of what I feel for thee.

ON APPREHENSION OF LOSING WHAT HE HAD NEWLY GAINED.

IN IMITATION OF OVID.

SURE I of all men am the firſt
That ever was by kindneſs curſt,
Who muſt my only bliſs bemoan,
And am by happineſs undone.
Had I at diſtance only ſeen
That lovely face, I might have been
With the delightful object pleas'd,
But not with all this paſſion ſeiz'd.
When afterwards ſo near I came
As to be ſcorch'd in beauty's flame;
To ſo much ſoftneſs, ſo much ſenſe,
Reaſon itſelf made no defence.
What pleaſing thoughts poſſeſs'd my mind,
When little favours ſhew'd you kind!
And though, when coldneſs oft' prevail'd,
My heart would ſink, and ſpirits fail'd,
Yet willingly the yoke I bore,
And all your chains as bracelets wore:
At your lov'd feet all day would lie,
Deſiring, without knowing why;
For, not yet bleſt within your arms,
Who could have thought of half your charms?

Charms of ſuch a wondrous kind,
Words we cannot, muſt not find,
A body worthy of your mind.
Fancy could ne'er ſo high reflect,
Nor love itſelf ſuch joys expect.
After ſuch embraces paſt,
Whoſe memory will ever laſt,
Love is ſtill reflecting back;
All my ſoul is on a rack:
To be in hell 's ſufficient curſe,
But to fall from heaven is worſe.
I liv'd in grief ere this I knew,
But then I dwelt in darkneſs too.
Of gains, alas! I could not boaſt;
But little thought how much I loſt.
Now heart-devouring eagerneſs,
And ſharp impatience to poſſeſs;
Now reſtleſs cares, conſuming fires,
Anxious thoughts, and fierce deſires,
Tear my heart to that degree,
For ever fix'd on only thee:
Then all my comfort is, I ſhall
Live in thy arms, or not at all.

THE RECONCILEMENT.

SONG.

COME, let us now reſolve at laſt
To live and love in quiet;
We'll tie the knot ſo very faſt,
That Time ſhall ne'er untie it.

The

The trueſt joys they ſeldom prove,
Who free from quarrels live;
'Tis the moſt tender part of love,
Each other to forgive.

When leaſt I ſeem'd concern'd, I took
No pleaſure, nor no reſt;
And when I feign'd an angry look,
Alas! I lov'd you beſt.

Own but the ſame to me, you'll find
How bleſt will be our fate;
Oh, to be happy, to be kind,
Sure never is too late.

SONG.

FROM all uneaſy paſſions free,
Revenge, ambition, jealouſy,
Contented I had been too bleſt,
If love and you had let me reſt:
Yet that dull life I now deſpiſe;
Safe from your eyes,
I fear'd no griefs, but then I found no joys.

Amidſt a thouſand kind deſires,
Which beauty moves, and love inſpires;
Such pangs I feel of tender fear,
No heart ſo ſoft as mine can bear:
Yet I'll defy the worſt of harms;
Such are your charms,
'Tis worth a life to die within your arms.

TO A
COQUET BEAUTY.

FROM wars and plagues come no ſuch harms,
As from a nymph ſo full of charms,
So much ſweetneſs in her face,
In her motions ſuch a grace,
In her kind inviting eyes
Such a ſoft enchantment lies;
That we pleaſe ourſelves too ſoon,
And are with empty hopes undone.
After all her ſoftneſs, we
Are but ſlaves, while ſhe is free;
Free, alas! from all deſire,
Except to ſet the world on fire.
Thou, fair diſſembler, doſt but thus
Deceive thyſelf, as well as us.
Like a reſtleſs monarch, thou
Wouldſt rather force mankind to bow,
And venture round the world to roam,
Than govern peaceably at home.
But truſt me, Celia, truſt me, when
Apollo's ſelf inſpires my pen,
One hour of love's delight outweighs
Whole years of univerſal praiſe;
And one adorer, kindly us'd,
Gives truer joys than crowds refus'd.
For what does youth and beauty ſerve?
Why more than all your ſex deſerve?

Why ſuch ſoft alluring arts
To charm our eyes, and melt our hearts?
By our loſs you nothing gain:
Unleſs you love, you pleaſe in vain.

THE RELAPSE.

LIKE children in a ſtarry night,
When I beheld thoſe eyes before,
I gaz'd with wonder and delight,
Inſenſible of all their power.

I play'd about the flame ſo long,
At laſt I felt the ſcorching fire;
My hopes were weak, my paſſion ſtrong,
And I lay dying with deſire.

By all the helps of human art,
I juſt recover'd ſo much ſenſe,
As to avoid, with heavy heart,
The fair, but fatal, influence.

But, ſince you ſhine away deſpair,
And now my ſighs no longer ſhun,
No Perſian in his zealous prayer
So much adores the riſing ſun.

If once again my vows diſpleaſe,
There never was ſo loſt a lover;
In love, that languiſhing diſeaſe,
A ſad relapſe we ne'er recover.

THE RECOVERY.

SIGHING and languiſhing I lay,
A ſtranger grown to all delight,
Paſſing with tedious thoughts the day,
And with unquiet dreams the night.

For your dear ſake, my only care
Was how my fatal love to hide;
For ever drooping with deſpair,
Neglecting all the world beſide:

Till, like ſome angel from above,
Cornelia came to my relief;
And then I found the joys of love
Can make amends for all the grief.

Thoſe pleaſing hopes I now purſue
Might fail if you could prove unjuſt;
But promiſes from heaven and you,
Who is ſo impious to miſtruſt?

Here all my doubts and troubles end,
One tender word my ſoul aſſures;
Nor am I vain, ſince I depend
Not on my own deſert, but yours.

THE CONVERT.

DEJECTED, as true converts die,
But yet with fervent thoughts inflam'd,
So, faireſt! at your feet I lie,
Of all my ſex's faults aſham'd.

Too long, alas! have I abus'd
Love's innocent and ſacred flame,
And that divineſt power have us'd
To laugh at, as an idle name.

But ſince ſo freely I confeſs
A crime which may your ſcorn produce,
Allow me now to make it leſs
By any juſt and fair excuſe.

I then did vulgar joys purſue,
Variety was all my bliſs;
But ignorant of love and you,
How could I chooſe but do amiſs?

If ever now my wandering eyes
Seek out amuſements as before;
If e'er I look, but to deſpiſe
Such charms, and value yours the more;

May ſad remorſe, and guilty ſhame,
Revenge your wrongs on faithleſs me;
And, what I tremble even to name,
May I loſe all in loſing thee!

THE PICTURE.

IN IMITATION OF ANACREON.

THOU flatterer of all the fair,
Come with all your ſkill and care;
Draw me ſuch a ſhape and face,
As your flattery would diſgrace.
Wiſh not that ſhe would appear,
'Tis well for you ſhe is not here:
Scarce can you with ſafety ſee
All her charms deſcrib'd by me:
I, alas! the danger know,
I, alas! have felt the blow;
Mourn, as loſt, my former days,
That never ſung of Celia's praiſe;
And thoſe few that are behind
I ſhall bleſt or wretched find,
Only juſt as ſhe is kind.
With her tempting eyes begin,
Eyes that would draw angels in
To a ſecond ſweeter ſin.
Oh, thoſe wanton rolling eyes!
At each glance a lover dies:
Make them bright, yet make them willing,
Let them look both kind and killing.
Next, draw her forehead; then her noſe,
And lips juſt opening, that diſcloſe

Teeth ſo bright, and breath ſo ſweet,
So much beauty, ſo much wit,
To our very ſoul they ſtrike,
All our ſenſes pleas'd alike.
But ſo pure a white and red,
Never, never, can be ſaid:
What are words in ſuch a caſe?
What is paint to ſuch a face?
How ſhould either art avail us?
Fancy here itſelf muſt fail us.
In her looks, and in her mien,
Such a graceful air is ſeen,
That if you, with all your art,
Can but reach the ſmalleſt part;
Next to her, the matchleſs ſhe,
We ſhall wonder moſt at thee.
Then her neck, and breaſts, and hair,
And her——but my charming fair
Does in a thouſand things excel,
Which I muſt not, dare not tell.
How go on then? Oh! I ſee
A lovely Venus drawn by thee;
Oh how fair ſhe does appear!
Touch it only here and there.
Make her yet ſeem more divine,
Your Venus then may look like mine,
Whoſe bright form if once you ſaw,
You by her would Venus draw.

ON DON ALONZO'S BEING KILLED IN PORTUGAL, UPON ACCOUNT OF THE INFANTA, IN THE YEAR 1683.

IN ſuch a cauſe no Muſe ſhould fail
To bear a mournful part;
'Tis juſt and noble to bewail
The fate of fall'n deſert.

In vain ambitious hopes deſign'd
To make his ſoul aſpire,
If love and beauty had not join'd,
To raiſe a brighter fire.

Amidſt ſo many dangerous foes
How weak the wiſeſt prove!
Reaſon itſelf would ſcarce oppoſe,
And ſeems agreed with love.

If from the glorious height he falls,
He greatly daring dies;
Or mounting where bright beauty calls,
An empire is the prize.

THE SURPRISE.

SAFELY perhaps dull crowds admire;
But I, alas! am all on fire.
Like him who thought in childhood paſt
That dire diſeaſe which kill'd at laſt,

I durſt

I durſt have ſworn I lov'd before,
And fancy'd all the danger o'er;
Had felt the pangs of jealous pain,
And borne the blaſts of cold diſdain;
Then reap'd at length the mighty gains,
That full reward of all our pains!
But what was all ſuch grief or joy,
That did my heedleſs ears employ?
Mere dreams of feign'd fantaſtic powers,
But the diſeaſe of idle hours;
Amuſement, humour, affectation,
Compar'd with this ſublimer paſſion,
Whoſe raptures, bright as thoſe above,
Outſhine the flames of zeal or love.
Yet think not, faireſt, what I ſing
Can from a love platonic ſpring;
That formal ſoftneſs (falſe and vain)
Not of the heart, but of the brain.
Thou art indeed above all nature;
But I, a wretched human creature,
Wanting thy gentle generous aid,
Of huſband, rivals, friends, afraid!
Amidſt all this ſeraphic fire,
Am almoſt dying with deſire,
With eager wiſhes, ardent thoughts,
Prone to commit love's wildeſt faults!
And (as we are on Sundays told
The luſty patriarch did of old)
Would force a bleſſing from thoſe charms,
And graſp an angel in my arms.

A DIA-

A DIALOGUE,

SUNG ON THE STAGE,

BETWEEN AN ELDERLY SHEPHERD AND A VERY YOUNG NYMPH.

SHEPHERD.

BRIGHT and blooming as the ſpring,
Univerſal love inſpiring;
All our ſwains thy praiſes ſing,
Ever gazing and admiring.

NYMPH.

Praiſes in ſo high a ſtrain,
And by ſuch a ſhepherd ſung,
Are enough to make me vain,
Yet ſo harmleſs and ſo young.

SHEPHERD.

I ſhould have deſpair'd among
Rivals that appear ſo gaily:
But your eyes have made me young,
By their ſmiling on me daily.

NYMPH.

Idle boys admire us blindly,
Are inconſtant, wild, and bold;
And your uſing me ſo kindly
Is a proof you are not old.

SHEP-

SHEPHERD.

With thy pleaſing voice and faſhion,
With thy humour and thy youth,
Cheer my ſoul, and crown my paſſion:
Oh! reward my love and truth.

NYMPH.

With thy careful arts to cover
That which fools will count a fault,
Trueſt friend as well as lover,
Oh! deſerve ſo kind a thought.

EACH APART FIRST, AND THEN BOTH TOGETHER.

Happy we ſhall lie poſſeſſing,
Folded in each other's arms,
Love and Nature's chiefeſt bleſſing
In the ſtill increaſing charms.
So the deareſt joys of loving,
Which ſcarce heaven can go beyond,
We'll be every day improving,

SHEPHERD.

You more fair, and I more fond.

NYMPH.

I more fair, and you more fond.

ON ONE WHO DIED DISCOVERING HER KINDNESS.

SOME vex their ſouls with jealous pain,
While others ſigh for cold diſdain:
Love's various ſlaves we daily ſee!
Yet happy all, compar'd with me.

Of

Of all mankind, I lov'd the beſt
A nymph ſo far above the reſt,
That we outſhin'd the bleſt above,
In beauty ſhe, and I in love.

And therefore they who could not bear
To be outdone by mortals here,
Among themſelves have plac'd her now,
And left me wretched here below.

All other fate I could have borne,
And ev'n endur'd her very ſcorn;
But oh! thus all at once to find
That dread account! both dead and kind!
What heart can hold! if yet I live,
'Tis but to ſhew how much I grieve.

ON

LUCINDA'S DEATH.

COME all ye doleful, diſmal cares,
That ever haunted guilty mind!
The pangs of love when it deſpairs,
And all thoſe ſtings the jealous find:
Alas! heart-breaking though ye be,
Yet welcome, welcome all to me!
Who now have loſt—but oh! how much?
No language, nothing can expreſs,
Except my grief! for ſhe was ſuch,
That praiſes would but make her leſs.
Yet who can ever dare to raiſe
His voice on her, unleſs to praiſe?

Free

Free from her ſex's ſmalleſt faults,
And fair as womankind can be:
Tender and warm as lover's thoughts,
Yet cold to all the world but me.
Of all this nothing now remains,
But only ſighs and endleſs pains!

TO A LADY RETIRING INTO A MONASTERY.

WHAT breaſt but yours can hold the double fire
Of fierce devotion, and of fond deſire?
Love would ſhine forth, were not your zeal ſo bright
Whoſe glaring flames eclipſe his gentler light:
Leſs ſeems the faith that mountains can remove,
Than this which triumphs over youth and love.
But ſhall ſome threatening prieſt divide us two?
What worſe than that could all his curſes do?
Thus with a fright ſome have reſign'd their breath,
And poorly dy'd, only for fear of death.
Heaven ſees our paſſions with indulgence ſtill,
And they who lov'd well, can do nothing ill.
While to us nothing but ourſelves is dear,
Should the world frown, yet what have we to fear?
Fame, wealth, and power, thoſe high-priz'd gifts of fate,
The low concerns of a leſs happy ſtate,
Are far beneath us: fortune's ſelf may take
Her aim at us, yet no impreſſion make;

Let worldlings aſk her help, or fear her harms;
We can lie ſafe, lock'd in each other's arms,
Like the bleſt ſaints, eternal raptures know,
And ſlight thoſe ſtorms that vainly reſt below.
Yet this, all this you are reſolv'd to quit;
I ſee my ruin, and I muſt ſubmit:
But think, O think, before you prove unkind,
How loſt a wretch you leave forlorn behind.
Malignant envy, mix'd with hate and fear,
Revenge for wrongs too burdenſome to bear,
Ev'n zeal itſelf, from whence all miſchiefs ſpring,
Have never done ſo barbarous a thing.
With ſuch a fate the heavens decreed to vex
Armida once, though of the fairer ſex;
Rinaldo ſhe had charm'd with ſo much art,
Hers was his power, his perſon, and his heart:
Honour's high thoughts no more his mind could move;
She ſooth'd his rage, and turn'd it all to love:
When ſtraight a guſt of fierce devotion blows,
And in a moment all her joys o'erthrows:
The poor Armida tears her golden hair,
Matchleſs till now, for love or for deſpair.
Who is not mov'd while the ſad nymph complains?
Yet you now act what Taſſo only feigns:
And after all our vows, our ſighs, our tears,
My baniſh'd ſorrows, and your conquer'd fears;
So many doubts, ſo many dangers paſt,
Viſions of zeal muſt vanquiſh me at laſt.
Thus, in great Homer's war, throughout the field
Some hero ſtill made all things mortal yield;

But when a god once took the vanquiſh'd ſide,
The weak prevail'd, and the victorious dy'd.

THE VISION.

WRITTEN DURING A SEA VOYAGE, WHEN SENT TO COMMAND THE FORCES FOR THE RELIEF OF TANGIER.

WITHIN the ſilent ſhades of ſoft repoſe,
Where Fancy's boundleſs ſtream for ever flows;
Where the infranchis'd ſoul at eaſe can play,
Tir'd with the toilſome buſineſs of the day;
Where princes gladly reſt their weary heads,
And change uneaſy thrones for downy beds;
Where ſeeming joys delude deſpairing minds,
And where ev'n jealouſy ſome quiet finds;
There I and ſorrow for a while could part,
Sleep clos'd my eyes, and eas'd a ſighing heart.
But here too ſoon a wretched lover found
In deepeſt griefs that ſleep can ne'er be found;
With ſtrange ſurpriſe my troubled fancy brings
Odd antic ſhapes of wild unheard-of things;
Diſmal and terrible they all appear,
My ſoul was ſhook with an unuſual fear.
But as when viſions glad the eyes of ſaints,
And kind relief attends devout complaints,
Some beauteous angel in bright charms will ſhine,
And ſpread a glory round, that's all divine;

Juſt ſuch a bright and beauteous form appears,
The monſters vaniſh, and with them my fears.
The faireſt ſhape was then before me brought,
That eyes e'er ſaw, or fancy ever thought;
How weak are words to ſhew ſuch excellence,
Which ev'n confounds the ſoul, as well as ſenſe!
And, while our eyes tranſporting pleaſure find,
It ſtops not here, but ſtrikes the very mind.
Some angel ſpeaks her praiſe; no human tongue,
But with its utmoſt art muſt do her wrong.
The only woman that has power to kill,
And yet is good enough to want the will;
Who needs no ſoft alluring words repeat,
Nor ſtudy'd looks of languiſhing deceit.
Fantaſtic beauty, always in the wrong,
Still thinks ſome pride muſt to its power belong;
An air affected, and an haughty mien,
Something that ſeems to ſay, I would be ſeen.
But of all womankind this only ſhe,
Full of its charms, and from its frailty free,
Deſerves ſome nobler Muſe her fame to raiſe,
By making the whole ſex beſide her pyramid of praiſe.
She, ſhe appear'd the ſource of all my joys,
The deareſt care that all my thought employs:
Gently ſhe look'd, as when I left her laſt,
When firſt ſhe ſeiz'd my heart, and held it faſt:
When, if my vows, alas! were made too late,
I ſaw my doom came not from her, but fate.
With pity then ſhe eas'd my raging pain,
And her kind eyes could ſcarce from tears refrain:

Why,

Why, gentle ſwain, ſaid ſhe, why do you grieve
In words I ſhould not hear, much leſs believe?
I gaze on that which is a fault to mind,
And ought to fly the danger which I find:
Of falſe mankind though you may be the beſt,
Ye all have robb'd poor women of their reſt.
I ſee your pain, and ſee it too with grief,
Becauſe I would, yet muſt not, give relief.
Thus, for a huſband's ſake as well as yours,
My ſcrupulous ſoul divided pain endures;
Guilty, alas! to both: for thus I do
Too much for him, yet not enough for you.
Give over then, give over, hapleſs ſwain,
A paſſion moving, but a paſſion vain:
Not chance nor time ſhall ever change my thought:
'Tis better much to die, than do a fault.
Oh, worſe than ever! Is it then my doom
Juſt to ſee heaven, where I muſt never come?
Your ſoft compaſſion, if not ſomething more;
Yet I remain as wretched as before;
The wind indeed is fair, but ah! no ſight of ſhore.
Farewell, too ſcrupulous fair-one; oh, farewell;
What torments I endure, no tongue can tell:
Thank Heaven, my fate tranſports me now where I,
Your martyr, may with eaſe and ſafety die.
With that I kneel'd, and ſeiz'd her trembling hand,
While ſhe impos'd this cruel kind command:
Live, and love on; you will be true, I know;
But live then, and come back to tell me ſo;

For though I bluſh at this laſt guilty breath,
I can endure that better than your death.
Tormenting kindneſs! barbarous reprieve!
Condemn'd to die, and yet compell'd to live!
This tender ſcene my dream repeated o'er,
Juſt as it paſs'd in real truth before.
Methought I then fell groveling to the ground,
Till, on a ſudden rais'd, I wondering found
A ſtrange appearance all in taintleſs white;
His form gave reverence, and his face delight:
Goodneſs and greatneſs in his eyes were ſeen,
Gentle his look, and affable his mien.
A kindly notice of me thus he took:
" What mean theſe flowing eyes, this ghaſtly look!
" Theſe trembling joints, this looſe diſhevell'd hair,
" And this cold dew, the drops of deep deſpair?"
With grief and wonder firſt my ſpirits faint,
But thus at laſt I vented my complaint:
Behold a wretch whom cruel fate has found,
And in the depth of all misfortune drown'd.
There ſhines a nymph, to whom an envy'd ſwain
Is ty'd in Hymen's ceremonious chain;
But, cloy'd with charms of ſuch a marriage-bed,
And fed with manna, yet he longs for bread;
And will, moſt huſband-like, not only range,
For love perhaps of nothing elſe but change,
But to inferior beauty proſtrate lies,
And courts her love in ſcorn of Flavia's eyes.
All this I knew (the form divine reply'd)
And did but aſk to have thy temper try'd,

Which prove ſincere. Of both I know the mind;
She is too ſcrupulous, and thou too kind:
But ſince thy fatal love's for ever fix'd,
Whatever time or abſence come betwixt;
Since thy fond heart ev'n her diſdain prefers
To others love, I'll ſomething ſoften hers:
Elſe in the ſearch of virtue ſhe may ſtray;
Well-meaning mortals ſhould not loſe their way.
She now indeed ſins on the ſafer ſide,
For hearts too looſe are never to be ty'd;
But no extremes are either good or wiſe,
And in the midſt alone true virtue lies.
When marriage-vows unite an equal pair,
'Tis a mere contract made by human care,
By which they both are for convenience ty'd,
The bridegroom yet more ſtrictly than the bride;
For circumſtances alter every ill,
And woman meets with moſt temptation ſtill;
She a forſaken bed muſt often bear,
While he can never fail to find her there,
And therefore leſs excus'd to range elſewhere.
Yet this ſhe ought to ſuffer, and ſubmit:
But when no longer for each other fit,
If uſage baſe ſhall juſt reſentment move,
Or, what is worſe, affronts of wandering love;
No obligation after that remains,
'Tis mean, not juſt, to wear a rival's chains.
Yet decency requires the wonted cares
Of intereſt, children, and remote affairs;

But in her love, that dear concern of life,
She all the while may be another's wife:
Heaven, that beholds her wrong'd and widow'd bed,
Permits a lover in her huſband's ſtead.
I flung me at his feet, his robes would kiſs,
And cry'd—Ev'n our baſe world is juſt in this;
Amidſt our cenſures, love we gently blame,
And love ſometimes preſerves a female fame.
What tie leſs ſtrong can woman's will reſtrain?
When honour checks, and conſcience pleads in vain;
When parents threats and friends perſuaſions fail,
When intereſt and ambition ſcarce prevail,
To bound that ſex when nothing elſe can move,
They'll live reſerv'd, to pleaſe the man they love!
The ſpirit then reply'd to all I ſaid,
She may be kind, but not till thou art dead;
Bewail thy memory, bemoan thy fate:
Then ſhe will love, when 'tis, alas! too late:
Of all thy pains ſhe will no pity have,
Till ſad deſpair has ſent thee to the grave.

Amaz'd, I wak'd in haſte,
All trembling at my doom;
Dreams oft' repeat adventures paſt,
And tell our ills to come.

HELEN

HELEN to PARIS.

FROM OVID.

TRANSLATED BY THE EARL OF MULGRAVE, AND MR. DRYDEN.

WHEN looſe epiſtles violate chaſte eyes,
She half conſents, who ſilently denies;
How dares a ſtranger, with deſigns ſo vain,
Marriage and hoſpitable rights profane?
Was it for this your fate did ſhelter find
From ſwelling ſeas and every faithleſs wind?
(For though a diſtant country brought you forth,
Your uſage here was equal to your worth.)
Does this deſerve to be rewarded ſo!
Did you come here a ſtranger, or a foe?
Your partial judgment may perhaps complain,
And think me barbarous for my juſt diſdain;
Ill-bred then let me be, but not unchaſte,
Nor my clear fame with any ſpot defac'd.
Though in my face there's no affected frown,
Nor in my carriage a feign'd niceneſs ſhown,
I keep my honour ſtill without a ſtain,
Nor has my love made any coxcomb vain.
Your boldneſs I with admiration ſee:
What hope had you to gain a queen like me?
Becauſe a hero forc'd me once away,
Am I thought fit to be a ſecond prey?

Had

Had I been won, I had deſerv'd your blame,
But ſure my part was nothing but the ſhame;
Yet the baſe theft to him no fruit did bear,
I 'ſcap'd unhurt by any thing but fear:
Rude force might ſome unwilling kiſſes gain,
But that was all he ever could obtain.
You on ſuch terms would ne'er have let me go;
Were he like you, we had not parted ſo.
Untouch'd the youth reſtor'd me to my friends,
And modeſt uſage made me ſome amends.
'Tis virtue to repent a vicious deed:
Did he repent, that Paris might ſucceed?
Sure 'tis ſome fate that ſets me above wrongs,
Yet ſtill expoſes me to buſy tongues.
I'll not complain, for who's diſpleas'd with love,
If it ſincere, diſcreet, and conſtant prove?
But that I fear---not that I think you baſe,
Or doubt the blooming beauties of my face;
But all your ſex is ſubject to deceive,
And ours, alas! too willing to believe.
Yet others yield, and love o'ercomes the beſt—
But why ſhould I not ſhine above the reſt?
Fair Leda's ſtory ſeems at firſt to be
A fit example ready found for me:
But ſhe was couzen'd by a borrow'd ſhape,
And under harmleſs feathers felt a rape:
If I ſhould yield, what reaſon could I uſe?
By what miſtake the loving crime excuſe?
Her fault was in her powerful lover loſt;
But of what Jupiter have I to boaſt?

Though

Though you to heroes and to kings ſucceed,
Our famous race does no addition need;
And great alliances but uſeleſs prove
To one that ſprings herſelf from mighty Jove.
Go then and boaſt in ſome leſs haughty place
Your Phrygian blood, and Priam's ancient race,
Which I would ſhew I valued, if I durſt;
You are the fifth from Jove, but I the firſt.
The crown of Troy is powerful, I confeſs,
But I have reaſon to think ours no leſs.
Your letter, fill'd with promiſes of all
That men can good, and women pleaſant call,
Gives expectation ſuch an ample field
As would move goddeſſes themſelves to yield:
But, if I e'er offend great Juno's laws,
Yourſelf ſhall be the dear, the only cauſe;
Either my honour I'll to death maintain,
Or follow you without mean thoughts of gain:
Not that ſo fair a preſent I deſpiſe;
We like the gift, when we the giver prize;
But 'tis your love moves me, which made you take
Such pains, and run ſuch hazards for my ſake.
I have perceiv'd (though I diſſembled too)
A thouſand things that love has made you do:
Your eager eyes would almoſt dazzle mine,
In which (wild man!) your wanton thoughts would
ſhine.
Sometimes you'd ſigh, ſometimes diſorder'd ſtand,
And with unuſual ardour preſs my hand;
Contrive juſt after me to take the glaſs,
Nor would you let the leaſt occaſion paſs;

Which

Which oft' I fear'd I did not mind alone,
And bluſhing ſat for things which you have done;
Then murmur'd to myſelf, He'll for my ſake
Do any thing, I hope 'twas no miſtake.
Oft have I read within this pleaſant grove,
Under my name, theſe charming words, *I love.*
I, frowning, ſeem'd not to believe your flame,
But now, alas! am come to write the ſame.
If I were capable to do amiſs,
I could not but be ſenſible of this.
For, oh! your face has ſuch peculiar charms,
That who can hold from flying to your arms!
But what I ne'er can have without offence,
May ſome bleſt maid poſſeſs with innocence.
Pleaſure may tempt, but virtue more ſhould move;
Oh! learn of me to want the thing you love.
What you deſire is ſought by all mankind;
As you have eyes, ſo others are not blind:
Like you they ſee, like you my charms adore;
They wiſh not leſs, but you dare venture more.
Oh! had you then upon our coaſts been brought,
My virgin love when thouſand rivals ſought,
You had I ſeen, you ſhould have had my voice,
Nor could my huſband juſtly blame my choice.
For both our hopes, alas! you came too late,
Another now is maſter of my fate:
More to my wiſh I could have liv'd with you,
And yet my preſent lot can undergo.
Ceaſe to ſolicit a weak woman's will,
And urge not her you love to ſo much ill;

But let me live contented as I may,
And make not my unſpotted fame your prey:
Some right you claim, ſince naked to your eyes
Three goddeſſes diſputed beauty's prize:
One offer'd valour, t'other crowns; but ſhe
Obtain'd her cauſe, who ſmiling promis'd me.
But, firſt, I am not of belief ſo light,
To think ſuch nymphs would ſhew you ſuch a ſight:
Yet, granting this, the other part is feign'd,
A bribe ſo mean your ſentence had not gain'd.
With partial eyes I ſhould myſelf regard,
To think that Venus made me her reward;
I humbly am content with human praiſe,
A goddeſs's applauſe would envy raiſe:
But be it as you ſay; for 'tis confeſt,
The men who flatter higheſt pleaſe us beſt:
That I ſuſpect it ought not to diſpleaſe,
For miracles are not believ'd with eaſe.
One joy I have, that I had Venus' voice;
A greater yet, that you confirm'd her choice;
That proffer'd laurels, promis'd ſovereignty,
Juno and Pallas, you contemn'd for me.
Am I your empire then, and your renown?
What heart of rock but muſt by this be won?
And yet bear witneſs, O ye powers above,
How rude I am in all the arts of love!
My hand is yet untaught to write to men,
This is th' eſſay of my unpractis'd pen:
Happy thoſe nymphs whom uſe has perfect made,
I think all crime, and tremble at a ſhade:

Ev'n

Ev'n while I write, my fearful conſcious eyes
Look often back, miſdoubting a ſurpriſe:
For now the rumour ſpreads among the crowd,
At court in whiſpers, but in town aloud.
Diſſemble you, whate'er you hear them ſay:
To leave off loving were your better way;
Yet, if you will diſſemble it, you may.
Love ſecretly: the abſence of my lord
More freedom gives, but does not all afford:
Long is his journey, long will be his ſtay,
Call'd by affairs of conſequence away.
To go or not, when unreſolv'd he ſtood,
I bid him make what ſwift return he could:
Then kiſſing me, he ſaid, I recommend
All to thy care, but moſt my Trojan friend.
I ſmil'd at what he innocently ſaid,
And only anſwer'd, You ſhall be obey'd.
Propitious winds have borne him far from hence,
But let not this ſecure your confidence:
Abſent he is, yet abſent he commands:
You know the proverb, "Princes have long hands."
My fame's my burden, for the more I'm prais'd,
A juſter ground of jealouſy is rais'd:
Were I leſs fair, I might have been more bleſt,
Great beauty through great danger is poſſeſt.
To leave me here, his venture was not hard,
Becauſe he thought my virtue was my guard:
He fear'd my face, but truſted to my life,
The beauty doubted, but believ'd the wife.

You

You bid me uſe th' occaſion while I can,
Put in your hands by the good eaſy man.
I would, and yet I doubt 'twixt love and fear;
One draws me from you, and one brings me near.
Our flames are mutual, and my huſband's gone:
The nights are long; I fear to lie alone;
One houſe contains us, and weak walls divide,
And you're too preſſing to be long deny'd.
Let me not live, but every thing conſpires
To join our loves, and yet my fear retires.
You court with words, when you ſhould force employ;
A rape is requiſite to ſhame-fac'd joy:
Indulgent to the wrongs which we receive,
Our ſex can ſuffer what we dare not give.
What have I ſaid! for both of us 'twere beſt,
Our kindling fire if each of us ſuppreſt.
The faith of ſtrangers is too prone to change,
And, like themſelves, their wandering paſſions range.
Hypſipyla, and the fond Minoian maid,
Were both by truſting of their gueſt betray'd:
How can I doubt that other men deceive,
When you yourſelf did fair Oenone leave?
But, leſt I ſhould upbraid your treachery,
You make a merit of that crime to me.
You grant you were to faithful love inclin'd,
Your weary Trojans wait but for a wind.
Should you prevail, while I aſſign the night,
Your ſails are hoiſted, and you take your flight;
Some bawling mariner our love deſtroys,
And breaks aſunder our unfiniſh'd joys.

But

But I with you may leave the Spartan port,
To view the Trojan wealth and Priam's court.
Shown while I ſee, I ſhall expoſe my fame,
And fill a foreign country with my ſhame.
In Aſia what reception ſhall I find!
And what diſhonour leave in Greece behind!
What will your brothers, Priam, Hecuba,
And what will all your modeſt matrons ſay?
Ev'n you, when on this action you reflect,
My future conduct juſtly may ſuſpect;
And whate'er ſtranger lands upon your coaſt,
Conclude me, by your own example, loſt.
I, from your rage, a ſtrumpet's name ſhall hear,
While you forget what part in it you bear:
You, my crime's author, will my crime upbraid:
Deep under ground, oh! let me firſt be laid!
You boaſt the pomp and plenty of your land,
And promiſe all ſhall be at my command:
Your Trojan wealth, believe me, I deſpiſe;
My own poor native land has dearer ties.
Should I be injur'd on your Phrygian ſhore,
What help of kindred could I there implore?
Medea was by Jaſon's flattery won;
I may, like her, believe and be undone.
Plain honeſt hearts, like mine, ſuſpect no cheat,
And love contributes to its own deceit.
The ſhips, about whoſe ſides loud tempeſts roar,
With gentle winds were wafted from the ſhore.
Your teeming mother dreamt a flaming brand,
Sprung from her womb, conſum'd the Trojan land;

To

To ſecond this, old prophecies conſpire,
That Ilium ſhall be burnt with Grecian fire:
Both give me fear, nor is it much allay'd,
That Venus is oblig'd our loves to aid.
For they who loſt their cauſe, revenge will take,
And for one friend two enemies you make.
Nor can I doubt but, ſhould I follow you,
The ſword would ſoon our fatal crime purſue:
A wrong ſo great my huſband's rage would rouze,
And my relations would his cauſe eſpouſe.
You boaſt your ſtrength and courage; but, alas!
Your words receive ſmall credit from your face.
Let heroes in the duſty field delight,
Thoſe limbs were faſhion'd for another fight.
Bid Hector ſally from the walls of Troy;
A ſweeter quarrel ſhould your arms employ.
Yet fears like theſe ſhould not my mind perplex,
Were I as wiſe as many of my ſex:
But time and you may bolder thoughts inſpire;
And I, perhaps, may yield to your deſire.
You laſt demand a private conference:
Theſe are your words; but I can gueſs your ſenſe.
Your unripe hopes their harveſt muſt attend:
Be rul'd by me, and Time may be your friend.
This is enough to let you underſtand,
For now my pen has tir'd my tender hand;
My woman knows the ſecret of my heart,
And may hereafter better news impart.

PART OF THE STORY OF ORPHEUS.

BEING A TRANSLATION OUT OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF VIRGIL'S GEORGIC.

'TIS not for nothing when juſt Heaven does frown;
The injur'd Orpheus calls theſe judgments down;
Whoſe ſpouſe, avoiding to become thy prey,
And all his joys at once were ſnatch'd away;
The nymph, fore-doom'd that fatal way to paſs,
Spy'd not the ſerpent lurking in the graſs:
A mournful cry the ſpacious valley fills,
With echoing groans from all the neighbouring hills;
The Dryades roar out in deep deſpair,
And with united voice bewail the fair.
For ſuch a loſs he ſought no vain relief,
But with his lute indulg'd the tender grief;
Along the ſhore he oft' would wildly ſtray,
With doleful notes begin and end the day.
At length to hell a frightful journey made,
Paſs'd the wide-gaping gulph and diſmal ſhade;
Viſits the ghoſts, and to that king repairs
Whoſe heart's inflexible to human prayers.
All hell is raviſh'd with ſo ſweet a ſong;
Light ſouls and airy ſpirits glide along

In troops, like millions of the feather'd kind,
Driven home by night, or ſome tempeſtuous wind:
Matrons and men, raw youths and unripe maids;
And mighty heroes' more majeſtic ſhades;
And ſons entomb'd before their parents face;
Theſe the black waves of bounding Styx embrace
Nine times circumfluent; clogg'd with noiſome weeds,
And all that filth which ſtanding water breeds.
Amazement reach'd ev'n the deep caves of death;
The ſiſters with blue ſnaky curls took breath;
Ixion's wheel awhile unmov'd remain'd,
And the fierce dog his three-mouth'd voice reſtrain'd.
When ſafe return'd, and all theſe dangers paſt,
His wife, reſtor'd to breathe freſh air at laſt,
Following (for ſo Proſerpina was pleas'd),
A ſudden rage th' unwary lover ſeiz'd;
He, as the firſt bright glimpſe of day-light ſhin'd,
Could not refrain to caſt one look behind;
A fault of love! could hell compaſſion find.
A dreadful ſound thrice ſhook the Stygian coaſt,
His hopes quite fled, and all his labour loſt!
Why haſt thou thus undone thyſelf and me?
What rage is this? oh, I am ſnatch'd from thee!
(She faintly cry'd) Night and the powers of hell
Surround my ſight; oh, Orpheus! oh, farewell!
My hands ſtretch forth to reach thee as before;
But all in vain, for I am thine no more;
No more allow'd to view thy face, or day!—
Then from his eyes, like ſmoke, ſhe fleets away.

Much he would fain have ſpoke: but fate, alas!
Would ne'er again conſent to let him paſs.
Thus twice undone, what courſe remain'd to take,
To gain her back, already paſs'd the lake?
What tears, what patience, could procure him eaſe?
Or, ah! what vows the angry powers appeaſe?
'Tis ſaid, he ſeven long moons bewail'd his loſs
To bleak and barren rocks, on whoſe cold moſs,
While languiſhing he ſung his fatal flame,
He mov'd ev'n trees, and made fierce tigers tame.
So the ſad nightingale, when childleſs made
By ſome rough ſwain who ſtole her young away,
Bewails her loſs beneath a poplar ſhade,
Mourns all the night, in murmurs waſtes the day;
Her melting ſongs a doleful pleaſure yield,
And melancholy muſic fills the field.
Marriage nor love could ever move his mind;
But all alone, beat by the northern wind,
Shivering on Tanais' banks the bard remain'd,
And of the god's unfruitful gift complain'd.
Circonian dames, enrag'd to be deſpis'd,
As they the feaſt of Bacchus ſolemniz'd,
Slew the poor youth, and ſtrew'd about his limbs;
His head, torn off from the fair body, ſwims
Down that ſwift current where the Heber flows,
And ſtill its tongue in doleful accents goes.
Ah, poor Eurydice! he dying cry'd;
Eurydice reſounds from every ſide.

AN

AN

ESSAY ON POETRY*.

OF all thoſe arts in which the wiſe excel,
Nature's chief maſter-piece is writing well:
No writing lifts exalted man ſo high,
As ſacred and ſoul-moving poeſy:
No kind of work requires ſo nice a touch,
And, if well finiſh'd, nothing ſhines ſo much.
But Heaven forbid we ſhould be ſo profane,
To grace the vulgar with that noble name.
'Tis not a flaſh of fancy, which ſometimes,
Dazzling our minds, ſets off the ſlighteſt rhymes:
Bright as a blaze, but in a moment done:
True wit is everlaſting, like the ſun,
Which, though ſometimes behind a cloud retir'd,
Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.
Number and rhyme, and that harmonious ſound,
Which not the niceſt ear with harſhneſs wound,
Are neceſſary, yet but vulgar arts;
And all in vain theſe ſuperficial parts
Contribute to the ſtructure of the whole,
Without a genius too; for that's the ſoul:

* The "Eſſay on Satire," which was written by this noble author and Mr. Dryden, is printed among the Poems of the latter.

A ſpirit which inſpires the work throughout,
As that of nature moves the world about;
A flame that glows amidſt conceptions fit;
Ev'n ſomething of divine, and more than wit;
Itſelf unſeen, yet all things by it ſhown,
Deſcribing all men, but deſcrib'd by none.
Where doſt thou dwell? what caverns of the brain
Can ſuch a vaſt and mighty thing contain?
When I, at vacant hours, in vain thy abſence mourn,
Oh! where doſt thou retire? and why doſt thou return,
Sometimes with powerful charms to hurry me away,
From pleaſures of the night, and buſineſs of the day?
Ev'n now, too far tranſported, I am fain
To check thy courſe, and uſe the needful rein.
As all is dulneſs, when the fancy's bad;
So, without judgment, fancy is but mad:
And judgment has a boundleſs influence
Not only in the choice of words, or ſenſe,
But on the world, on manners, and on men;
Fancy is but the feather of the pen;
Reaſon is that ſubſtantial uſeful part,
Which gains the head, while t'other wins the heart.
Here I ſhall all the various ſorts of verſe,
And the whole art of poetry rehearſe;
But who that taſk would after Horace do?
The beſt of maſters, and examples too!
Echoes at beſt, all we can ſay is vain;
Dull the deſign, and fruitleſs were the pain.
'Tis true, the ancients we may rob with eaſe;
But who with that mean ſhift himſelf can pleaſe,

With-

Without an actor's pride? A player's art
Is above his, who writes a borrow'd part.
Yet modern laws are made for later faults,
And new abſurdities inſpire new thoughts:
What need has ſatire then to live on theft,
When ſo much freſh occaſion ſtill is left?
Fertile our ſoil, and full of rankeſt weeds,
And monſters worſe than ever Nilus breeds.
But hold, the fools ſhall have no cauſe to fear;
'Tis wit and ſenſe that is the ſubject here:
Defects of witty men deſerve a cure,
And thoſe who are ſo, will ev'n this endure.
First then, of Songs; which now ſo much abound,
Without his ſong no fop is to be found;
A moſt offenſive weapon, which he draws
On all he meets, againſt Apollo's laws.
Though nothing ſeems more eaſy, yet no part
Of poetry requires a nicer art;
For as in rows of richeſt pearl there lies
Many a blemiſh that eſcapes our eyes,
The leaſt of which defects is plainly ſhown
In one ſmall ring, and brings the value down:
So ſongs ſhould be to juſt perfection wrought;
Yet where can one be ſeen without a fault?
Exact propriety of words and thought;
Expreſſion eaſy, and the fancy high;
Yet that not ſeem to creep, nor this to fly;
No words tranſpos'd, but in ſuch order all,
As wrought with care, yet ſeem by chance to fall.

Here, as in all things elſe, is moſt unfit,
Bare ribaldry, that poor pretence to wit;
Such nauſeous ſongs by a late author * made,
Call an unwilling cenſure on his ſhade.
Not that warm thoughts of the tranſporting joy
Can ſhock the chaſteſt, or the niceſt cloy;
But words obſcene, too groſs to move deſire,
Like heaps of fuel, only choke the fire.
On other themes he well deſerves our praiſe;
But palls that appetite he meant to raiſe.
Next, Elegy, of ſweet, but ſolemn voice,
And of a ſubject grave, exacts the choice;
The praiſe of beauty, valour, wit contains;
And there too oft' deſpairing love complains:
In vain, alas! for who by wit is mov'd?
That phœnix-ſhe deſerves to be belov'd;
But noiſy nonſenſe, and ſuch fops as vex
Mankind, take moſt with that fantaſtic ſex.
This to the praiſe of thoſe who better knew;
The many raiſe the value of the few.
But here (as all our ſex too oft' have try'd)
Women have drawn my wandering thoughts aſide.
Their greateſt fault, who in this kind have writ,
Is not defect in words, or want of wit;
But ſhould this Muſe harmonious numbers yield,
And every couplet be with fancy fill'd;

* The Earl of Rocheſter.——It may be obſerved, however, that many of the worſt ſongs aſcribed to this nobleman were ſpurious. N.

If

If yet a juſt coherence be not made
Between each thought; and the whole model laid
So right, that every line may higher riſe,
Like goodly mountains, till they reach the ſkies:
Such trifles may perhaps of late have paſt,
And may be lik'd awhile, but never laſt;
'Tis epigram, 'tis point, 'tis what you will,
But not an elegy, nor writ with ſkill,
No * Panegyrick, nor a † Cooper's Hill.

A higher flight, and of a happier force,
Are Odes: the Muſes' moſt unruly horſe,
That bounds ſo fierce, the rider has no reſt,
Here foams at mouth, and moves like one poſſeſs'd.
The poet here muſt be indeed inſpir'd,
With fury too, as well as fancy fir'd.
Cowley might boaſt to have perform'd this part,
Had he with nature join'd the rules of art;
But ſometimes diction mean, or verſe ill-wrought,
Deadens, or clouds, his noble frame of thought.
Though all appear in heat and fury done,
The language ſtill muſt ſoft and eaſy run.
Theſe laws may ſound a little too ſevere;
But judgment yields, and fancy governs here,
Which, though extravagant, this Muſe allows,
And makes the work much eaſier than it ſhows.

Of all the ways that wiſeſt men could find
To mend the age, and mortify mankind,
Satire well-writ has moſt ſucceſsful prov'd,
And cures, becauſe the remedy is lov'd.

* Waller's. † Denham's

'Tis

'Tis hard to write on ſuch a ſubject more,
Without repeating things ſaid oft' before:
Some vulgar errors only we'll remove,
That ſtain a beauty which we ſo much love.
Of choſen words ſome take not care enough,
And think they ſhould be as the ſubject rough;
This poem muſt be more exactly made,
And ſharpeſt thoughts in ſmootheſt words convey'd.
Some think, if ſharp enough, they cannot fail,
As if their only buſineſs was to rail:
But human frailty nicely to unfold,
Diſtinguiſhes a ſatyr from a ſcold.
Rage you muſt hide, and prejudice lay down;
A ſatyr's ſmile is ſharper than his frown;
So while you ſeem to ſlight ſome rival youth,
Malice itſelf may paſs ſometimes for truth.
The Laureat * here may juſtly claim our praiſe,
Crown'd by Mack-Fleckno † with immortal bays;
Yet once his Pegaſus ‡ has borne dead weight,
Rid by ſome lumpiſh miniſter of ſtate.
Here reſt, my Muſe, ſuſpend thy cares awhile,
A more important taſk attends thy toil.
As ſome young eagle, that deſigns to fly
A long unwonted journey through the ſky,
Weighs all the dangerous enterprize before,
O'er what wide lands and ſeas ſhe is to ſoar,

* Mr. Dryden.
† A famous ſatirical Poem of his.
‡ A poem called The Hind and Panther.

Doubt

Doubts her own ſtrength ſo far, and juſtly fears
The lofty road of airy travellers;
But yet incited by ſome bold deſign,
That does her hopes beyond her fears incline,
Prunes every feather, views herſelf with care,
At laſt, reſolv'd, ſhe cleaves the yielding air;
Away ſhe flies, ſo ſtrong, ſo high, ſo faſt,
She leſſens to us, and is loſt at laſt:
So (though too weak for ſuch a weighty thing)
The Muſe inſpires a ſharper note to ſing.
And why ſhould truth offend, when only told
To guide the ignorant, and warn the bold?
On then, my Muſe, adventurouſly engage
To give inſtructions that concern the ſtage.
The unities of action, time, and place,
Which, if obſerv'd, give plays ſo great a grace,
Are, though but little practis'd, too well known
To be taught here, where we pretend alone
From nicer faults to purge the preſent age,
Leſs obvious errors of the Engliſh ſtage.
Firſt then, Soliloquies had need be few,
Extremely ſhort, and ſpoke in paſſion too.
Our lovers talking to themſelves, for want
Of others, make the pit their confidant;
Nor is the matter mended yet, if thus
They truſt a friend, only to tell it us;
Th' occaſion ſhould as naturally fall,
As when Bellario * confeſſes all.

* In Philaſter, a play of Beaumont and Fletcher.

Figures

Figures of ſpeech, which poets think ſo fine,
(Art's needleſs varniſh to make nature ſhine)
All are but paint upon a beauteous face,
And in deſcriptions only claim a place:
But, to make rage declaim, and grief diſcourſe,
From lovers in deſpair fine things to force,
Muſt needs ſucceed; for who can chooſe but pity
A dying hero, miſerably witty?
But oh! the Dialogues, where jeſt and mock
Is held up like a reſt at ſhittle-cock;
Or elſe, like bells, eternally they chime,
They ſigh in Simile, and die in Rhyme.
What things are theſe who would be poets thought,
By nature not inſpir'd, nor learning taught?
Some wit they have, and therefore may deſerve
A better courſe than this, by which they ſtarve:
But to write plays! why, 'tis a bold pretence
To judgment, breeding, wit, and eloquence:
Nay more; for they muſt look within, to find
Thoſe ſecret turns of nature in the mind:
Without this part, in vain would be the whole,
And but a body all, without a ſoul.
All this united yet but makes a part
Of Dialogue, that great and powerful art,
Now almoſt loſt, which the old Grecians knew,
From whom the Romans fainter copies drew,
Scarce comprehended ſince, but by a few.
Plato and Lucian are the beſt remains
Of all the wonders which this art contains;

Yet to ourſelves we juſtice muſt allow,
Shakeſpeare and Fletcher are the wonders now:
Conſider them, and read them o'er and o'er,
Go ſee them play'd; then read them as before;
For though in many things they groſsly fail,
Over our paſſions ſtill they ſo prevail,
That our own grief by theirs is rock'd aſleep;
The dull are forc'd to feel, the wiſe to weep.
Their beauties imitate, avoid their faults;
Firſt, on a plot employ thy careful thoughts;
Turn it, with time, a thouſand ſeveral ways;
This oft', alone, has given ſucceſs to plays.
Reject that vulgar error (which appears
So fair) of making perfect characters;
There's no ſuch thing in nature, and you'll draw
A faultleſs monſter which the world ne'er ſaw.
Some faults muſt be, that his misfortunes drew,
But ſuch as may deſerve compaſſion too.
Beſides the main deſign compos'd with art,
Each moving ſcene muſt be a plot apart;
Contrive each little turn, mark every place,
As painters firſt chalk out the future face:
Yet be not fondly your own ſlave for this,
But change hereafter what appears amiſs.
Think not ſo much where ſhining thoughts to place,
As what a man would ſay in ſuch a caſe:
Neither in comedy will this ſuffice,
The player too muſt be before your eyes;
And, though 'tis drudgery to ſtoop ſo low,
To him you muſt your ſecret meaning ſhow.

Expoſe

Expoſe no ſingle fop, but lay the load
More equally, and ſpread the folly broad;
Mere coxcombs are too obvious; oft' we ſee
A fool derided by as bad as he:
Hawks fly at nobler game; in this low way
A very owl may prove a bird of prey.
Small poets thus will one poor fop devour,
But to collect, like bees, from every flower,
Ingredients to compoſe that precious juice,
Which ſerves the world for pleaſure and for uſe,
In ſpite of faction this would favour get;
But Falſtaff * ſtands inimitable yet.

Another fault which often may befall,
Is, when the wit of ſome great poet ſhall
So overflow, that is, be none at all,
That ev'n his fools ſpeak ſenſe, as if poſſeſt,
And each by inſpiration breaks his jeſt.
If once the juſtneſs of each part be loſt,
Well may we laugh, but at the poet's coſt.
That ſilly thing men call ſheer-wit avoid,
With which our age ſo nauſeouſly is cloy'd:
Humour is all; wit ſhould be only brought
To turn agreeably ſome proper thought.

But ſince the poets we of late have known
Shine in no dreſs ſo much as in their own,
The better by example to convince,
Caſt but a view on this wrong ſide of ſenſe.

* The matchleſs character of Shakeſpeare.

First, a ſoliloquy is calmly made,
Where every reaſon is exactly weigh'd;
Which once perform'd, moſt opportunely comes
Some hero frighted at the noiſe of drums;
For her ſweet ſake, whom at firſt ſight he loves,
And all in metaphor his paſſion proves:
But ſome ſad accident, though yet unknown,
Parting this pair, to leave the ſwain alone;
He ſtrait grows jealous, though we know not why;
Then, to oblige his rival, needs will die:
But firſt he makes a ſpeech, wherein he tells
The abſent nymph how much his flame excels;
And yet bequeaths her generouſly now
To that lov'd rival whom he does not know!
Who ſtrait appears; but who can fate withſtand?
Too late, alas! to hold his haſty hand,
That juſt has given himſelf the cruel ſtroke!
At which his very rival's heart is broke:
He, more to his new friend than miſtreſs kind,
Moſt ſadly mourns at being left behind,
Of ſuch a death prefers the pleaſing charms
To love, and living in a lady's arms.
What ſhameful and what monſtrous things are theſe!
And then they rail at thoſe they cannot pleaſe;
Conclude us only partial to the dead,
And grudge the ſign of old Ben Jonſon's head;
When the intrinſic value of the ſtage
Can ſcarce be judg'd but by a following age:
For dances, flutes, Italian ſongs, and rhyme,
May keep up ſinking nonſenſe for a time;

But

But that muſt fail, which now ſo much o'er-rules,
And ſenſe no longer will ſubmit to fools.
By painful ſteps at laſt we labour up
Parnaſſus' hill, on whoſe bright airy top
The epic poets ſo divinely ſhow,
And with juſt pride behold the reſt below.
Heroic poems have a juſt pretence
To be the utmoſt ſtretch of human ſenſe;
A work of ſuch ineſtimable worth,
There are but two the world has yet brought forth!
Homer and Virgil! with what ſacred awe,
Do thoſe mere ſounds the world's attention draw!
Juſt as a changeling ſeems below the reſt
Of men, or rather is a two-legg'd beaſt;
So theſe gigantic ſouls amaz'd we find
As much above the reſt of human kind!
Nature's whole ſtrength united! endleſs fame,
And univerſal ſhouts attend their name!
Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
For all books elſe appear ſo mean, ſo poor,
Verſe will ſeem proſe; but ſtill perſiſt to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need.
Had Boſſu never writ, the world had ſtill,
Like Indians, view'd this wondrous piece of ſkill;
As ſomething of divine the work admir'd;
Not hop'd to be inſtructed, but inſpir'd:
But he, diſcloſing ſacred myſteries,
Has ſhewn where all the mighty magic lies;
Deſcrib'd the ſeeds, and in what order ſown,
That have to ſuch a vaſt proportion grown.

Sure

Sure from ſome angel he the ſecret knew,
Who through this labyrinth has lent the clue.
But what, alas! avails it poor mankind,
To ſee this promis'd land, yet ſtay behind?
The way is ſhewn, but who has ſtrength to go?
Who can all ſciences profoundly know?
Whoſe fancy flies beyond weak Reaſon's ſight,
And yet has judgment to direct it right?
Whoſe juſt diſcernment, Virgil-like, is ſuch
Never to ſay too little or too much?
Let ſuch a man begin without delay;
But he muſt do beyond what I can ſay;
Muſt above Taſſo's lofty flights prevail,
Succeed where Spenſer, and ev'n Milton fail.

ODE ON BRUTUS.

I.

'TIS ſaid, that favourite, mankind,
Was made the lord of all below;
But yet the doubtful are concern'd to find,
'Tis only one man tells another ſo.
And, for this great dominion here,
Which over other beaſts we claim,
Reaſon our beſt credential does appear,
By which indeed we domineer,
But how abſurdly, we may ſee with ſhame.

Reaſon, that ſolemn trifle! light as air,
Driven up and down by cenſure or applauſe;
By partial love away 'tis blown,
Or the leaſt prejudice can weigh it down;
Thus our high privilege becomes our ſnare.
In any nice and weighty cauſe,
How weak, at beſt, is Reaſon! yet the grave
Impoſe on that ſmall judgment which we have.

II.

In all thoſe wits, whoſe names have ſpread ſo wide,
And ev'n the force of time defy'd,
Some failings yet may be deſcry'd.
Among the reſt, with wonder be it told,
That Brutus is admir'd for Cæſar's death;
By which he yet ſurvives in Fame's immortal breath.
Brutus, ev'n he, of all the reſt,
In whom we ſhould that deed the moſt deteſt,
Is of mankind eſteem'd the beſt.
As ſnow, deſcending from ſome lofty hill,
Is by its rolling courſe augmenting ſtill,
So from illuſtrious authors down have roll'd
Thoſe great encomiums he receiv'd of old:
Republic orators will ſhew eſteem,
And gild their eloquence with praiſe of him:
But Truth, unveil'd, like a bright ſun appears,
To ſhine away this heap of ſeventeen hundred years.

III.

In vain 'tis urg'd by an illuſtrious wit,
(To whom in all beſides I willingly ſubmit)

That Cæsar's life no pity could deserve
From one who kill'd himself, rather than serve.
Had Brutus chose rather himself to slay,
Than any master to obey,
Happy for Rome had been that noble pride;
The world had then remain'd in peace, and only Brutus dy'd.
For he, whose soul disdains to own
Subjection to a tyrant's frown,
And his own life would rather end,
Would sure much rather kill himself, than only hurt his friend.
To his own sword in the Philippian field
Brutus indeed at last did yield:
But in those times self-killing was not rare,
And his proceeded only from despair:
He might have chosen else to live,
In hopes another Cæsar would forgive;
Then, for the good of Rome, he could once more
Conspire against a life which had spar'd his before.

IV.

Our country challenges our utmost care,
And in our thoughts deserves the tendrest share;
Her to a thousand friends we should prefer,
Yet not betray them, though it be for her.
Hard is his heart, whom no desert can move,
A mistress or a friend to love,
Above whate'er he does besides enjoy;
But may he, for their sakes, his sire or sons destroy!

For ſacred juſtice, or for public good,
Scorn'd be our wealth, our honour, and our blood:
In ſuch a cauſe, want is a happy ſtate,
Ev'n low diſgrace would be a glorious fate;
And death itſelf, when noble fame ſurvives,
More to be valued than a thouſand lives.
But 'tis not ſurely of ſo fair renown
To ſpill another's blood, as to expoſe our own:
Of all that's ours we cannot give too much,
But what belongs to friendſhip, oh! 'tis ſacrilege to touch.

V.

Can we ſtand by unmov'd, and ſee
Our mother robb'd and raviſh'd? Can we be
Excus'd, if in her cauſe we never ſtir,
Pleas'd with the ſtrength and beauty of the raviſher?
Thus ſings our bard with heat almoſt divine;
'Tis pity that his thought was not as ſtrong as fine.
Would it more juſtly did the caſe expreſs,
Or that its beauty and its grace were leſs.
(Thus a nymph ſometimes we ſee,
Who ſo charming ſeems to be,
That, jealous of a ſoft ſurpriſe,
We ſcarce durſt truſt our eager eyes)
Such a fallacious ambuſh to eſcape,
It were but vain to plead a willing rape;
A valiant ſon would be provok'd the more;
A force we therefore muſt confeſs, but acted long before;
A marriage ſince did intervene,
With all the ſolemn and the ſacred ſcene;

Loud

Loud was the Hymenean ſong;
The violated dame * walk'd ſmilingly along,
And in the midſt of the moſt ſacred dance,
As if enamour'd of his ſight,
Often ſhe caſt a kind admiring glance
On the bold ſtruggler for delight;
Who afterwards appear'd ſo moderate and cool,
As if for public good alone he ſo deſir'd to rule.

VI.

But, oh! that this were all which we can urge
Againſt a Roman of ſo great a ſoul!
And that fair truth permitted us to purge
His fact, of what appears ſo foul!
Friendſhip, that ſacred and ſublimeſt thing!
The nobleſt quality, and chiefeſt good,
(In this dull age ſcarce underſtood)
Inſpires us with unuſual warmth her injur'd rites to ſing.
Aſſiſt, ye angels! whoſe immortal bliſs,
Though more refin'd, chiefly conſiſts in this.
How plainly your bright thoughts to one another ſhine!
Oh! how ye all agree in harmony divine!
The race of mutual love with equal zeal ye run,
A courſe, as far from any end, as when at firſt begun.
Ye ſaw, and ſmil'd upon this matchleſs pair,
Who ſtill betwixt them did ſo many virtues ſhare,
Some which belong to peace, and ſome to ſtrife,
Thoſe of a calm, and of an active life,

* Rome.

That all the excellence of human-kind
Concurr'd to make of both but one united mind,
Which Friendſhip did ſo faſt and cloſely bind,
Not the leaſt cement could appear by which their ſouls were join'd.
That tye which holds our mortal frame,
Which poor unknowing we a ſoul and body name,
Seems not a compoſition more divine,
Or more abſtruſe, than all that does in friendſhip ſhine.

VII.

From mighty Cæſar and his boundleſs grace,
Though Brutus, once at leaſt, his life receiv'd;
Such obligations, though ſo high believ'd,
Are yet but ſlight in ſuch a caſe.
Where friendſhip ſo poſſeſſes all the place,
There is no room for gratitude; ſince he,
Who ſo obliges, is more pleas'd than his ſav'd friend can be.
Juſt in the midſt of all this noble heat,
While their great hearts did both ſo kindly beat,
That it amaz'd the lookers-on,
And forc'd them to ſuſpect a father and a ſon;*
(Though here ev'n Nature's ſelf ſtill ſeem'd to be outdone)
From ſuch a friendſhip unprovok'd to fall
Is horrid, yet I wiſh that fact were all
Which does with too much cauſe Ungrateful Brutus call.

* Cæſar was ſuſpected to have begotten Brutus.

VIII. In

VIII.

In cooleſt blood he laid a long deſign
Againſt his beſt and deareſt friend;
Did ev'n his foes in zeal exceed,
To ſpirit others up to work ſo black a deed;
Himſelf the centre where they all did join.
Cæſar, meantime, fearleſs, and fond of him,
Was as induſtrious all the while
To give ſuch ample marks of fond eſteem,
As made the graveſt Romans ſmile
To ſee with how much eaſe love can the wiſe beguile.
He, whom thus Brutus doom'd to bleed,
Did, ſetting his own race aſide,
Nothing leſs for him provide,
Than in the world's great empire to ſucceed:
Which we are bound in juſtice to allow,
Is all-ſufficient proof to ſhow
That Brutus did not ſtrike for his own ſake:
And if, alas! he fail'd, 'twas only by miſtake.

MISCELLANIES.

THE RAPTURE.

I YIELD, I yield, and can no longer ſtay
My eager thoughts, that force themſelves away.
Sure none inſpir'd (whoſe heat tranſports them ſtill
Above their reaſon, and beyond their will)
Can firm againſt the ſtrong impulſe remain;
Cenſure itſelf were not ſo ſharp a pain.
Let vulgar minds ſubmit to vulgar ſway;
What Ignorance ſhall think, or Malice ſay,
To me are trifles; if the knowing few,
Who can ſee faults, but can ſee beauties too,
Applaud that genius which themſelves partake,
And ſpare the Poet for the Muſe's ſake.
The Muſe, who raiſes me from humble ground,
To view the vaſt and various world around;
How faſt I mount! in what a wondrous way
I grow tranſported to this large ſurvey!
I value earth no more, and far below
Methinks I ſee the buſy pigmies go.
My ſoul entranc'd is in a rapture brought
Above the common tracks of vulgar thought:
With fancy wing'd, I feel the purer air,
And with contempt look down on human care.

Airy

Airy Ambition, ever ſoaring high,
Stands firſt expos'd to my cenſorious eye.
Behold ſome toiling up a ſlippery hill,
Where, though arriv'd, they muſt be toiling ſtill:
Some, with unſteady feet, juſt fallen to ground,
Others at top, whoſe heads are turning round.
To this high ſphere it happens ſtill that ſome,
The moſt unfit, are forwardeſt to come;
Yet among theſe are princes forc'd to chooſe,
Or ſeek out ſuch as would perhaps refuſe.
Favour too great is ſafely plac'd on none,
And ſoon becomes a dragon or a drone;
Either remiſs and negligent of all,
Or elſe imperious and tyrannical.
The Muſe inſpires me now to look again,
And ſee a meaner ſort of ſordid men
Doating on little heaps of yellow duſt;
For that deſpiſing honour, eaſe, and luſt.
Let other bards, expreſſing how it ſhines,
Deſcribe with envy what the miſer finds;
Only as heaps of dirt it ſeems to me,
Where we ſuch deſpicable vermin ſee,
Who creep through filth a thouſand crooked ways,
Inſenſible of infamy or praiſe:
Loaded with guilt, they ſtill purſue their courſe,
Not ev'n reſtrain'd by love or friendſhip's force.
Not to enlarge on ſuch an obvious thought,
Behold their folly, which tranſcends their fault!
Alas! their cares and cautions only tend
To gain the means, and then to loſe the end.

Like

Like heroes in romances, ſtill in fight
For miſtreſſes that yield them no delight.
This, of all vice, does moſt debaſe the mind,
Gold is itſelf th' allay to human-kind.
Oh, happy times! when no ſuch thing as coin
E'er tempted friends to part, or foes to join!
Cattle or corn, among thoſe harmleſs men,
Was all their wealth, the gold and ſilver then:
Corn was too bulky to corrupt a tribe,
And bellowing herds would have betray'd the bribe.
Ev'n traffic now is intercourſe of ill,
And every wind brings a new miſchief ſtill;
By trade we flouriſh in our leaves and fruit,
But avarice and exceſs devour the root.
Thus far the Muſe unwillingly has been
Fix'd on the dull, leſs happy ſorts of ſin;
But now, more pleas'd, ſhe views the different ways
Of luxury, and all its charms ſurveys.
Dear luxury! thou ſoft, but ſure deceit!
Riſe of the mean, and ruin of the great!
Thou ſure preſage of ill-approaching fates,
The bane of empires, and the change of ſtates!
Armies in vain reſiſt thy mighty power;
Not the worſt conduct would confound them more.
Thus Rome herſelf, while o'er the world ſhe flew,
And did by virtue all that world ſubdue,
Was by her own victorious arms oppreſs'd,
And catch'd infection from the conquer'd Eaſt;
Whence all thoſe vices came, which ſoon devour
The beſt foundations of renown and power.

But oh! what need have we abroad to roam,
Who feel too much the ſad effects at home,
Of wild exceſs? which we ſo plainly find
Decays the body, and impairs the mind.
But yet grave fops muſt not preſume from hence
To ſlight the ſacred pleaſures of the ſenſe:
Our appetites are Nature's laws, and given
Under the broad authentic ſeal of heaven.
Let pedants wrangle, and let bigots fight,
To put reſtraint on innocent delight,
But Heaven and Nature 's always in the right;
They would not draw poor wretched mortals in,
Or give deſires that ſhall be doom'd for ſin.
Yet, that in height of harmleſs joy we may
Laſt to old age, and never loſe a day,
Amidſt our pleaſures we ourſelves ſhould ſpare,
And manage all with temperance and care.
The gods forbid but we ſometimes may ſteep
Our joys in wine, and lull our cares aſleep:
It raiſes nature, ripens ſeeds of worth,
As moiſtening pictures calls the colours forth;
But if the varniſh we too oft' apply,
Alas! like colours, we grow faint, and die.
Hold, hold, impetuous Muſe: I would reſtrain
Her over-eager heat, but all in vain;
Abandon'd to delights, ſhe longs to rove;
I check'd her here, and now ſhe flies to love;
Shews me ſome rural nymph, by ſhepherd chas'd,
Soon overtaken, and as ſoon embrac'd:

The graſs by her, as ſhe by him, is preſs'd;
For ſhame, my Muſe, let fancy gueſs the reſt:
At ſuch a point fancy can never ſtay,
But flies beyond whatever you can ſay.
Behold the ſilent ſhades, the amorous grove,
The dear delights, the very act of love.
This is his loweſt ſphere, his country ſcene,
Where love is humble, and his fare but mean;
Yet ſpringing up without the help of art,
Leaves a ſincerer reliſh in the heart,
More healthfully, though not ſo finely fed,
And better thrives than where more nicely bred.
But 'tis in courts where moſt he makes a ſhow,
And, high enthron'd, governs the world below;
For though in hiſtories learn'd ignorance
Attributes all to cunning or to chance,
Love will in thoſe diſguiſes often ſmile,
And knows the cauſe was kindneſs all the while.
What ſtory, place, or perſon, cannot prove
The boundleſs influence of mighty love?
Where'er the ſun can vigorous heat inſpire,
Both ſexes glow, and languiſh with deſire.
The weary'd ſwain, faſt in the arms of ſleep,
Love can awake, and often ſighing keep;
And buſy gown-men, by fond love diſguis'd,
Will leiſure find to make themſelves deſpis'd.
The proudeſt kings ſubmit to beauty's ſway;
Beauty itſelf, a greater prince than they,
Lies ſometimes languiſhing with all its pride
By a belov'd, though fickle lover's ſide.

I mean

I mean to ſlight the ſoft enchanting charm,
But, oh! my head and heart are both too warm.
I doat on woman-kind with all their faults,
Love turns my ſatire into ſofteſt thoughts;
Of all that paſſion which our peace deſtroys
Inſtead of miſchiefs, I deſcribe the joys.
But ſhort will be his reign (I fear too ſhort),
And preſent cares ſhall be my future ſport.
Then Love's bright torch put out, his arrows broke,
Looſe from kind chains, and from th' engaging yoke,
To all fond thoughts I'll ſing ſuch counter-charms,
The fair ſhall liſten in their lovers arms.
Now the enthuſiaſtic fit is ſpent,
I feel my weakneſs, and too late repent.
As they who walk in dreams oft' climb too high
For ſenſe to follow with a waking eye;
And in ſuch wild attempts are blindly bold,
Which afterwards they tremble to behold:
So I review theſe ſallies of my pen,
And modeſt reaſon is return'd again;
My confidence I curſe, my fate accuſe,
Scarce hold from cenſuring the ſacred Muſe.
No wretched poet of the railing pit,
No critic curs'd with the wrong ſide of wit,
Is more ſevere from ignorance and ſpite,
Than I with judgment againſt all I write.

ON

Mr. HOBBES, and his WRITINGS.

SUCH is the mode of theſe cenſorious days,
The art is loſt of knowing how to praiſe;
Poets are envious now, and fools alone
Admire at wit, becauſe themſelves have none.
Yet whatſoe'er is by vain critics thought,
Praiſing is harder much than finding fault;
In homely pieces ev'n the Dutch excel,
Italians only can draw beauty well.

As ſtrings, alike wound up, ſo equal prove,
That one reſounding makes the other move;
From ſuch a cauſe our ſatires pleaſe ſo much,
We ſympathize with each ill-natur'd touch;
And as the ſharp infection ſpreads about,
The reader's malice helps the writer out.
To blame, is eaſy; to commend, is bold;
Yet, if the Muſe inſpires it, who can hold?
To merit we are bound to give applauſe,
Content to ſuffer in ſo juſt a cauſe.

While in dark ignorance we lay afraid
Of fancies, ghoſts, and every empty ſhade;
Great Hobbes appear'd, and by plain reaſon's light
Put ſuch fantaſtic forms to ſhameful flight.
Fond is their fear, who think men needs muſt be
To vice enſlav'd, if from vain terrors free;

The wiſe and good morality will guide,
And ſuperſtition all the world beſide.
In other authors, though the thought be good,
'Tis not ſometimes ſo eaſily underſtood;
That jewel oft' unpoliſh'd has remain'd;
Some words ſhould be left out, and ſome explain'd;
So that, in ſearch of ſenſe, we either ſtray,
Or elſe grow weary in ſo rough a way.
But here ſweet eloquence does always ſmile,
In ſuch a choice, yet unaffected ſtyle,
As muſt both knowledge and delight impart,
The force of reaſon, with the flowers of art;
Clear as a beautiful tranſparent ſkin,
Which never hides the blood, yet holds it in:
Like a delicious ſtream it ever ran,
As ſmooth as woman, but as ſtrong as man.
Bacon himſelf, whoſe univerſal wit
Does admiration through the world beget,
Scarce more his age's ornament is thought,
Or greater credit to his country brought.
While fame is young, too weak to fly away,
Malice purſues her, like ſome bird of prey;
But once on wing, then all the quarrels ceaſe;
Envy herſelf is glad to be at peace,
Gives over, weary'd with ſo high a flight,
Above her reach, and ſcarce within her ſight.
Hobbes, to this happy pitch arriv'd at laſt,
Might have look'd down with pride on dangers paſt:
But ſuch the frailty is of human-kind,
Men toil for fame, which no man lives to find;

Long

Long ripening under ground this China lies;
Fame bears no fruit, till the vain planter dies.
Thus Nature, tir'd with his unuſual length
Of life, which put her to her utmoſt ſtrength,
Such ſtock of wit unable to ſupply,
To ſpare herſelf, was glad to let him die.

WRITTEN OVER A GATE.

HERE lives a man, who, by relation,
Depends upon predeſtination;
For which the learned and the wiſe
His underſtanding much deſpiſe:
But I pronounce with loyal tongue
Him in the right, them in the wrong;
For how could ſuch a wretch ſucceed,
But that, alas, it was decreed?

THE MIRACLE, 1707.

MERIT they hate, and wit they ſlight;
They neither act, nor reaſon right,
And nothing mind but pence.
Unſkilful they victorious are,
Conduct a kingdom without care,
A council without ſenſe.

So

So Moſes once, and Joſhua,
And that virago Debora,
Beſtrid poor Iſrael:
Like reverence pay to theſe! for who
Could ride a nation as they do,
Without a miracle?

O D E

ON THE

DEATH OF HENRY PURCELL.

GOOD angels ſnatch'd him eagerly on high;
Joyful they flew, ſinging and ſoaring through the ſky,
Teaching his new-fledg'd ſoul to fly;
While we, alas! lamenting lie.
He went muſing all along,
Compoſing new their heavenly ſong.
A while his ſkilful notes loud hallelujahs drown'd;
But ſoon they ceas'd their own, to catch his pleaſing ſound.
David himſelf improv'd the harmony,
David, in ſacred ſtory ſo renown'd
No leſs for muſic, than for poetry!
Genius ſublime in either art!
Crown'd with applauſe ſurpaſſing all deſert!
A man juſt after God's own heart!

If human cares are lawful to the bleſt,
Already ſettled in eternal reſt;
Needs muſt he wiſh that Purcell only might
Have liv'd to ſet what he vouchſaf'd to write;
For, ſure, the noble thirſt of fame
With the frail body never dies;
But with the ſoul aſcends the ſkies,
From whence at firſt it came.
'Tis ſure no little proof we have
That part of us ſurvives the grave,
And in our fame below ſtill bears a ſhare:
Why is the future elſe ſo much our care,
Ev'n in our lateſt moment of deſpair?
And death deſpis'd for fame by all the wiſe and brave?
Oh, all ye bleſt harmonious choir!
Who power almighty only love, and only that admire!
Look down with pity from your peaceful bower,
On this ſad iſle perplex'd,
And ever, ever vex'd
With anxious care of trifles, wealth and power.
In our rough minds due reverence infuſe
For ſweet melodious ſounds, and each harmonious Muſe.
Muſic exalts man's nature, and inſpires
High elevated thoughts, or gentle, kind deſires.

ON THE LOSS OF AN ONLY SON, ROBERT MARQUIS OF NORMANBY.

OUR morning's gay and ſhining;
The days our joys declare;
At evening no repining;
And night 's all void of care.

A fond tranſported mother
Was often heard to cry,
Oh, where is ſuch an other
So bleſs'd by Heaven as I?

A child at firſt was wanting;
Now ſuch a ſon is ſent,
As parents moſt lamenting
In him would find content.

A child of whom kind Heaven
Not only hope beſtows,
But has already given
Him all our hopes propoſe.

The happy ſire's poſſeſſing
His ſhare in ſuch a boy,
Adds ſtill a greater bleſſing
To all my other joy.

But ah! this ſhiny weather
Became too hot at laſt;
Black clouds began to gather,
And all the ſky o'ercaſt.

So fierce a fever rages,
We all lie drown'd in tears;
And diſmal ſad preſages
Come thundering in our ears.

The doubts that made us languiſh
Did worſe, far worſe than kill.
Yet, oh, with all their anguiſh,
Would we had doubted ſtill!

But why ſo much digreſſion,
This fatal loſs to ſhow?
Alas, there's no expreſſion
Can tell a parent's woe!

ON
MR. POPE, AND HIS POEMS.

WITH age decay'd, with courts and buſineſs tir'd,
Caring for nothing but what eaſe requir'd,
Too ſerious now a wanton Muſe to court,
And from the critics ſafe arriv'd in port;
I little thought of launching forth again,
Amidſt adventurous rovers of the pen;
And, after ſome ſmall undeſerv'd ſucceſs,
Thus hazarding at laſt to make it leſs.
Encomiums ſuit not this cenſorious time,
Itſelf a ſubject for ſatiric rhyme;
Ignorance honour'd, wit and worth defam'd,
Folly triumphant, and ev'n Homer blam'd.

But

But to this genius, join'd with ſo much art,
Such various learning mix'd in every part,
Poets are bound a loud applauſe to pay;
Apollo bids it, and they muſt obey.
And yet ſo wondrous, ſo ſublime a thing,
As the great Iliad, ſcarce could make me ſing;
Except I juſtly could at once commend
A good companion, and as firm a friend.
One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed,
Can all deſert in ſciences exceed.
'Tis great delight to laugh at ſome men's ways;
But a much greater to give merit praiſe.

STANZAS.

WHENE'ER my fooliſh bent to public good,
Or fonder zeal for ſome miſguided prince,
Shall make my dangerous humour underſtood,
For changing miniſters for men of ſenſe:

When, vainly proud to ſhew my public care,
And ev'n aſham'd to ſee three nations fool'd,
I ſhall no longer bear a wretched ſhare
In ruling ill, or being over-rul'd:

Then, as old lechers in a winter's night
To yawning hearers all their pranks diſcloſe;
And what decay deprives them of delight,
Supply with vain endeavours to impoſe:

Juſt ſo ſhall I as idly entertain
Some ſtripling patriots, fond of ſeeming wiſe;
Tell, how I ſtill could great employments gain,
Without concealing truths, or whiſpering lies!

Boaſt of ſucceeding in my country's cauſe
Ev'n againſt ſome almoſt too high to blame;
Whom, when advanc'd beyond the reach of laws,
I oft' had ridicul'd to ſenſe and ſhame:

Say, I reſiſted the moſt potent fraud;
But friendleſs merit openly approv'd;
And that I was above the being aw'd
Not only by my prince, but thoſe he lov'd:

Who knows but my example then may pleaſe
Such noble, hopeful ſpirits as appear
Willing to ſlight their pleaſures and their eaſe,
For fame and honour? till at laſt they hear,

After much trouble borne, and danger run,
The crown aſſiſted, and my country ſerv'd;
Without good fortune I had been undone,
Without a good eſtate I might have ſtarv'd.

THE

ELECTION OF A POET LAUREAT

IN M.DCC.XIX.

A FAMOUS aſſembly was ſummon'd of late :
To crown a new Laureat, came Phœbus in ſtate,
With all that Montfaucon himſelf could deſire,
His bow, laurel, harp, and abundance of fire.

At Bartlemew-fair ne'er did bullies ſo juſtle,
No country-election e'er made ſuch a buſtle :
From garret, mint, tavern, they all poſt away,
Some thirſting for ſack, ſome ambitious of bay.

All came with full confidence, fluſh'd with vain hope,
From Cibber and Durfey, to Prior and Pope.
Phœbus ſmil'd on theſe laſt, but yet ne'ertheleſs,
Said, he hop'd they had got enough by the preſs.

With a huge mountain-load of heroical lumber,
Which from Tonſon to Curll every preſs had groan'd under,
Came Blackmore, and cry'd, Look, all theſe are my lays,
But at preſent I beg you'd but read my Eſſays.

Lampooners and critics ruſh'd in like a tide,
Stern Dennis and Gildon came firſt ſide-by-ſide.
Apollo confeſs'd that their laſhes had ſtings,
But beadles and hangmen were never choſe kings.

Steele long had ſo cunningly manag'd the town,
He could not be blam'd for expecting the crown;
Apollo demurr'd as to granting his wiſh,
But wiſh'd him good luck in his project of fiſh.

Lame Congreve, unable ſuch things to endure,
Of Apollo begg'd either a crown or a cure;
To refuſe ſuch a writer, Apollo was loth,
And almoſt inclin'd to have granted him both.

When Buckingham came, he ſcarce car'd to be ſeen,
Till Phœbus deſir'd his old friend to walk in;
But a laureat peer had never been known,
The commoners claim'd that place as their own.

Yet if the kind god had been ne'er ſo inclin'd
To break an old rule, yet he well knew his mind,
Who of ſuch preferment would only make ſport,
And laugh'd at all ſuitors for places at court.

Notwithſtanding this law, yet Lanſdowne was nam'd,
But Apollo with kindneſs his indolence blam'd,
And ſaid he would chooſe him, but that he ſhould fear
An employment of trouble he never could bear.

A prelate * for wit and for eloquence fam'd,
Apollo ſoon miſs'd, and he needs not be nam'd;
Since amidſt a whole bench, of which ſome are ſo bright,
No one of them ſhines ſo learn'd and polite.

To Shippen, Apollo was cold with reſpect,
Since he for the ſtate could the Muſes neglect:

* Dr Atterbury, Biſhop of Rocheſter.

But

But ſaid, in a greater aſſembly he ſhin'd,
And places were things he had ever declin'd.

Trapp, Young, and Vanbrugh, expected reward,
For ſome things writ well: but Apollo declar'd
That one was too flat, the other too rough,
And the third ſure already had places enough.

Pert Budgell came next, and, demanding the bays,
Said, thoſe works muſt be good, which had Addiſon's praiſe;
But Apollo reply'd, Child Euſtace, 'tis known,
Moſt authors will praiſe whatſoever's their own.

When Philips came forth, as ſtarch as a Quaker,
Whoſe ſimple profeſſion's a Paſtoral-maker;
Apollo adviſ'd him from playhouſe to keep,
And pipe to nought elſe but his dog and his ſheep.

Hughes, Fenton, and Gay, came laſt in the train,
Too modeſt to aſk for the crown they would gain:
Phœbus thought them too baſhful, and ſaid they would need
More boldneſs, if ever they hop'd to ſucceed.

Apollo, now driven to a curſed quandary,
Was wiſhing for Swift, or the fam'd Lady Mary:
Nay, had honeſt Tom Southerne but been within call—
But at laſt he grew wanton, and laugh'd at them all:

And ſo ſpying one who came only to gaze,
A hater of verſe, and deſpiſer of plays;
To him in great form, without any delay,
(Though a zealous fanatic) preſented the bay.

All

All the wits ſtood aſtoniſh'd at hearing the god
So gravely pronounce an election ſo odd;
And though Prior and Pope only laugh'd in his face,
Moſt others were ready to ſink in the place.

Yet ſome thought the vacancy open was kept,
Concluding the bigot would never accept:
But the hypocrite told them, he well underſtood,
Though the function was wicked, the ſtipend was good.

At laſt in ruſh'd Euſden, and cry'd, "Who ſhall have it,
"But I, the true laureat, to whom the king gave it?"
Apollo begg'd pardon, and granted his claim;
But vow'd, though, till then he ne'er heard of his name.

ON

THE TIMES.

SINCE in vain our parſons teach,
Hear, for once, a poet preach.
Vice has loſt its very name,
Skill and cozenage thought the ſame;
Only playing well the game.
Foul contrivances we ſee
Call'd but ingenuity:
Ample fortunes often made
Out of frauds in every trade,
Which an aukward child afford
Enough to wed the greateſt lord.
The miſer ſtarves to raiſe a ſon,
But, if once the fool is gone,

Years

Years of thrift ſcarce ſerve a day,
Rake-hell ſquanders all away.
Huſbands ſeeking for a place,
Or toiling for their pay;
While their wives undo their race
By petticoats and play:
Breeding boys to drink and dice,
Carrying girls to comedies,
Where mama's intrigues are ſhown,
Which ere long will be their own.
Having firſt at ſermon ſlept,
Tedious day is weekly kept
By worſe hypocrites than men,
Till Monday comes to cheat again.
Ev'n among the nobleſt-born,
Moral virtue is a ſcorn;
Gratitude, but rare at beſt,
And fidelity a jeſt.
All our wit but party-mocks,
All our wiſdom raiſing ſtocks:
Counted folly to defend
Sinking ſide, or falling friend.
Long an officer may ſerve,
Prais'd and wounded, he may ſtarve:
No receipt, to make him riſe,
Like inventing loyal lies.
We, whoſe anceſtors have ſhin'd
In arts of peace, and fields of fame,
To ill and idleneſs inclin'd,
Now are grown a public ſhame.

Fatal that inteſtine jar,
Which produc'd our civil war!
Ever ſince, how ſad a race!
Senſeleſs, violent, and baſe!

ON THE
DUKE OF YORK
BANISHED TO BRUSSELS.

I Feel a ſtrange impulſe, a ſtrong deſire,
(For what vain thoughts will not a Muſe inſpire?)
To ſing on lofty ſubjects, and to raiſe
My own low fame, by writing James's praiſe.
Oft' have we heard the wonders of his youth,
Obſerv'd thoſe ſeeds of fortitude and truth,
Which ſince have ſpread ſo wide, ſo wondrous high,
The good diſtreſs'd beneath that ſhelter lie.
In arms more active than ev'n war requir'd,
And in the midſt of mighty chiefs admir'd.
Of all Heaven's gifts, no temper is ſo rare,
As ſo much courage mix'd with ſo much care.
When martial fire makes all the ſpirits boil,
And forces youth to military toil;
No wonder it ſhould fiercely then engage:
Women themſelves will venture in a rage:
But in the midſt of all that furious heat,
While ſo intent on actions brave and great,
For other lives to feel ſuch tender fears,
And, careleſs of his own, to care for theirs;

Is that compoſure which a hero makes,
And which illuſtrious York alone partakes,
With that great man*, whoſe fame has flown ſo far,
Who taught him firſt the noble art of war.
Oh, wondrous pair! whom equal virtues crown,
Oh worthy of each other's vaſt renown!
None but Turenne with York could glory ſhare,
And none but York deſerve ſo great a maſter's care.
Scarce was he come to bleſs his native iſle,
And reap the ſoft reward of glorious toil,
But, like Alcides, ſtill new dangers call
His courage forth, and ſtill he vanquiſh'd all.
At ſea, that bloody ſcene of boundleſs rage,
Where floating caſtles in fierce flames engage
(Where Mars himſelf does frowningly command,
And by lieutenants only fights at land);
For his own fame howe'er he fought before,
For England's honour yet he ventur'd more.
In thoſe black times, when, faction raging high,
Valour and Innocence were forc'd to fly,
With York they fled; but not depreſt his mind,
Still, like a diamond in the duſt, it ſhin'd.
When from afar his drooping friends beheld
How in diſtreſs he ev'n himſelf excell'd;
How to his envious fate, his country's frown,
His brother's will, he ſacrific'd his own;
They rais'd their hearts, and never doubted more
But that juſt Heaven would all our joys reſtore.

* The Mareſchal de Turenne.

So

So when black clouds ſurround heaven's glorious face,
Tempeſtuous darkneſs covering all the place,
If we diſcern but the leaſt glimmering ray
Of that bright orb of fire which rules the day,
The cheerful ſight our fainting courage warms:
Fix'd upon that we fear no future harms.

ON

THE DEITY.

WRETCHED mankind! void of both ſtrength and ſkill!
Dextrous at nothing but at doing ill!
In merit humble, in pretenſions high,
Among them none, alas! more weak than I,
And none more blind: though ſtill I worthleſs thought
The beſt I ever ſpoke, or ever wrote.

But zealous heat exalts the humbleſt mind;
Within my ſoul ſuch ſtrong impulſe I find
The heavenly tribute of due praiſe to pay:
Perhaps 'tis ſacred, and I muſt obey.

Yet ſuch the ſubjects, various, and ſo high,
Stupendous wonders of the Deity!
Miraculous effects of boundleſs power!
And that as boundleſs goodneſs ſhining more!
All theſe ſo numberleſs my thoughts attend,
Oh where ſhall I begin, or ever end?

But on that theme which ev'n the wiſe abuſe,
So ſacred, ſo ſublime, and ſo abſtruſe,
Abruptly to break off, wants no excuſe.

While others vainly ſtrive to know Thee more,
Let me in ſilent reverence adore;
Wiſhing that human power were higher rais'd,
Only that thine might be more nobly prais'd!
Thrice happy angels in their high degree,
Created worthy of extolling Thee!

PROLOGUE

TO THE

ALTERATION OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

HOPE to mend Shakeſpeare! or to match his ſtyle!
'Tis ſuch a jeſt would make a Stoic ſmile.
Too fond of fame, our poet ſoars too high,
Yet freely owns he wants the wings to fly:
So ſenſible of his preſumptuous thought,
That he confeſſes while he does the fault:
This to the fair will no great wonder prove,
Who oft' in bluſhes yield to what they love.
Of greateſt actions, and of nobleſt men,
This ſtory moſt deſerves a poet's pen:
For who can wiſh a ſcene more juſtly fam'd,
When Rome and mighty Julius are but nam'd!
That ſtate of heroes who the world had brav'd!
That wondrous man who ſuch a ſtate inſlav'd!
Yet loth he was to take ſo rough a way,
And after govern'd with ſo mild a ſway.

At

At diſtance now of ſeventeen hundred years,
Methinks a lovely raviſher appears;
Whom, though forbid by virtue to excuſe,
A nymph might pardon, and could ſcarce refuſe.

CHORUSES IN JULIUS CÆSAR.

CHORUS. I.

I.

WHITHER is Roman honour gone?
Where is your ancient virtue now?
That valour, which ſo bright has ſhone,
And with the wings of conqueſt flown,
Muſt to a haughty maſter bow:
Who, with our toil, our blood, and all we have beſide,
Gorges his ill-got power, his humour, and his pride.

II.

Fearleſs he will his life expoſe;
So does a lion or a bear.
His very virtues threaten thoſe,
Who more his bold ambition fear.
How ſtupid wretches we appear,
Who round the world for wealth and empire roam,
Yet never, never think what ſlaves we are at home!

III.

Did men for this together join,
Quitting the free wild life of Nature?
What other beaſt did e'er deſign
The ſetting up his fellow-creature,
And of two miſchiefs chooſe the greater?

Oh!

Oh! rather than be ſlaves to bold imperious men,
Give us our wildneſs, and our woods, our huts, and caves again.

IV.

There, ſecure from lawleſs ſway,
Out of Pride or Envy's way;
Living up to Nature's rules,
Not deprav'd by knaves and fools;
Happily we all ſhould live, and harmleſs as our ſheep,
And at laſt as calmly die as infants fall aſleep.

CHORUS II.

LO! to prevent this mighty empire's doom,
From bright unknown abodes of bliſs I come,
The awful genius of majeſtic Rome.

Great is her danger: but I will engage
Some few, the maſter-ſouls of all this age,
To do an act of juſt heroic rage.

'Tis hard, a man ſo great ſhould fall ſo low;
More hard to let ſo brave a people bow
To one themſelves have rais'd, who ſcorns them now.

Yet, oh! I grieve that Brutus ſhould be ſtain'd,
Whoſe life, excepting this one act, remain'd
So pure, that future times will think it feign'd.

But only he can make the reſt combine;
The very life and ſoul of their deſign,
The centre, where thoſe mighty ſpirits join.

Unthinking men no ſort of ſcruples make;
Others do ill, only for miſchief's ſake;
But ev'n the beſt are guilty by miſtake.

Thus ſome for envy, or revenge, intend
To bring the bold uſurper to his end:
But for his country Brutus ſtabs his friend.

CHORUS III.

BY TWO AERIAL SPIRITS.

I.

TELL, oh! tell me, whence ariſe
Theſe diſorders in our ſkies?
Rome's great genius wildly gaz'd,
And the gods ſeem all amaz'd.

II.

Know, in ſight of this day's ſun,
Such a deed is to be done,
Black enough to ſhroud the light
Of all this world in diſmal night.

I.

What is this deed?

II.

To kill a man,
The greateſt ſince mankind began:
Learned, eloquent, and wiſe,
Generous, merciful, and brave!

I. Yet

I.

Yet not too great a ſacrifice,
The liberty of Rome to ſave.

II.

But will not goodneſs claim regard,
And does not worth deſerve reward?

I.

Does not their country lie at ſtake?
Can they do too much for her ſake?

BOTH SPIRITS TOGETHER.

Though dreadful be this doom of fate,
Juſt is that power which governs all:
Better this wondrous man ſhould fall,
Than a moſt glorious, virtuous ſtate.

CHORUS IV.

HOW great a curſe has Providence
Thought fit to caſt on human-kind!
Learning, courage, eloquence,
The gentleſt nature, nobleſt mind,
Were intermixt in one alone;
Yet in one moment overthrown.

Could chance, or ſenſeleſs atoms, join
To form a ſoul ſo great as his?
Or would thoſe powers we hold divine
Deſtroy their own chief maſter-piece?
Where ſo much difficulty lies,
The doubtful are the only wiſe.

And, what muſt more perplex our thoughts,
  Great Jove the beſt of Romans ſends,
To do the very worſt of faults,
  And kill the kindeſt of his friends.
All this is far above our reach,
Whatever prieſts preſume to preach.

PROLOGUE

TO

MARCUS BRUTUS.

OUR ſcene is Athens. And, great Athens nam'd,
  What ſoul ſo dull as not to be inflam'd?
Methinks, at mentioning that ſacred place,
A reverend awe appears in every face,
For men ſo fam'd, of ſuch prodigious parts,
As taught the world all ſciences and arts.
  Amidſt all theſe ye ſhall behold a man
The moſt applauded ſince mankind began,
Out-ſhining ev'n thoſe Greeks who moſt excel,
Whoſe life was one fix'd courſe of doing well.
Oh! who can therefore without tears attend
On ſuch a life, and ſuch a fatal end?
  But here our author, beſides other faults
Of ill expreſſions, and of vulgar thoughts,
Commits one crime that needs an act of grace,
And breaks the law of unity of place:

Yet

Yet to ſuch noble patriots, overcome
By factious violence, and baniſh'd Rome,
Athens alone a fit retreat could yield;
And where can Brutus fall, but in Philippi field?
Some critics judge ev'n love itſelf too mean
A care to mix in ſuch a lofty ſcene,
And with thoſe ancient bards of Greece believe
Friendſhip has ſtronger charms to pleaſe or grieve:
But our more amorous poet, finding love
Amidſt all other cares, ſtill ſhines above,
Lets not the beſt of Romans end their lives
Without juſt ſoftneſs for the kindeſt wives.
Yet, if ye think his gentle nature ſuch
As to have ſoften'd this great tale too much,
Soon will your eyes grow dry, and paſſion fall,
When ye reflect 'tis all but conjugal.
This to the few and knowing was addreſt;
And now 'tis fit I ſhould ſalute the reſt.
Moſt reverend dull judges of the pit,
By nature curs'd with the wrong ſide of wit!
You need not care, whate'er you ſee to-night,
How ill ſome players act, or poets write;
Should our miſtakes be never ſo notorious,
You'll have the joy of being more cenſorious:
Shew your ſmall talent then, let that ſuffice ye;
But grow not vain upon it, I adviſe ye:
Each petty critic can objections raiſe,
The greateſt ſkill is knowing when to praiſe.

CHORUSES IN MARCUS BRUTUS.

*CHORUS III.

I.

DARK is the maze poor mortals tread;
Wiſdom itſelf a guide will need:
We little thought, when Cæſar bled,
That a worſe Cæſar would ſucceed.
And are we under ſuch a curſe,
We cannot change but for the worſe?

II.

With fair pretence of foreign force,
By which Rome muſt herſelf enthral;
Theſe, without bluſhes or remorſe,
Proſcribe the beſt, impoveriſh all.
The Gauls themſelves, our greateſt foes,
Could act no miſchiefs worſe than thoſe.

III.

That Julius, with ambitious thoughts,
Had virtues too, his foes could find;
Theſe equal him in all his faults,
But never in his noble mind.
That free-born ſpirits ſhould obey
Wretches, who know not how to ſway!

* See the firſt and ſecond choruſes, in the Poems of Mr. Pope.

IV. Late

IV.

Late we repent our haſty choice,
In vain bemoan ſo quick a turn.
Hark all to Rome's united voice!
Better that we a while had borne
Ev'n all thoſe ills which moſt diſpleaſe,
Than ſought a cure far worſe than the diſeaſe.

CHORUS IV.

OUR vows thus cheerfully we ſing,
While martial muſic fires our blood;
Let all the neighbouring echoes ring
With clamours for our country's good:
And, for reward, of the juſt gods we claim
A life with freedom, or a death with fame.

May Rome be freed from war's alarms,
And taxes heavy to be borne;
May ſhe beware of foreign arms,
And ſend them back with noble ſcorn:
And, for reward, &c.

May ſhe no more confide in friends,
Who nothing farther underſtood,
Than only, for their private ends,
To waſte her wealth, and ſpill her blood:
And, for reward, &c.

Our ſenators, great Jove, reſtrain
From private piques, they prudence call;
From the low thoughts of little gain,
And hazarding the loſing all:
And, for reward, &c.

The ſhining arms with haſte prepare,
Then to the glorious combat fly;
Our minds unclogg'd with farther care,
Except to overcome or die:
And, for reward, &c.

They fight, oppreſſion to increaſe,
We for our liberties and laws;
It were a ſin to doubt ſucceſs,
When freedom is the noble cauſe:
And, for reward, of the juſt gods we claim
A life with freedom, or a death with fame.

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END OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE'S POEMS.

THE

POEMS

OF

MATTHEW PRIOR.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

L I O N E L

EARL OF DORSET AND MIDDLESEX.

IT looks like no great compliment to your Lordſhip, that I prefix your name to this epiſtle; when, in the Preface, I declare the book is publiſhed almoſt againſt my inclination. But, in all caſes, my Lord, you have an hereditary right to whatever may be called mine. Many of the following pieces were written by the command of your excellent father; and moſt of the reſt, under his protection and patronage.

The particular felicity of your birth, my Lord; the natural endowments of your mind, which, without ſuſpicion of flattery, I may tell you, are very great; the good education with which theſe parts have been improved; and your coming into the world, and ſeeing men very early; make us expect from your Lordſhip all the good, which our hopes can form in favour of a young nobleman. "Tu Marcellus eris—" Our eyes and our hearts are turned on you. You muſt be a judge and maſter of polite learning; a friend and patron to men of letters and merit; a faithful and able counſellor to your prince; a true patriot to your country;

an ornament and honour to the titles you poſſeſs; and, in one word, a worthy ſon to the great Earl of Dorſet.

It is as impoſſible to mention that name, without deſiring to commend the perſon, as it is to give him the commendations which his virtues deſerved. But I aſſure myſelf, the moſt agreeable compliment I can bring your Lordſhip, is to pay a grateful reſpect to your father's memory: and my own obligations to him were ſuch, that the world muſt pardon my endeavouring at his character, however I may miſcarry in the attempt.

A thouſand ornaments and graces met in the compoſition of this great man, and contributed to make him univerſally beloved and eſteemed. The figure of his body was ſtrong, proportionable, beautiful: and were his picture well drawn, it muſt deſerve the praiſe given to the portraits of Raphael; and, at once, create love and reſpect. While the greatneſs of his mien informed men, they were approaching the nobleman; the ſweetneſs of it invited them to come nearer to the patron. There was in his look and geſture ſomething that is more eaſily conceived than deſcribed; that gained upon you in his favour, before he ſpake one word. His behaviour was eaſy and courteous to all; but diſtinguiſhed and adapted to each man in particular, according to his ſtation and quality. His civility was free from the formality of rule, and flowed immediately from his good ſenſe.

Such were the natural faculties and ſtrength of his mind, that he had occaſion to borrow very little from education; and he owed thoſe advantages to his own good

good parts, which others acquire by ſtudy and imitation. His wit was abundant, noble, bold. Wit in moſt writers is like a fountain in a garden, ſupplied by ſeveral ſtreams brought through artful pipes, and playing ſometimes agreeably. But the earl of Dorſet's was a ſource riſing from the top of a mountain, which forced its own way, and with inexhauſtible ſupplies delighted and enriched the country through which it paſſed. This extraordinary genius was accompanied with ſo true a judgment in all parts of fine learning, that, whatever ſubject was before him, he diſcourſed as properly of it, as if the peculiar bent of his ſtudy had been applied that way: and he perfected his judgment by reading and digeſting the beſt authors, though he quoted them very ſeldom.

"Contemnebat potius literas, quam neſciebat:"

and rather ſeemed to draw his knowledge from his own ſtores, than to owe it to any foreign aſſiſtance.

The brightneſs of his parts, the ſolidity of his judgment, and the candour and generoſity of his temper, diſtinguiſhed him in an age of great politeneſs, and at a court abounding with men of the fineſt ſenſe and learning. The moſt eminent maſters in their ſeveral ways appealed to his determination. Waller thought it an honour to conſult him in the ſoftneſs and harmony of his verſe: and Dr. Sprat, in the delicacy and turn of his proſe. Dryden determines by him, under the character of Eugenius, as to the laws of dramatick poetry. Butler owed it to him, that the Court taſted his

Hudibras:

Hudibras: Wycherley, that the Town liked his Plain Dealer: and the late duke of Buckingham deferred to publiſh his Rehearſal, till he was ſure (as he expreſſed it) that my lord Dorſet would not rehearſe upon him again. If we wanted a foreign teſtimony; La Fontaine and St. Evremond have acknowledged, that he was a perfect maſter in the beauty and fineneſs of their language, and of all that they call les Belles Lettres. Nor was this nicety of his judgment confined only to books and literature; but was the ſame in ſtatuary, painting, and all other parts of art. Bermini would have taken his opinion upon the beauty and attitude of a figure; and king Charles did not agree with Lely, that my lady Cleveland's picture was finiſhed, till it had the approbation of my lord Buckhurſt.

As the judgment which he made of others writings could not be refuted, the manner in which he wrote will hardly ever be equalled. Every one of his pieces is an ingot of gold, intrinſically and ſolidly valuable; ſuch as, wrought or beaten thinner, would ſhine through a whole book of any other author. His thought was always new; and the expreſſion of it ſo particularly happy, that every body knew immediately it could only be my lord Dorſet's: and yet it was ſo eaſy too, that every body was ready to imagine himſelf capable of writing it. There is a luſtre in his verſes, like that of the ſun in Claude Lorrain's landſkips: it looks natural, and is inimitable. His love-verſes have a mixture of delicacy and ſtrength: they convey the wit of Petronius in the ſoftneſs of Tibullus. His ſatire indeed

is

is ſo ſeverely pointed, that in it he appears, what his great friend the earl of Rocheſter (that other prodigy of the age) ſays he was,

"The beſt good man, with the worſt-natur'd muſe:"

Yet even here, that character may juſtly be applied to him, which Perſius gives of the beſt writer of this kind that ever lived:

"Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
"Tangit, & admiſſus circum præcordia ludit:"

And the gentleman had always ſo much the better of the ſatiriſt, that the perſons touched did not know where to fix their reſentments; and were forced to appear rather aſhamed than angry. Yet ſo far was this great author from valuing himſelf upon his works, that he cared not what became of them, though every body elſe did. There are many things of his not extant in writing, which however are always repeated: like the verſes and ſayings of the ancient Druids, they retain an univerſal veneration, though they are preſerved only by memory.

As it is often ſeen, that thoſe men who are leaſt qualified for buſineſs love it moſt; my lord Dorſet's character was, that he certainly underſtood it, but did not care for it.

Coming very young to the poſſeſſion of two plentiful eſtates, and in an age when pleaſure was more in faſhion than buſineſs, he turned his parts rather to books and converſation, than to politics and what more immediately related to the publick. But, whenever the ſafety

of his country demanded his aſſiſtance, he readily entered into the moſt active parts of life; and underwent the greateſt dangers, with a conſtancy of mind, which ſhewed, that he had not only read the rules of philoſophy, but underſtood the practice of them.

In the firſt Dutch war, he went a volunteer under the duke of York: his behaviour, during that campaign, was ſuch, as diſtinguiſhed the Sackville deſcended from that Hildebrand of the name, who was one of the greateſt captains that came into England with the Conqueror. But his making a ſong the night before the engagement (and it was one of the prettieſt that ever was made) carries with it ſo ſedate a preſence of mind, and ſuch an unuſual gallantry, that it deſerves as much to be recorded, as Alexander's jeſting with his ſoldiers before he paſſed the Granicus; or William the Firſt of Orange giving orders over-night for a battle, and deſiring to be called in the morning, leſt he ſhould happen to ſleep too long.

From hence, during the remaining part of king Charles's reign, he continued to live in honourable leiſure. He was of the bed-chamber to the king, and poſſeſſed not only his maſter's favour, but (in a great degree) his familiarity; never leaving the court, but when he was ſent to that of France, on ſome ſhort commiſſions and embaſſies of compliment: as if the king deſigned to ſhew the French (who would be thought the politeſt nation) that one of the fineſt gentlemen in Europe was his ſubject; and that we had a

prince who underſtood his worth ſo well, as not to ſuffer him to be long out of his preſence.

The ſucceeding reign neither reliſhed my lord's wit, nor approved his maxims: ſo he retired altogether from court. But, as the irretrievable miſtakes of that unhappy government went on to threaten the nation with ſomething more terrible than a Dutch war, he thought it became him to reſume the courage of his youth, and once more to engage himſelf in defending the liberty of his country. He entered into the prince of Orange's intereſt; and carried on his part of that great enterpriſe here in London, and under the eye of the court, with the ſame reſolution, as his friend and fellow-patriot, the late duke of Devonſhire, did in open arms at Nottingham; till the dangers of thoſe times increaſed to extremity, and juſt apprehenſions aroſe for the ſafety of the princeſs, our preſent glorious queen: then the earl of Dorſet was thought the propereſt guide of her neceſſary flight, and the perſon under whoſe courage and direction the nation might moſt ſafely truſt a charge ſo precious and important.

After the eſtabliſhment of their late majeſties upon the throne, there was room again at court for men of my lord's character. He had a part in the councils of thoſe princes, a great ſhare in their friendſhip, and all the marks of diſtinction with which a good government could reward a patriot. He was made chamberlain of their majeſties houſehold; a place which he ſo eminently adorned by the grace of his perſon, the fineneſs of his breeding, and the knowledge and prac-

tice of what was decent and magnificent, that he could only be rivalled in theſe qualifications by one great man, who has ſince held the ſame ſtaff.

The laſt honours he received from his ſovereign (and indeed they were the greateſt which a ſubject could receive) were, that he was made knight of the garter, and conſtituted one of the regents of the kingdom during his majeſty's abſence. But his health, about that time, ſenſibly declining, and the public affairs not threatened by any imminent danger, he left the buſineſs to thoſe who delighted more in the ſtate of it, and appeared only ſometimes at council, to ſhew his reſpect to the commiſſion; giving as much leiſure as he could to the relief of thoſe pains with which it pleaſed God to afflict him; and indulging the reflections of a mind, that had looked through the world with too piercing an eye, and was grown weary of the proſpect. Upon the whole, it may very juſtly be ſaid of this great man, with regard to the public, that through the courſe of his life he acted like an able pilot in a long voyage; contented to ſit quiet in the cabin, when the winds were allayed, and the waters ſmooth; but vigilant and ready to reſume the helm, when the ſtorm aroſe, and the ſea grew tumultuous.

I aſk your pardon, my Lord, if I look yet a little more nearly into the late lord Dorſet's character: if I examine it not without ſome intention of finding fault, and (which is an odd way of making a panegyric) ſet his blemiſhes and imperfections in open view.

The

The fire of his youth carried him to ſome exceſſes; but they were accompanied with a moſt lively invention, and true humour. The little violences and eaſy miſtakes of a night too gaily ſpent (and that too in the beginning of life) were always ſet right the next day, with great humanity, and ample retribution. His faults brought their excuſe with them; and his very failings had their beauties. So much ſweetneſs accompanied what he ſaid, and ſo great generoſity what he did, that people were always prepoſſeſſed in his favour: and it was in fact true, what the late earl of Rocheſter ſaid in jeſt to king Charles, that he did not know how it was, but my lord Dorſet might do any thing, yet was never to blame.

He was naturally very ſubject to paſſion; but the ſhort guſt was ſoon over, and ſerved only to ſet off the charms of his temper, when more compoſed. That very paſſion broke out with a force of wit, which made even anger agreeable: while it laſted, he ſaid and forgot a thouſand things, which other men would have been glad to have ſtudied and wrote; but the impetuoſity was corrected upon a moment's reflection, and the meaſure altered with ſuch grace and delicacy, that you could ſcarce perceive where the key was changed.

He was very ſharp in his reflections; but never in the wrong place. His darts were ſure to wound; but they were ſure too to hit none, but thoſe whoſe follies gave him very fair aim. And, when he allowed no quarter, he had certainly been provoked by more than common error; by men's tedious and circumſtantial recitals of

their affairs; or by their multiplied queſtions about his own; by extreme ignorance and impertinence; or the mixture of theſe, an ill-judged and never-ceaſing civility; or, laſtly, by the two things which were his utter averſion, the inſinuation of a flatterer, and the whiſper of a tale-bearer.

If therefore we ſet the piece in its worſt poſition, if its faults be moſt expoſed, the ſhades will ſtill appear very finely joined with their lights, and every imperfection will be diminiſhed by the luſtre of ſome neighbouring virtue. But, if we turn the great drawings and wonderful colourings to their true light, the whole muſt appear beautiful, noble, admirable.

He poſſeſſed all thoſe virtues, in the higheſt degree, upon which the pleaſure of ſociety, and the happineſs of life, depend: and he exerciſed them with the greateſt decency, and beſt manners. As good-nature is ſaid, by a great * author, to belong more particularly to the Engliſh, than any other nation; it may again be ſaid, that it belonged more particularly to the late earl of Dorſet, than to any other Engliſhman.

A kind huſband he was, without fondneſs; and an indulgent father, without partiality. So extraordinary good a maſter, that this quality ought indeed to have been numbered among his defects; for he was often ſerved worſe than became his ſtation, from his unwillingneſs to aſſume an authority too ſevere. And, during thoſe little tranſports of paſſion, to which I juſt

* Sprat.

now ſaid he was ſubject, I have known his ſervants get into his way, that they might make a merit of it immediately after; for he, that had the good fortune to be chid, was ſure of being rewarded for it.

His table was one of the laſt that gave us an example of the old houſe-keeping of an Engliſh nobleman. A freedom reigned at it, which made every one of his gueſts think himſelf at home; and an abundance, which ſhewed that the maſter's hoſpitality extended to many more than thoſe who had the honour to ſit at the table with him.

In his dealings with others, his care and exactneſs, that every man ſhould have his due, was ſuch, that you would think he had never ſeen a court: the politeneſs and civility, with which this juſtice was adminiſtered, would convince you he never had lived out of one.

He was ſo ſtrict an obſerver of his word, that no conſideration whatever could make him break it; yet ſo cautious, leſt the merit of his act ſhould ariſe from that obligation only, that he uſually did the greateſt favours, without making any previous promiſe. So inviolable was he in his friendſhip, and ſo kind to the character of thoſe whom he had once honoured with a more intimate acquaintance, that nothing leſs than a demonſtration of ſome eſſential fault could make him break with them; and then too, his good-nature did not conſent to it, without the greateſt reluctance and difficulty. Let me give one inſtance of this amongſt many. When, as lord chamberlain, he was obliged to take the king's penſion from Mr. Dryden, who had

long before put himſelf out of a poſſibility of receiving any favour from the court; my lord allowed him an equivalent out of his own eſtate. However diſpleaſed with the conduct of his old acquaintance, he relieved his neceſſities; and, while he gave him his aſſiſtance in private, in public he extenuated and pitied his error.

The foundation indeed of theſe excellent qualities, and the perfection of my lord Dorſet's character, was that unbounded charity which ran through the whole tenour of his life, and ſat as viſibly predominant over the other faculties of his ſoul, as ſhe is ſaid to do in heaven above her ſiſter-virtues.

Crowds of poor daily thronged his gates, expecting thence their bread; and were ſtill leſſened by his ſending the moſt proper objects of his bounty to apprentice-ſhips or hoſpitals. The lazy and the ſick, as he accidentally ſaw them, were removed from the ſtreet to the phyſician; and many of them not only reſtored to health, but ſupplied with what might enable them to reſume their former callings, and make their future life happy. The priſoner has often been releaſed, by my lord's paying the debt; and the condemned has been ſaved, by his interceſſion with the ſovereign, where he thought the letter of the law too rigid. To thoſe whoſe circumſtances were ſuch as made them aſhamed of their poverty, he knew how to beſtow his munificence, without offending their modeſty; and, under the notion of frequent preſents, gave them what amounted to a ſubſiſtence. Many yet alive know this to be true; though he

he told it to none, nor ever was more uneaſy than when any one mentioned it to him.

We may find, among the Greeks and Latins, Tibullus and Gallus, the noblemen that writ poetry; Auguſtus and Mæcenas, the protectors of learning; Ariſtides, the good citizen; and Atticus, the well-bred friend; and bring them in as examples of my lord Dorſet's wit, his judgment, his juſtice, and his civility. But for his charity, my Lord, we can ſcarce find a parallel in hiſtory itſelf.

Titus was not more the "deliciæ humani generis," on this account, than my lord Dorſet was. And, without any exaggeration, that prince did not do more good in proportion out of the revenue of the Roman empire, than your father out of the income of a private eſtate. Let this, my Lord, remain to you and your poſterity a poſſeſſion for ever; to be imitated; and, if poſſible, to be excelled.

As to my own particular, I ſcarce knew what life was, ſooner than I found myſelf obliged to his favour; nor have had reaſon to feel any ſorrow ſo ſenſibly as that of his death.

"Ille dies—quem ſemper acerbum
"Semper honoratum (ſic Dî voluiſtis) habebo."

Æneas could not reflect upon the loſs of his own father with greater piety, my Lord, than I muſt recall the memory of yours: and, when I think whoſe ſon I am writing to, the leaſt I promiſe myſelf, from your goodneſs, is an uninterrupted continuance of favour, and a friend-

a friendſhip for life. To which that I may with ſome juſtice intitle myſelf, I ſend your Lordſhip a dedication, not filled with a long detail of your praiſes, but with my ſincereſt wiſhes that you may deſerve them; that you may employ thoſe extraordinary parts and abilities, with which Heaven has bleſſed you, to the honour of your family, the benefit of your friends, and the good of your country; that all your actions may be great, open, and noble, ſuch as may tell the world whoſe ſon and whoſe ſucceſſor you are.

What I now offer to your Lordſhip is a collection of poetry, a kind of garland of good-will. If any verſes of my writing ſhould appear in print under another name and patronage than that of an Earl of Dorſet, people might ſuſpect them not to be genuine. I have attained my preſent end, if theſe poems prove the diverſion of ſome of your youthful hours, as they have been occaſionally the amuſement of ſome of mine; and I humbly hope, that, as I may hereafter bind up my fuller ſheaf, and lay ſome pieces of a very different nature (the product of my ſeverer ſtudies) at your Lordſhip's feet, I ſhall engage your more ſerious reflection: happy, if in all my endeavours I may contribute to your delight, or to your inſtruction.

I am, with all duty and reſpect,
My Lord,
Your Lordſhip's
moſt obedient, and
moſt humble ſervant,
MAT. PRIOR.

PREFACE.

THE greateſt part of what I have written having been already publiſhed, either ſingly or in ſome of the Miſcellanies, it would be too late for me to make any excuſe for appearing in print. But a collection of poems has lately appeared under my name, though without my knowledge, in which the publiſher has given me the honour of ſome things that did not belong to me; and has tranſcribed others ſo imperfectly, that I hardly knew them to be mine. This has obliged me, in my own defence, to look back upon ſome of thoſe lighter ſtudies, which I ought long ſince to have quitted; and to publiſh an indifferent collection of poems, for fear of being thought the author of a worſe.

Thus I beg pardon of the public for re-printing ſome pieces, which, as they came ſingly from their firſt impreſſion, have (I fancy) lain long and quietly in Mr. Tonſon's ſhop; and adding others to them, which were never before printed, and might have lain as quietly, and perhaps more ſafely, in a corner of my own ſtudy.

The reader will, I hope, make allowance for their having been written at very diſtant times, and on very different occaſions; and take them as they happen to come. Public panegyrics, amorous odes, ſerious reflections, or idle tales, the product of his leiſure hours, who

who had buſineſs enough upon his hands, and was only a poet by accident.

I own myſelf much obliged to Mrs. Singer, who has given me leave to print a paſtoral of her writing; that poem having produced the verſes immediately following it. I wiſh ſhe might be prevailed with to publiſh ſome other pieces of that kind, in which the ſoftneſs of her ſex, and the fineneſs of her genius, conſpire to give her a very diſtinguiſhing character.

POST-

POSTSCRIPT.

I MUST help my preface by a poſtſcript, to tell the reader that there is ten years diſtance between my writing one and the other; and that (whatever I thought then, and have ſomewhere ſaid, that I would publiſh no more poetry) he will find ſeveral copies of verſes ſcattered through this edition, which were not printed in the firſt. Thoſe relating to the public ſtand in the order they did before, according to the ſeveral years in which they were written; however the diſpoſition of our national affairs, the actions or the fortunes of ſome men, and the opinions of others, may have changed. Proſe and other human things may take what turn they can; but poetry, which pretends to have ſomething of divinity in it, is to be more permanent. Odes once printed cannot well be altered, when the author has already ſaid that he expects his works ſhould live for ever: and it had been very fooliſh in my friend Horace, if, ſome years after his "Exegi Monumentum," he ſhould have deſired to ſee his building taken down again.

The Dedication likewiſe is re-printed, to the earl of Dorſet, in the foregoing leaves, without any alteration; though I had the faireſt opportunity, and the ſtrongeſt inclination, to have added a great deal to it. The blooming hopes, which I ſaid the world expected from my then very young patron, have been confirmed by moſt

moſt noble and diſtinguiſhed firſt-fruits; and his life is going on towards a plentiful harveſt of all accumulated virtues. He has, in fact, exceeded whatever the fondneſs of my wiſhes could invent in his favour: his equally good and beautiful lady enjoys in him an indulgent and obliging huſband; his children, a kind and careful father; and his acquaintance, a faithful, generous, and polite friend. His fellow-peers have attended to the perſuaſion of his eloquence; and have been convinced by the ſolidity of his reaſoning. He has, long ſince, deſerved and attained the honour of the garter. He has managed ſome of the greateſt charges of the kingdom with known ability; and laid them down with entire diſintereſſment. And as he continues the exerciſes of theſe eminent virtues (which that he may to a very old age, ſhall be my perpetual wiſh), he may be one of the greateſt men that our age, or poſſibly our nation, has bred; and leave materials for a panegyrick, not unworthy the pen of ſome future Pliny.

From ſo noble a ſubject as the earl of Dorſet, to ſo mean a one as myſelf, is (I confeſs) a very Pindaric tranſition: I ſhall only ſay one word, and trouble the reader no further. I publiſhed my poems formerly, as Monſieur Jourdain ſold his ſilk: he would not be thought a tradeſman; but ordered ſome pieces to be meaſured out to his particular friends. Now I give up my ſhop, and diſpoſe of all my poetical goods at once: I muſt therefore deſire, that the public would pleaſe to take them in the groſs; and that every body would turn over what he does not like.

POEMS

POEMS

BY

MR. PRIOR.

ON THE

MARRIAGE OF GEORGE PRINCE OF DENMARK, AND THE LADY ANNE.*

BY MR. PRIOR, 1683.

CONjunctum Veneri Martem, Danoſque Britannis
Dum canit altiſonis docta caterva modis,
Affero ſincerum culto pro carmine votum,
Quod minus ingenii, plus pietatis habet.

Vivant

* From the "Hymenæus Cantabrigienſis. Cantabrigiæ, 1683." This copy, notwithſtanding the ſignature, is beyond a doubt the property of the facetious MATT. PRIOR. See the "Miſcellany "Poems, 1781." Vol. VII. p. 93.—All our College Exerciſes are given up, ſigned only, by us, with our SURNAME.—The Dean of the college, to whom, in right of his office, Prior's Verſes were

Vivant Ambo diu, vivant feliciter, opto;
Diligat hic Sponſam, diligat illa Virum.
Junctos perpetuâ teneas, Hymenæe, catenâ;
Junctos, Juno, die protege; nocte, Venus!
Exultent ſimili felices prole Parentes,
Ut petat hinc multos natio bina duces!
Cumque ſenes pariter cupiant valedicere terris,
Nè mors auguſtum dividat atra jugum:
Sed qualis raptum tranſvexit currus Elijam,
Tranſvehat ad ſuperas talis utrumque domos!

A. PRIOR, *Coll. Div. Joh. Alumn.*

were delivered, not knowing, or miſtaking Prior's name, who was then a Freſhman, marked them with A. inſtead of M. when he gave them into the UNIVERSITY INSPECTORS for their approbation: or, probably, he might have made ſo aukward an M. that THEY MISTOOK it for an A. They bear INTERNAL evidence of their being written by one, though a Freſhman, *uſed* to *write Latin Verſe;* and to write it too, in a *Great School*, under a Great Maſter—as was Prior's—Dr. Buſby. There is a claſſical terſeneſs in the diction; and eaſe, and harmony in the Numbers. And the diſtant imitation of Martial's admirable lines on the HAPPY MARRIED PAIR—or rather the ALLUSION to that excellent little piece (for it can hardly be called an IMITATION of it), ſhews the TASTE of a MASTER, at the YEARS of a BOY, and is not unworthy the NAME, or the FAME of PRIOR. KYNASTON.

On

On Exodus iii. 14. "I am that I am."

A N O D E.

WRITTEN 1688, AS AN EXERCISE AT ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

I.

MAN! fooliſh man!
Scarce know'ſt thou how thyſelf began;
Scarce haſt thou thought enough to prove thou art;
Yet, ſteel'd with ſtudy'd boldneſs, thou dar'ſt try
To ſend thy doubting reaſon's dazzled eye
Through the myſterious gulph of vaſt immenſity.
Much thou canſt there diſcern, much thence impart.
Vain wretch! ſuppreſs thy knowing pride;
Mortify thy learned luſt.
Vain are thy thoughts, while thou thyſelf art duſt.

II.

Let wit her ſails, her oars let wiſdom lend;
The helm let politic experience guide:
Yet ceaſe to hope thy ſhort-liv'd bark ſhall ride
Down ſpreading fate's unnavigable tide.
What though ſtill it farther tend,
Still 'tis farther from its end;
And, in the boſom of that boundleſs ſea,
Still finds its error lengthen with its way.

III.

With daring pride and inſolent delight,
Your doubts reſolv'd you boaſt, your labours crown'd,
And, "ΕΥΡΗΚΑ! your God, forſooth, is found
Incomprehenſible and infinite.
But is he therefore found? vain ſearcher! no:
Let your imperfect definition ſhow
That nothing you, the weak definer, know.

IV.

Say, why ſhould the collected main
Itſelf within itſelf contain?
Why to its caverns ſhould it ſometimes creep,
And with delighted ſilence ſleep
On the lov'd boſom of its parent deep?
Why ſhould its numerous waters ſtay
In comely diſcipline, and fair array,
Till winds and tides exert their high command!
Then, prompt and ready to obey,
Why do the riſing ſurges ſpread
Their opening ranks o'er earth's ſubmiſſive head,
Marching through different paths to different lands?

V.

Why does the conſtant ſun
With meaſur'd ſteps his radiant journies run?
Why does he order the diurnal hours
To leave earth's other part, and riſe in ours?
Why does he wake the correſpondent moon,
And fill her willing lamp with liquid light,
Commanding her with delegated powers
To beautify the world, and bleſs the night?

Why

Why does each animated ſtar
Love the juſt limits of its proper ſphere?
Why does each conſenting ſign
With prudent harmony combine
In turns to move, and ſubſequent appear,
To gird the globe, and regulate the year?

VI.

Man does with dangerous curioſity
Theſe unfathom'd wonders try:
With fancied rules and arbitrary laws
Matter and motion he reſtrains;
And ſtudied lines and fictious circles draws:
Then with imagin'd ſovereignty
Lord of his new hypotheſis he reigns.
He reigns: how long? till ſome uſurper riſe;
And he too, mighty thoughtful, mighty wiſe,
Studies new lines, and other circles feigns.
From this laſt toil again what knowledge flows?
Juſt as much, perhaps, as ſhows
That all his predeceſſor's rules
Were empty cant, all jargon of the ſchools;
That he on t'other's ruin rears his throne;
And ſhows his friend's miſtake, and thence confirms his own.

VII.

On earth, in air, amidſt the ſeas and ſkies,
Mountainous heaps of wonders riſe;
Whoſe towering ſtrength will ne'er ſubmit
To reaſon's batteries, or the mines of wit:

Yet ſtill inquiring, ſtill miſtaken man,
Each hour repuls'd, each hour dares onward preſs;
And, levelling at God his wandering gueſs
(That feeble engine of his reaſoning war,
Which guides his doubts, and combats his deſpair),
Laws to his Maker the learn'd wretch can give:
Can bound that nature, and preſcribe that will,
Whoſe pregnant word did either ocean fill:
Can tell us whence all beings are, and how they move and live.
Through either ocean, fooliſh man!
That pregnant word ſent forth again,
Might to a world extend each atom there;
For every drop call forth a ſea, a heaven for every ſtar.

VIII.

Let cunning earth her fruitful wonders hide;
And only lift thy ſtaggering reaſon up,
To trembling Calvary's aſtoniſh'd top;
Then mock thy knowledge, and confound thy pride,
Explaining how Perfection ſuffer'd pain,
Almighty languiſh'd, and Eternal died:
How by her patient victor death was ſlain;
And earth profan'd, yet bleſs'd, with Deicide.
Then down with all thy boaſted volumes, down;
Only reſerve the Sacred One:
Low, reverently low,
Make thy ſtubborn knowledge bow;
Weep out thy reaſon's and thy body's eyes;
Deject thyſelf, that thou may'ſt riſe;
To look to Heaven, be blind to all below.

IX.

Then Faith, for Reaſon's glimmering light, ſhall give
Her immortal perſpective;
And Grace's preſence Nature's loſs retrieve:
Then thy enliven'd ſoul ſhall ſee,
That all the volumes of Philoſophy,
With all their comments, never could invent
So politic an inſtrument,
To reach the heaven of heavens, the high abode,
Where Moſes places his myſterious God,
As was the ladder which old Jacob rear'd,
When light divine had human darkneſs clear'd;
And his enlarg'd ideas found the road,
Which Faith had dictated, and Angels trod.

CONSIDERATIONS ON PART OF THE 88th PSALM.

A COLLEGE EXERCISE, 1690.

I.

HEAVY, O Lord, on me thy judgments lie,
Accurſt I am, while God rejects my cry.
O'erwhelm'd in darkneſs and deſpair I groan;
And every place is hell; for God is gone.
O! Lord, ariſe, and let thy beams control
Thoſe horrid clouds, that preſs my frighted ſoul:
Save the poor wanderer from eternal night,
Thou that art the God of Light.

II.

Downward I haſten to my deſtin'd place;
There none obtain thy aid, or ſing thy praiſe.

Soon I ſhall lie in death's deep ocean drown'd:
Is mercy there, or ſweet forgiveneſs found?
O ſave me yet, whilſt on the brink I ſtand;
Rebuke the ſtorm, and waft my ſoul to land.
O let her reſt beneath thy wing ſecure,
Thou that art the God of Power.

III.

Behold the prodigal! to thee I come,
To hail my father, and to ſeek my home.
Nor refuge could I find, nor friend abroad,
Straying in vice, and deſtitute of God.
O let thy terrors, and my anguiſh end!
Be thou my refuge and be thou my friend:
Receive the ſon thou didſt ſo long reprove,
Thou that art the God of Love.

TO THE

REV. DR. F. TURNER, BISHOP OF ELY,

WHO HAD ADVISED A TRANSLATION OF PRUDENTIUS.

IF poets, ere they cloth'd their infant thought,
And the rude work to juſt perfection brought,
Did ſtill ſome god, or godlike man invoke,
Whoſe mighty name their ſacred ſilence broke:
Your goodneſs, Sir, will eaſily excuſe
The bold requeſts of an aſpiring Muſe;
Who, with your bleſſing, would your aid implore,
And in her weakneſs juſtify your power.—

From

From your fair pattern ſhe would ſtrive to write,
And with unequal ſtrength purſue your flight;
Yet hopes ſhe ne'er can err that follows you,
Led by your bleſt commands, and great example too.
Then ſmiling and aſpiring influence give,
And make the Muſe and her endeavours live;
Claim all her future labours as your due,
Let every ſong begin and end with you:
So to the bleſt retreat ſhe'll gladly go,
Where the Saints' palm and Muſes' laurel grow;
Where kindly both in glad embrace ſhall join,
And round your brow their mingled honours twine;
Both to the virtue due, which could excel,
As much in writing, as in living well.—
So ſhall ſhe proudly preſs the tuneful ſtring,
And mighty things in mighty numbers ſing;
Nor doubt to ſtrike Prudentius' daring lyre,
And humbly bring the verſe which you inſpire.

A

PASTORAL.

TO THE BISHOP OF ELY, ON HIS DEPARTURE FROM CAMBRIDGE.

DAMON.

TELL, dear Alexis, tell thy Damon, why
Doſt thou in mournful ſhades obſcurely lie?
Why doſt thou ſigh, why ſtrike thy panting breaſt?
And ſteal from life the needful hours of reſt?

Are thy kids ſtarv'd by winter's early froſt?
Are any of thy bleating ſtragglers loſt?
Have ſtrangers' cattle trod thy new-plough'd ground?
Has great Joanna, or her greater ſhepherd, frown'd?

ALEXIS.

See my kids browze, my lambs ſecurely play:
(Ah! were their maſter unconcern'd as they!)
No beaſts (at noon I look'd) had trod my ground;
Nor has Joanna, or her ſhepherd, frown'd.

DAMON.

Then ſtop the laviſh fountain of your eyes,
Nor let thoſe ſighs from your ſwoln boſom riſe;
Chaſe ſadneſs, friend, and ſolitude away;
And once again rejoice, and once again look gay.

ALEXIS.

Say what can more our tortur'd ſouls annoy,
Than to behold, admire, and loſe our joy?
Whoſe fate more hard than thoſe who ſadly run,
For the laſt glimpſe of the departing ſun?
Or what ſeverer ſentence can be given,
Than, having ſeen, to be excluded heaven?

DAMON.

None, ſhepherd, none—

ALEXIS.

Then ceaſe to chide my cares!
And rather pity than reſtrain my tears;
Thoſe tears, my Damon, which I juſtly ſhed,
To think how great my joys; how ſoon they fled.

I told

I told thee, friend (now bleſs the ſhepherd's name,
From whoſe dear care the kind occaſion came),
That I, even I, might happily receive
The ſacred wealth, which Heaven and Daphnis give:
That I might ſee the lovely awful ſwain,
Whoſe holy croſier guides our willing plain;
Whoſe pleaſing power and ruling goodneſs keep
Our ſouls with equal care as we our ſheep;
Whoſe praiſe excites each lyre, employs each tongue:
Whilſt only he who caus'd, diſlikes the ſong.
To this great, humble, parting man I gain'd
Acceſs, and happy for an hour I reign'd;
Happy as new-form'd man in paradiſe,
Ere ſin debauch'd his inoffenſive bliſs;
Happy as heroes after battles won,
Prophets entranc'd, or monarchs on the throne;
But (oh, my friend!) thoſe joys with Daphnis flew:
To them theſe tributary tears are due.

DAMON.

Was he ſo humble then? thoſe joys ſo vaſt?
Ceaſe to admire that both ſo quickly paſt.
Too happy ſhould we be, would ſmiling fate
Render one bleſſing durable and great;
But (oh the ſad viciſſitude!) how ſoon
Unwelcome night ſucceeds the cheerful noon;
And rigid winter nips the flowery pomp of June!
Then grieve not, friend, like you, ſince all mankind
A certain change of joy and ſorrow find.
Suppreſs your ſigh, your down-caſt eyelids raiſe,
Whom preſent you revere, him abſent praiſe.

TO

TO THE
COUNTESS OF EXETER,
PLAYING ON THE LUTE.

WHAT charms you have, from what high race you ſprung,
Have been the pleaſing ſubjects of my ſong:
Unſkill'd and young, yet ſomething ſtill I writ,
Of Ca'ndiſh' beauty join'd to Cecil's wit.
But when you pleaſe to ſhew the labouring Muſe,
What greater theme your muſick can produce;
My babbling praiſes I repeat no more,
But hear, rejoice, ſtand ſilent, and adore.
The Perſians thus, firſt gazing on the ſun,
Admir'd how high 'twas plac'd, how bright it ſhone:
But, as his power was known, their thoughts were rais'd;
And ſoon they worſhip'd, what at firſt they prais'd.
Eliza's glory lives in Spenſer's ſong;
And Cowley's verſe keeps fair Orinda young.
That as in birth, in beauty you excel,
The Muſe might dictate, and the Poet tell:
Your art no other art can ſpeak; and you,
To ſhew how well you play, muſt play anew:
Your muſick's power your muſick muſt diſcloſe;
For what light is, 'tis only light that ſhows.
Strange force of harmony, that thus controls
Our thoughts, and turns and ſanctifies our ſouls:

While

While with its utmoſt art your ſex could move
Our wonder only, or at beſt our love:
You far above both theſe your God did place,
That your high power might worldly thoughts deſtroy;
That with your numbers you our zeal might raiſe,
And, like Himſelf, communicate your joy.
When to your native heaven you ſhall repair,
And with your preſence crown the bleſſings there,
Your lute may wind its ſtrings but little higher,
To tune their notes to that immortal quire.
Your art is perfect here; your numbers do,
More than our books, make the rude Atheiſt know
That there's a heaven by what he hears below.
As in ſome piece, while Luke his ſkill expreſt,
A cunning angel came, and drew the reſt:
So when you play, ſome godhead does impart
Harmonious aid, divinity helps art;
Some cherub finiſhes what you begun,
And to a miracle improves a tune.
To burning Rome, when frantic Nero play'd,
Viewing that face, no more he had ſurvey'd
The raging flames; but, ſtruck with ſtrange ſurpriſe,
Confeſs'd them leſs than thoſe of Anna's eyes:
But, had he heard thy lute, he ſoon had found
His rage eluded, and his crime aton'd:
Thine, like Amphion's hand, had wak'd the ſtone,
And from deſtruction call'd the riſing town:
Malice to muſick had been forc'd to yield;
Nor could he burn ſo faſt, as thou could'ſt build.

ON A PICTURE OF SENECA DYING IN A BATH; BY JORDAIN:

AT THE EARL OF EXETER'S, AT BURLEIGH-HOUSE.

WHILE cruel Nero only drains
The moral Spaniard's ebbing veins,
By ſtudy worn, and ſlack with age,
How dull, how thoughtleſs, is his rage!
Heighten'd revenge would he have took,
He ſhould have burnt his tutor's book;
And long have reign'd ſupreme in vice:
One nobler wretch can only riſe;
'Tis he whoſe fury ſhall deface
The ſtoic's image in this piece;
For while unhurt, divine Jordain,
Thy work and Seneca's remain,
He ſtill has body, ſtill has ſoul,
And lives and ſpeaks, reſtor'd and whole.

A N O D E.

I.

WHILE blooming youth and gay delight
Sit on thy roſy cheeks confeſt,
Thou haſt, my dear, undoubted right
To triumph o'er this deſtin'd breaſt.
My reaſon bends to what thy eyes ordain;
For I was born to love, and thou to reign.

II. But

II.

But would you meanly thus rely
On power you know I muſt obey?
Exert a legal tyranny,
And do an ill, becauſe you may?
Still muſt I thee, as atheiſts Heaven, adore;
Not ſee thy mercy, and yet dread thy power?

III.

Take heed, my dear: youth flies apace;
As well as Cupid, Time is blind:
Soon muſt thoſe glories of thy face
The fate of vulgar beauty find:
The thouſand Loves, that arm thy potent eye,
Muſt drop their quivers, flag their wings, and die.

IV.

Then wilt thou ſigh, when in each frown
A hateful wrinkle more appears;
And putting peeviſh humours on,
Seems but the ſad effect of years:
Kindneſs itſelf too weak a charm will prove
To raiſe the feeble fires of aged love.

V.

Forc'd compliments, and formal bows,
Will ſhew thee juſt above neglect:
The heat with which thy lover glows,
Will ſettle into cold reſpect:
A talking dull platonic I ſhall turn:
Learn to be civil, when I ceaſe to burn.

VI. Then

VI.

Then ſhun the ill, and know, my dear,
Kindneſs and conſtancy will prove
The only pillars, fit to bear
So vaſt a weight as that of love.
If thou canſt wiſh to make my flames endure,
Thine muſt be very fierce, and very pure.

VII.

Haſte, Celia, haſte, while youth invites,
Obey kind Cupid's preſent voice;
Fill every ſenſe with ſoft delights,
And give thy ſoul a looſe to joys:
Let millions of repeated bliſſes prove
That thou all kindneſs art, and I all love.

VIII.

Be mine, and only mine; take care
Thy looks, thy thoughts, thy dreams, to guide
To me alone; nor come ſo far,
As liking any youth beſide:
What men e'er court thee, fly them, and believe
They're ſerpents all, and thou the tempted Eve.

IX.

So ſhall I court thy deareſt truth,
When beauty ceaſes to engage;
So, thinking on thy charming youth,
I'll love it o'er again in age:
So time itſelf our raptures ſhall improve,
While ſtill we wake to joy, and live to love.

AN

EPISTLE

TO

FLEETWOOD SHEPHARD, ESQ.

WHEN crowding folks, with ſtrange ill faces,
Were making legs, and begging places,
And ſome with patents, ſome with merit,
Tir'd out my good lord Dorſet's ſpirit:
Sneaking I ſtood amongſt the crew,
Deſiring much to ſpeak with you.
I waited while the clock ſtruck thrice,
And footman brought out fifty lies;
Till, patience vext, and legs grown weary,
I thought it was in vain to tarry:
But did opine it might be better,
By penny-poſt to ſend a letter;
Now, if you miſs of this epiſtle,
I'm baulk'd again, and may go whiſtle.
My buſineſs, Sir, you'll quickly gueſs,
Is to deſire ſome little place;
And fair pretenſions I have for 't,
Much need, and very ſmall deſert.
Whene'er I writ to you, I wanted;
I always begg'd, you always granted.
Now, as you took me up when little,
Gave me my learning and my vittle;

Aſk'd

Aſk'd for me, from my lord, things fitting,
Kind as I 'ad been your own begetting;
Confirm what formerly you've given,
Nor leave me now at ſix and ſeven,
As Sunderland has left Mun Stephen.

No family, that takes a whelp
When firſt he laps, and ſcarce can yelp,
Neglects or turns him out of gate
When he's grown up to dog's eſtate:
Nor pariſh, if they once adopt
The ſpurious brats by ſtrollers dropt,
Leave them, when grown up luſty fellows,
To the wide world, that is, the gallows:
No, thank them for their love, that's worſe,
Than if they 'ad throttled them at nurſe.

My uncle, reſt his ſoul! when living,
Might have contriv'd me ways of thriving;
Taught me with cyder to repleniſh
My vats, or ebbing tide of Rheniſh.
So when for hock I drew prickt white-wine,
Swear 't had the flavour, and was right wine.
Or ſent me with ten pounds to Furni-
val's inn, to ſome good rogue-attorney;
Where now, by forging deeds, and cheating,
I 'ad found ſome handſome ways of getting.

All this you made me quit, to follow
That ſneaking whey-fac'd god Apollo;
Sent me among a fiddling crew
Of folks, I 'ad never ſeen nor knew,
Calliope, and God knows who.

To add no more invectives to it,
You ſpoil'd the youth, to make a poet.
In common juſtice, Sir, there's no man
That makes the whore, but keeps the woman.
Among all honeſt Chriſtian people,
Whoe'er breaks limbs, maintains the cripple.
The ſum of all I have to ſay,
Is, that you'd put me in ſome way;
And your petitioner ſhall pray—
There's one thing more I had almoſt ſlipt,
But that may do as well in poſtſcript:
My friend Charles Montague's preferr'd;
Nor would I have it long obſerv'd,
That one mouſe eats, while t'other's ſtarv'd.

ANOTHER

EPISTLE

TO THE SAME.

SIR,

Burleigh, May 14, 1689.

AS once a twelvemonth to the prieſt,
Holy at Rome, here antichriſt,
The Spaniſh king preſents a jennet,
To ſhew his love;—that's all that's in it:
For if his holineſs would thump
His reverend bum 'gainſt horſe's rump,

He might b' equipt from his own ſtable
With one more white, and eke more able.
Or as, with gondolas and men, his
Good excellence the Duke of Venice
(I wiſh, for rhyme, 't had been the king)
Sails out, and gives the gulph a ring;
Which trick of ſtate, he wiſely maintains,
Keeps kindneſs up 'twixt old acquaintance;
For elſe, in honeſt truth, the ſea
Has much leſs need of gold than he.
Or, not to rove, and pump one's fancy
For popiſh ſimiles beyond ſea;
As folks from mud-wall'd tenement
Bring landlords pepper-corn for rent;
Preſent a turkey, or a hen,
To thoſe might better ſpare them ten;
Ev'n ſo, with all ſubmiſſion, I
(For firſt men inſtance, then apply)
Send you each year a homely letter,
Who may return me much a better.
Then take it, Sir, as it was writ,
To pay reſpect, and not ſhew wit:
Nor look aſkew at what it ſaith;
There's no petition in it—'faith.
Here ſome would ſcratch their heads, and try
What they ſhould write, and how, and why;
But I conceive, ſuch folks are quite in
Miſtakes, in theory of writing.
If once for principle 'tis laid,
That thought is trouble to the head;

I argue

I argue thus: the world agrees
That he writes well, who writes with eaſe:
Then he, by ſequel logical,
Writes beſt, who never thinks at all.
Verſe comes from heaven, like inward light;
Mere human pains can ne'er come by 't;
The god, not we, the poem makes;
We only tell folks what he ſpeaks.
Hence, when anatomiſts diſcourſe,
How like brutes' organs are to ours;
They grant, if higher powers think fit,
A bear might ſoon be made a wit;
And that, for any thing in nature,
Pigs might ſqueak love-odes, dogs bark ſatire.
Memnon, though ſtone, was counted vocal;
But 'twas the god, meanwhile, that ſpoke all.
Rome oft has heard a croſs haranguing,
With prompting prieſt behind the hanging:
The wooden head reſolv'd the queſtion;
While you and Pettis help'd the jeſt on.
Your crabbed rogues, that read Lucretius,
Are againſt gods, you know; and teach us,
The gods make not the poet; but
The theſis, vice-verſa put,
Should Hebrew-wiſe be underſtood;
And means, the poet makes the god.
Ægyptian gardeners thus are ſaid to
Have ſet the leeks they after pray'd to:
And Romiſh bakers praiſe the deity
They chipp'd while yet in its paneity.

That when you poets ſwear and cry,
The god inſpires; I rave, I die;
If inward wind does truly ſwell ye,
'T muſt be the colick in your belly:
That writing is but juſt like dice,
And lucky mains make people wiſe:
That jumbled words, if fortune throw 'em,
Shall, well as Dryden, form a poem;
Or make a ſpeech, correct and witty,
As you know who—at the committee.
So atoms dancing round the center,
They urge, made all things at a venture.
But, granting matters ſhould be ſpoke
By method, rather than by luck;
This may confine their younger ſtyles,
Whom Dryden pedagogues at Will's;
But never could be meant to tye
Authentic wits, like you and I:
For as young children, who are tied in
Go-carts, to keep their ſteps from ſliding;
Whem members knit, and legs grow ſtronger,
Make uſe of ſuch machine no longer;
But leap *pro libitu*, and ſcout
On horſe call'd hobby, or without;
So when at ſchool we firſt declaim,
Old Buſby walks us in a theme,
Whoſe props ſupport our infant vein,
And help the rickets in the brain:
But, when our ſouls their force dilate,
And thoughts grow up to wit's eſtate;

In

In verſe or proſe, we write or chat,
Not ſixpence matter upon what.
'Tis not how well an author ſays;
But 'tis how much, that gathers praiſe.
Tonſon, who is himſelf a wit,
Counts writers' merits by the ſheet.
Thus each ſhould down with all he thinks,
As boys eat bread, to fill up chinks.
Kind Sir, I ſhould be glad to ſee you;
I hope y' are well; ſo God be wi' you;
Was all I thought at firſt to write;
But things ſince then are alter'd quite;
Fancies flow in, and Muſe flies high:
So God knows when my clack will lie:
I muſt, Sir, prattle on, as afore,
And beg your pardon yet this half-hour.
So at pure barn of loud Non-con,
Where with my granam I have gone,
When Lobb had ſifted all his text,
And I well hop'd the pudding next;
"Now to apply," has plagu'd me more
Than all his villain cant before.
For your religion, firſt, of her
Your friends do ſavoury things aver:
They ſay, ſhe's honeſt as your claret,
Not ſour'd with cant, nor ſtumm'd with merit;
Your chamber is the ſole retreat
Of chaplains every Sunday night:
Of grace, no doubt, a certain ſign,
When lay-man herds with man divine;

For if their fame be juſtly great,
Who would no popiſh nuncio treat;
That his is greater, we muſt grant,
Who will treat nuncios proteſtant.
One ſingle poſitive weighs more,
You know, than negatives a ſcore.
In politics, I hear, you're ſtanch,
Directly bent againſt the French;
Deny to have your free-born toe
Dragoon'd into a wooden ſhoe:
Are in no plots; but fairly drive at
The public welfare, in your private;
And will for England's glory try
Turks, Jews, and Jeſuits, to defy,
And keep your places till you die.
For me, whom wandering fortune threw
From what I lov'd, the town and you:
Let me juſt tell you how my time is
Paſt in a country life.—Imprimis,
As ſoon as Phœbus' rays inſpect us,
Firſt, Sir, I read, and then I breakfaſt;
So on, till foreſaid god does ſet,
I ſometimes ſtudy, ſometimes eat.
Thus, of your heroes and brave boys,
With whom old Homer makes ſuch noiſe,
The greateſt actions I can find,
Are, that they did their work, and din'd.
The books, of which I'm chiefly fond,
Are ſuch as you have whilom conn'd;

That treat of China's civil law,
And ſubjects' right in Golconda;
Of highway-elephants at Ceylan,
That rob in clans, like men o' th' Highland;
Of apes that ſtorm, or keep a town,
As well almoſt as Count Lauzun;
Of unicorns and alligators,
Elks, mermaids, mummies, witches, ſatyrs,
And twenty other ſtranger matters;
Which, though they're things I've no concern in,
Make all our grooms admire my learning.
Critics I read on other men,
And hypers upon them again;
From whoſe remarks I give opinion
On twenty books, yet ne'er look in one.
Then all your wits that fleer and ſham,
Down from Don Quixote to Tom Tram;
From whom I jeſts and puns purloin,
And ſlily put them off for mine:
Fond to be thought a country wit:
The reſt—when fate and you think fit.
Sometimes I climb my mare, and kick her
To bottled ale, and neighbouring vicar;
Sometimes at Stamford take a quart,
Squire Shephard's health—With all my heart.
Thus, without much delight or grief,
I fool away an idle life:
Till Shadwell from the town retires
(Choak'd up with fame and ſea-coal fires),

To bleſs the wood with peaceful lyrick:
Then hey for praiſe and panegyrick;
Juſtice reſtor'd, and nations freed,
And wreaths round William's glorious head.

TO THE

COUNTESS OF DORSET.

WRITTEN IN HER MILTON.

BY MR. BRADBURY.

SEE here how bright the firſt-born virgin ſhone,
And how the firſt fond lover was undone.
Such charming words, our beauteous mother ſpoke,
As Milton wrote, and ſuch as yours her look.
Yours, the beſt copy of th' original face,
Whoſe beauty was to furniſh all the race:
Such chains no author could eſcape but he;
There's no way to be ſafe, but not to ſee.

TO THE

LADY DURSLEY.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

HERE reading how fond Adam was betray'd,
And how by ſin Eve's blaſted charms decay'd;
Our common loſs unjuſtly you complain;
So ſmall that part of it, which you ſuſtain.
You ſtill, fair mother, in your offspring trace
The ſtock of beauty deſtin'd for the race:
Kind nature, forming them, the pattern took
From Heaven's firſt work, and Eve's original look.
You, happy ſaint, the ſerpent's power control:
Scarce any actual guilt defiles your ſoul:
And hell does o'er that mind vain triumph boaſt,
Which gains a Heaven, for earthly Eden loſt.
With virtue ſtrong as yours had Eve been arm'd,
In vain the fruit had bluſh'd, or ſerpent charm'd;
Nor had our bliſs by penitence been bought;
Nor had frail Adam fall'n, nor Milton wrote.

TO MY

LORD BUCKHURST,

VERY YOUNG, PLAYING WITH A CAT.

THE amorous youth, whoſe tender breaſt
Was by his darling cat poſſeſt,
Obtain'd of Venus his deſire,
Howe'er irregular his fire:
Nature the power of love obey'd,
The cat became a bluſhing maid;
And, on the happy change, the boy
Employ'd his wonder and his joy.
Take care, O beauteous child, take care,
Leſt thou prefer ſo raſh a prayer:
Nor vainly hope, the queen of love
Will e'er thy favourite's charms improve.
O quickly from her ſhrine retreat;
Or tremble for thy darling's fate.
The queen of love, who ſoon will ſee
Her own Adonis live in thee,
Will lightly her firſt loſs deplore;
Will eaſily forgive the boar:
Her eyes with tears no more will flow;
With jealous rage her breaſt will glow:
And, on her tabby rival's face,
She deep will mark her new diſgrace.

AN

A N O D E.

I.

WHILE from our looks, fair nymph, you gueſs
The ſecret paſſions of our mind;
My heavy eyes, you ſay, confeſs
A heart to love and grief inclin'd.

II.

There needs, alas! but little art,
To have this fatal ſecret found;
With the ſame eaſe you threw the dart,
'Tis certain you may ſhew the wound.

III.

How can I ſee you, and not love,
While you as opening eaſt are fair?
While cold as northern blaſts you prove,
How can I love, and not deſpair?

IV.

The wretch in double fetters bound
Your potent mercy may releaſe:
Soon, if my love but once were crown'd,
Fair prophetеſs, my grief would ceaſe.

A S O N G.

IN vain you tell your parting lover,
You wiſh fair winds may waft him over.

Alas!

Alas! what winds can happy prove,
That bear me far from what I love?
Alas! what dangers on the main
Can equal thoſe that I ſuſtain,
From ſlighted vows, and cold diſdain?

Be gentle, and in pity chooſe
To wiſh the wildeſt tempeſts looſe:
That, thrown again upon the coaſt
Where firſt my ſhipwreck'd heart was loſt,
I may once more repeat my pain;
Once more in dying notes complain
Of ſlighted vows, and cold diſdain.

THE

DESPAIRING SHEPHERD.

ALEXIS ſhunn'd his fellow-ſwains,
Their rural ſports, and jocund ſtrains:
(Heaven guard us all from Cupid's bow!)
He loſt his crook, he left his flocks;
And, wandering through the lonely rocks,
He nouriſh'd endleſs woe.

The nymphs and ſhepherds round him came:
His grief ſome pity, others blame;
The fatal cauſe all kindly ſeek:

He

He mingled his concern with theirs;
He gave them back their friendly tears;
  He ſigh'd, but would not ſpeak.

Clorinda came among the reſt;
And ſhe too kind concern expreſt,
  And aſk'd the reaſon of his woe:
She aſk'd, but with an air and mien,
That made it eaſily foreſeen,
  She fear'd too much to know.

The ſhepherd rais'd his mournful head;
And will you pardon me, he ſaid,
  While I the cruel truth reveal?
Which nothing from my breaſt ſhould tear;
Which never ſhould offend your ear,
  But that you bid me tell.

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the plain;
  You are the cauſe of all my care;
Your eyes ten thouſand dangers dart;
Ten thouſand torments vex my heart:
  I love, and I deſpair.

Too much, Alexis, I have heard:
'Tis what I thought; 'tis what I fear'd:
  And yet I pardon you, ſhe cried:

But you ſhall promiſe ne'er again
To breathe your vows, or ſpeak your pain:
He bow'd, obey'd, and died.

TO THE

HON. CHARLES MONTAGUE, ESQ.

AFTERWARDS EARL OF HALIFAX.

I.

HOWE'ER, 'tis well, that while mankind
Through fate's perverſe meander errs,
He can imagin'd pleaſures find,
To combat againſt real cares.

II.

Fancies and notions he purſues,
Which ne'er had being but in thought:
Each, like the Grecian artiſt, woos
The image he himſelf has wrought.

III.

Againſt experience he believes;
He argues againſt demonſtration;
Pleas'd, when his reaſon he deceives;
And ſets his judgment by his paſſion.

IV. The

IV.

The hoary fool, who many days
  Has ſtruggled with continued ſorrow,
Renews his hope, and blindly lays
  The deſperate bett upon to-morrow.

V.

To-morrow comes; 'tis noon, 'tis night;
  This day like all the former flies:
Yet on he runs, to ſeek delight
  To-morrow, till to-night he dies.

VI.

Our hopes, like towering falcons, aim
  At objects in an airy height:
The little pleaſure of the game
  Is from afar to view the flight.

VII.

Our anxious pains we, all the day,
  In ſearch of what we like, employ:
Scorning at night the worthleſs prey,
  We find the labour gave the joy.

VIII.

At diſtance through an artful glaſs
  To the mind's eye things will appear:
They loſe their forms, and make a maſs
  Confus'd and black, if brought too near.

IX. If

IX.

If we ſee right, we ſee our woes:
  Then what avails it to have eyes?
From ignorance our comfort flows:
  The only wretched are the wiſe.

X.

We wearied ſhould lie down in death:
  This cheat of life would take no more,
If you thought fame but empty breath,
  I, Phillis but a perjur'd whore.

VARIATIONS IN A COPY, PRINTED 1692.

OUR hopes, like towering falcons, aim
  At objects in an airy height;
But all the pleaſure of the game
  Is afar off to view the flight.

The worthleſs prey but only ſhews
  The joy conſiſted in the ſtrife;
Whate'er we take, as ſoon we loſe
  In Homer's riddle and in life.

So, whilſt in feveriſh ſleeps we think
  We taſte what waking we deſire,
The dream is better than the drink,
  Which only feeds the fickly fire.

To the mind's eye things well appear,
  At diſtance through an artful glaſs;
Bring but the flattering objects near,
  They're all a ſenſeleſs gloomy maſs.

Seeing

Seeing aright, we ſee our woes:
  Then what avails it to have eyes?
From ignorance our comfort flows,
  The only wretched are the wiſe.

We wearied ſhould lie down in death,
  This cheat of life would take no more;
If you thought fame but ſtinking breath,
  And Phyllis but a perjur'd whore.

AD VIRUM DOCTISSIMUM DOMINUM SAMUELEM SHAW, CUM THESES DE ICTERO PRO GRADU DOCTORIS DEFENDERET, 4 JUNII, 1692.

PHŒBE potens ſævis morbis vel lædere gentes,
  Læſas ſolerti vel relevare manu,
Aſpice tu decus hoc noſtrum, placiduſque fatere
  Indomitus quantum proſit in arte labor:
Non icterum poſthac peſtemve minaberis orbi,
  Fortius hic juvenis dum medicamen habet:
Mitte dehinc iras, et nato carmina dona;
  Neglectum telum dejice, ſume lyram.

TRANSLATION.

BY MR. COOKE.

O! PHŒBUS, deity, whoſe powerful hand
  Can ſpread diſeaſes through the joyful land,
Alike all-powerful to relieve the pain,
And bid the groaning nations ſmile again;
When this our pride you ſee, confeſs you find
In him what art can do with labour join'd:

No more the world thy direful threats ſhall fear,
While he, the youth, our remedy, is near;
Suppreſs thy rage; with verſe thy ſon inſpire,
The dart neglected, to aſſume the lyre.

ON THE TAKING OF NAMUR.

THE town which Louis bought, Naſſau re-claims,
And brings inſtead of bribes avenging flames.
Now, Louis, take thy titles from above,
Boileau ſhall ſing, and we'll believe thee Jove:
Jove gain'd his miſtreſs with alluring gold,
But Jove like thee was impotent and old!
Active and young did he like William ſtand,
He 'ad ſtunn'd the dame, his thunder in his hand.

ODE,

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, 3. OD. II.

WRITTEN IN 1692.

I.

HOW long, deluded Albion, wilt thou lie
In the lethargic ſleep, the ſad repoſe,
By which thy cloſe, thy conſtant enemy,
Has ſoftly lull'd thee to thy woes?
Or wake, degenerate iſle, or ceaſe to own
What thy old kings in Gallic camps have done;

The

The ſpoils they brought thee back, the crowns they won:
William (ſo fate requires) again is arm'd;
Thy father to the field is gone:
Again Maria weeps her abſent lord,
For thy repoſe content to rule alone.
Are thy enervate ſons not yet alarm'd?
When William fights, dare they look tamely on,
So ſlow to get their ancient fame reſtor'd,
As nor to melt at Beauty's tears, nor follow Valour's ſword?

II.

See the repenting iſle awakes,
Her vicious chains the generous goddeſs breaks:
The fogs around her temples are diſpell'd;
Abroad ſhe looks, and ſees arm'd Belgia ſtand
Prepar'd to meet their common Lord's command;
Her lions roaring by her ſide, her arrows in her hand:
And, bluſhing to have been ſo long with-held,
Weeps off her crime, and haſtens to the field.
Henceforth her youth ſhall be inur'd to bear
Hazardous toil and active war;
To march beneath the dog-ſtar's raging heat,
Patient of ſummer's draught, and martial ſweat;
And only grieve in winter's camps to find
Its days too ſhort for labours they deſign'd:
All night beneath hard heavy arms to watch;
All day to mount the trench, to ſtorm the breach;
And all the rugged paths to tread,
Where William and his virtue lead.

III.

Silence is the ſoul of war;
Deliberate counſel muſt prepare
The mighty work, which valour muſt complete:
Thus William reſcued, thus preſerves the ſtate;
Thus teaches us to think and dare.
As whilſt his cannon juſt prepar'd to breathe
Avenging anger and ſwift death,
In the tried metal the cloſe dangers glow,
And now, too late, the dying foe
Perceives the flame, yet cannot ward the blow;
So whilſt in William's breaſt ripe counſels lie,
Secret and ſure as brooding Fate,
No more of his deſign appears,
Than what awakens Gallia's fears;
And (though Guilt's eye can ſharply penetrate)
Diſtracted Lewis can deſcry
Only a long unmeaſur'd ruin nigh.

IV.

On Norman coaſts and banks of frighted Seine
Lo! the impending ſtorms begin:
Britannia ſafely through her maſter's ſea
Plows up her victorious way.
The French Salmoneus throws his bolts in vain,
Whilſt the true Thunderer aſſerts the main:
'Tis done! to ſhelves and rocks his fleets retire,
Swift victory in vengeful flames
Burns down the pride of their preſumptuous names:
They run to ſhipwreck to avoid our fire,

And

And the torn veſſels that regain their coaſt
Are but ſad marks to ſhew the reſt are loſt:
All this the mild, the beauteous, Queen has done,
And William's ſofter-half ſhakes Lewis' throne:
Maria does the ſea command
Whilſt Gallia flies her huſband's arms by land.
So, the Sun abſent, with full ſway the Moon
Governs the iſles, and rules the waves alone:
So Juno thunders when her Jove is gone.
Io Britannia! looſe thy ocean's chains,
Whilſt Ruſſel ſtrikes the blow thy queen ordains:
Thus reſcued, thus rever'd, for ever ſtand,
And bleſs the counſel, and reward the hand,
Io Britannia! thy Maria reigns.

V.

From Mary's conqueſts, and the reſcued main,
Let France look forth to Sambre's armed ſhore,
And boaſt her joy for William's death no more.
He lives; let France confeſs, the victor lives:
Her triumphs for his death were vain,
And ſpoke her terror of his life too plain.
The mighty years begin, the day draws nigh,
In which *that one* of Lewis' many wives,
Who, by the baleful force of guilty charms,
Has long enthrall'd him in her wither'd arms,
Shall o'er the plains, from diſtant towers on high,
Caſt around her mournful eye,
And with prophetic ſorrow cry:
"Why does my ruin'd lord retard his flight?
Why does deſpair provoke his age to fight?

As well the wolf may venture to engage
The angry lion's generous rage;
The ravenous vulture, and the bird of night,
As ſafely tempt the ſtooping eagle's flight;
As Lewis to unequal arms defy
Yon' herc, crown'd with blooming victory,
Juſt triumphing o'er rebel-rage reſtrain'd,
And yet unbreath'd from battles gain'd.
See! all yon' duſty field's quite cover'd o'er
With hoſtile troops, and Orange at their head;
Orange, deſtin'd to complete
The great deſigns of labouring Fate;
Orange, the name that tyrants dread:
He comes; our ruin'd empire is no more;
Down, like the Perſian, goes the Gallic throne;
Darius flies, young Ammon urges on."

VI.

Now from the dubious battle's mingled heat,
Let Fear look back, and ſtretch her haſty wing,
Impatient to ſecure a baſe retreat:
Let the pale coward leave his wounded king,
For the vile privilege to breathe,
To live with ſhame in dread of glorious death!
In vain: for Fate has ſwifter wings than Fear,
She follows hard, and ſtrikes him in the rear;
Dying and mad the traitor bites the ground,
His back tranſfix'd with a diſhoneſt wound;
Whilſt through the fierceſt troops, and thickeſt preſs,
Virtue carries on ſucceſs;

Whilſt

Whilſt equal Heaven guards the diſtinguiſh'd brave,
And armies cannot hurt whom angels ſave.

VII.

Virtue to verſe immortal luſtre gives,
Each by the other's mutual friendſhip lives;
Æneas ſuffer'd, and Achilles fought,
The Hero's acts enlarg'd the Poet's thought,
Or Virgil's majeſty, and Homer's rage,
Had ne'er like laſting nature vanquiſh'd age.
Whilſt Lewis then his riſing terror drowns
With drums' alarms, and trumpets' ſounds,
Whilſt, hid in arm'd retreats and guarded towns,
From danger as from honour far,
He bribes cloſe murder againſt open war:
In vain you Gallic Muſes ſtrive
With labour'd verſe to keep his fame alive:
Your mouldering monuments in vain ye raiſe
On the weak baſis of the tyrant's praiſe:
Your ſongs are ſold, your numbers are profane,
'Tis incenſe to an idol given,
Meat offer'd to Prometheus' man
That had no ſoul from Heaven.
Againſt his will, you chain your frighted king
On rapid Rhine's divided bed;
And mock your hero, whilſt ye ſing
The wounds for which he never bled;
Falſehood does poiſon on your praiſe diffuſe,
And Lewis' fear gives death to Boileau's Muſe.

As well the wolf may venture to engage
The angry lion's generous rage;
The ravenous vulture, and the bird of night,
As ſafely tempt the ſtooping eagle's flight;
As Lewis to unequal arms defy
Yon' hero, crown'd with blooming victory,
Juſt triumphing o'er rebel-rage reſtrain'd,
And yet unbreath'd from battles gain'd.
See! all yon' duſty field's quite cover'd o'er
With hoſtile troops, and Orange at their head;
Orange, deſtin'd to complete
The great deſigns of labouring Fate;
Orange, the name that tyrants dread:
He comes; our ruin'd empire is no more;
Down, like the Perſian, goes the Gallic throne;
Darius flies, young Ammon urges on."

VI.

Now from the dubious battle's mingled heat,
Let Fear look back, and ſtretch her haſty wing,
Impatient to ſecure a baſe retreat:
Let the pale coward leave his wounded king,
For the vile privilege to breathe,
To live with ſhame in dread of glorious death!
In vain: for Fate has ſwifter wings than Fear,
She follows hard, and ſtrikes him in the rear;
Dying and mad the traitor bites the ground,
His back tranſfix'd with a diſhoneſt wound;
Whilſt through the fierceſt troops, and thickeſt preſs,
Virtue carries on ſucceſs;

Whilſt

Whilſt equal Heaven guards the diſtinguiſh'd brave,
And armies cannot hurt whom angels ſave.

VII.

Virtue to verſe immortal luſtre gives,
Each by the other's mutual friendſhip lives;
Æneas ſuffer'd, and Achilles fought,
The Hero's acts enlarg'd the Poet's thought,
Or Virgil's majeſty, and Homer's rage,
Had ne'er like laſting nature vanquiſh'd age.
Whilſt Lewis then his riſing terror drowns
With drums' alarms, and trumpets' ſounds,
Whilſt, hid in arm'd retreats and guarded towns,
From danger as from honour far,
He bribes cloſe murder againſt open war:
In vain you Gallic Muſes ſtrive
With labour'd verſe to keep his fame alive:
Your mouldering monuments in vain ye raiſe
On the weak baſis of the tyrant's praiſe:
Your ſongs are ſold, your numbers are profane,
'Tis incenſe to an idol given,
Meat offer'd to Prometheus' man
That had no ſoul from Heaven.
Againſt his will, you chain your frighted king
On rapid Rhine's divided bed;
And mock your hero, whilſt ye ſing
The wounds for which he never bled;
Falſehood does poiſon on your praiſe diffuſe,
And Lewis' fear gives death to Boileau's Muſe.

VIII.

On its own worth true majeſty is rear'd,
And Virtue is her own reward;
With ſolid beams and native glory bright,
She neither darkneſs dreads, nor covets light;
True to herſelf, and fix'd to inborn laws,
Nor ſunk by ſpite, not lifted by applauſe,
She from her ſettled orb looks calmly down,
On life or death, a priſon or a crown.
When bound in double chains poor Belgia lay,
To foreign arms and inward ſtrife a prey,
Whilſt one good man buoy'd up her ſinking ſtate,
And Virtue labour'd againſt Fate;
When Fortune baſely with Ambition join'd,
And all was conquer'd but the Patriot's mind;
When ſtorms let looſe, and raging ſeas,
Juſt ready the torn veſſel to o'erwhelm,
Forc'd not the faithful pilot from his helm,
Nor all the Syren ſongs of future peace,
And dazzling proſpect of a promis'd crown,
Could lure his ſtubborn virtue down;
But againſt charms, and threats, and hell, he ſtood,
To that which was ſeverely good;
Then, had no trophies juſtified his fame,
No Poet bleſt his ſong with Naſſau's name,
Virtue alone did all that honour bring,
And Heaven as plainly pointed out THE KING,
As when he at the altar ſtood
In all his types and robes of power,

Whilſt

Whilſt at his feet religious Britain bow'd,
And own'd him next to what we there adore.

IX.

Say, joyful Maeſe, and Boyne's victorious flood,
(For each has mixt his waves with royal blood)
When William's armies paſt, did he retire,
Or view from far the battle's diſtant fire?
Could he believe his perſon was too dear?
Or uſe his greatneſs to conceal his fear?
Could prayers or ſighs the dauntleſs hero move?
Arm'd with Heaven's juſtice, and his people's love,
Through the firſt waves he wing'd his venturous way,
And on the adverſe ſhore aroſe,
(Ten thouſand flying deaths in vain oppoſe).
Like the great ruler of the day,
With ſtrength and ſwiftneſs mounting from the ſea:
Like him all day he toil'd; but long in night
The god has eas'd his wearied light,
Ere vengeance left the ſtubborn foes,
Or William's labours found repoſe!
When his troops faulter'd, ſtept not he between?
Reſtor'd the dubious fight again,
Mark'd out the coward that durſt fly,
And led the fainting brave to Victory?
Still as ſhe fled him, did he not o'ertake
Her doubtful courſe, ſtill brought her bleeding back?
By his keen ſword did not the boldeſt fall?
Was he not king, commander, ſoldier, all?—
His dangers ſuch as, with becoming dread,
His ſubjects yet unborn ſhall weep to read:

And

And were not thoſe the only days that e'er
The pious prince refus'd to hear
His friends' advices, or his ſubjects' prayer?

X.

Where'er old Rhine his fruitful water turns,
Or fills his vaſſals' tributary urns;
To Belgia's ſav'd dominions, and the ſea,
Whoſe righted waves rejoice in William's ſway;
Is there a town where children are not taught,
Here Holland proſper'd, for here Orange fought;
Through rapid waters, and through flying fire,
Here ruſh'd the prince, here made whole France retire?
By different nations be his valour bleſt,
In different languages confeſt;
And then let Shannon ſpeak the reſt:
Let Shannon ſpeak, how on her wondering ſhore,
When Conqueſt hovering on his arms did wait,
And only aſk'd ſome lives to bribe her o'er;
The god-like man, the more than conqueror,
With high contempt ſent back the ſpecious bait;
And, ſcorning glory at a price too great,
With ſo much power, ſuch piety did join,
As made a perfect virtue ſoar
A pitch unknown to man before;
And lifted Shannon's waves o'er thoſe of Boyne.

XI.

Nor do his ſubjects only ſhare
The proſperous fruits of his indulgent reign;
His enemies approve the pious war,
Which, with their weapon, takes away their chain.

More

More than his ſword his goodneſs ſtrikes his foes;
They bleſs his arms, and ſigh they muſt oppoſe.
Juſtice and freedom on his conqueſts wait;
And 'tis for man's delight that he is great:
Succeeding times ſhall with long joy contend,
If he were more a victor, or a friend:
So much his courage and his mercy ſtrive,
He wounds, to cure; and conquers, to forgive.

XII.

Ye heroes, that have fought your country's cauſe,
Redreſs'd her injuries, or form'd her laws,
To my adventurous ſong juſt witneſs bear,
Aſſiſt the pious Muſe, and hear her ſwear;
That 'tis no Poet's thought, no flight of youth,
But ſolid ſtory, and ſevereſt truth,
That William treaſures up a greater name,
Than any country, any age, can boaſt:
And all that ancient ſtock of fame
He did from his fore-fathers take,
He has improv'd, and gives with intereſt back;
And in his conſtellation does unite
Their ſcatter'd rays of fainter light:
Above or Envy's laſh, or Fortune's wheel
That ſettled glory ſhall for ever dwell:
Above the rolling orbs, and common ſky,
Where nothing comes that e'er ſhall die.

XIII.

Where roves the Muſe? Where, thoughtleſs to return,
Is her ſhort-liv'd veſſel borne,
By potent winds too ſubject to be toſt,
And in the ſea of William's praiſes loſt?

Nor

Nor let her tempt that deep, nor make the ſhore,
Where our abandon'd youth ſhe ſees,
Shipwreck'd in luxury, and loſt in eaſe;
Whom nor Britannia's danger can alarm,
Nor William's exemplary virtue warm:
Tell them, howe'er, the king can yet forgive
Their guilty ſloth, their homage yet receive,
And let their wounded honour live:
But ſure and ſudden be their juſt remorſe;
Swift be their virtue's riſe, and ſtrong its courſe;
For though for certain years and deſtin'd times,
Merit has lain confus'd with crimes;
Though Jove ſeem'd negligent of human cares,
Nor ſcourg'd our follies, nor return'd our prayers,
His juſtice now demands the equal ſcales,
Sedition is ſuppreſs'd, and truth prevails:
Fate its great ends by ſlow degrees attains,
And Europe is redeem'd, and William reigns.

HYMN TO THE SUN.

SET BY DR. H. PURCELL.

AND INTENDED TO BE SUNG BEFORE THEIR MAJESTIES ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1693-4.

I.

LIGHT of the world, and ruler of the year,
With happy ſpeed begin thy great career;
And, as thou doſt thy radiant journies run,
Through every diſtant climate own

That

That in fair Albion thou haſt ſeen
The greateſt prince, the brighteſt queen,
That ever ſav'd a land, or bleſt a throne,
Since firſt thy beams were ſpread, or genial power was known.

II.

So may thy godhead be confeſt,
So the returning year be bleſt,
As his infant months beſtow
Springing wreaths for William's brow;
As his ſummer's youth ſhall ſhed
Eternal ſweets around Maria's head.
From the bleſſings they beſtow,
Our times are dated, and our æras move:
They govern and enlighten all below,
As thou doſt all above.

III.

Let our hero in the war
Active and fierce, like thee, appear:
Like thee, great ſon of Jove, like thee
When, clad in riſing majeſty,
Thou marcheſt down o'er Delos' hill confeſt,
With all thy arrows arm'd, in all thy glory dreſt.
Like thee, the hero does his arms employ,
The raging Python to deſtroy,
And give the injur'd nations peace and joy.

IV.

From faireſt years, and time's more happy ſtores,
Gather all the ſmiling hours;

Such

Such as with friendly care have guarded
Patriots and kings in rightful wars;
Such as with conqueſt have rewarded
Triumphant victors' happy cares;
Such as ſtory has recorded
Sacred to Naſſau's long renown,
For countries ſav'd, and battles won.

V.

March them again in fair array,
And bid them form the happy day,
The happy day deſign'd to wait
On William's fame, and Europe's fate.
Let the happy day be crown'd
With great event, and fair ſucceſs;
No brighter in the year be found,
But that which brings the victor home in peace.

VI.

Again thy godhead we implore,
Great in wiſdom as in power;
Again, for good Maria's ſake, and ours,
Chooſe out other ſmiling hours;
Such as with joyous wings have fled,
When happy counſels were adviſing;
Such as have lucky omens ſhed
O'er forming laws, and empires riſing;
Such as many courſes ran,
Hand in hand a goodly train,
To bleſs the great Eliza's reign;
And in the typic glory ſhow
What fuller bliſs Maria ſhall beſtow.

VII.

As the ſolemn hours advance,
Mingled ſend into the dance
Many fraught with all the treaſures,
Which thy eaſtern travel views;
Many wing'd with all the pleaſures,
Man can aſk, or Heaven diffuſe:
That great Maria all thoſe joys may know,
Which, from her cares, upon her ſubjects flow.

VIII.

For thy own glory ſing our ſovereign's praiſe,
God of verſes and of days:
Let all thy tuneful ſons adorn
Their laſting work with William's name;
Let choſen Muſes yet unborn
Take great Maria for their future theme:
Eternal ſtructures let them raiſe
On William's and Maria's praiſe:
Nor want new ſubject for the ſong,
Nor fear they can exhauſt the ſtore,
Till nature's muſick lies unſtrung;
Till thou, great god, ſhalt loſe thy double power,
And touch thy lyre, and ſhoot thy beams no more.

THE
LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS.

IN IMITATION OF A GREEK IDYLLIUM.

CELIA and I the other day
Walk'd o'er the ſand-hills to the ſea:
The ſetting ſun adorn'd the coaſt,
His beams intire, his fierceneſs loſt:
And, on the ſurface of the deep,
The winds lay only not aſleep:
The nymph did like the ſcene appear,
Serenely pleaſant, calmly fair:
Soft fell her words, as flew the air.
With ſecret joy I heard her ſay,
That ſhe would never miſs one day
A walk ſo fine, a ſight ſo gay.
But, oh the change! the winds grow high;
Impending tempeſts charge the ſky;
The lightning flies, the thunder roars;
And big waves laſh the frighten'd ſhores.
Struck with the horror of the ſight,
She turns her head, and wings her flight:
And, trembling, vows ſhe'll ne'er again
Approach the ſhore, or view the main.
Once more at leaſt look back, ſaid I,
Thyſelf in that large glaſs deſcry:

When thou art in good-humour dreſt;
When gentle reaſon rules thy breaſt;
The ſun upon the calmeſt ſea
Appears not half ſo bright as thee:
'Tis then that with delight I rove
Upon the boundleſs depth of love:
I bleſs my chain; I hand my oar;
Nor think on all I left on ſhore.

But when vain doubt and groundleſs fear
Do that dear fooliſh boſom tear;
When the big lip and watery eye
Tell me, the riſing ſtorm is nigh;
'Tis then, thou art yon' angry main,
Deform'd by winds, and daſh'd by rain;
And the poor ſailor, that muſt try
Its fury, labours leſs than I.

Shipwreck'd, in vain to land I make,
While Love and Fate ſtill drive me back:
Forc'd to doat on thee thy own way,
I chide thee firſt, and then obey.
Wretched when from thee, vex'd when nigh,
I with thee, or without thee, die.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP:

A PASTORAL.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH SINGER, AFTERWARDS ROWE.

AMARYLLIS.

WHILE from the ſkies the ruddy ſun deſcends,
And riſing night the evening ſhade extends;
While pearly dews o'erſpread the fruitful field,
And cloſing flowers reviving odours yield:
Let us, beneath theſe ſpreading trees, recite
What from our hearts our Muſes may indite.
Nor need we, in this cloſe retirement, fear,
Leſt any ſwain our amorous ſecrets hear.

SYLVIA.

To every ſhepherd I would mine proclaim;
Since fair Aminta is my ſofteſt theme:
A ſtranger to the looſe delights of love,
My thoughts the nobler warmth of friendſhip prove:
And, while its pure and ſacred fire I ſing,
Chaſte goddeſs of the groves, thy ſuccour bring.

AMARYLLIS.

Propitious god of love, my breaſt inſpire
With all thy charms, with all thy pleaſing fire;
Propitious god of love, thy ſuccour bring,
Whilſt I thy darling, thy Alexis ſing;
Alexis, as the opening bloſſoms fair,
Lovely as light, and ſoft as yielding air.

For

For him each virgin ſighs; and on the plains
The happy youth above each rival reigns.
Nor to the echoing groves, and whiſpering ſpring,
In ſweeter ſtrains does artful Conon ſing;
When loud applauſes fill the crowded groves,
And Phœbus the ſuperior ſong approves.

SYLVIA.

Beauteous Aminta is as early light,
Breaking the melancholy ſhades of night.
When ſhe is near, all anxious trouble flies,
And our reviving hearts confeſs her eyes.
Young love, and blooming joy, and gay deſires,
In every breaſt the beauteous nymph inſpires;
And on the plain when ſhe no more appears,
The plain a dark and gloomy proſpect wears.
In vain the ſtreams roll on: the eaſtern breeze
Dances in vain among the trembling trees:
In vain the birds begin their evening ſong,
And to the ſilent night their notes prolong:
Nor groves, nor cryſtal ſtreams, nor verdant field,
Does wonted pleaſure in her abſence yield.

AMARYLLIS.

And, in his abſence, all the penſive day
In ſome obſcure retreat I lonely ſtray;
All day to the repeating caves complain,
In mournful accents, and a dying ſtrain;
Dear lovely youth, I cry to all around;
Dear lovely youth, the flattering vales reſound.

SYLVIA.

On flowery banks, by every murmuring ſtream,
Aminta is my Muſe's ſofteſt theme:
'Tis ſhe that does my artful notes refine:
With fair Aminta's name my nobleſt verſe ſhall ſhine.

AMARYLLIS.

I'll twine freſh garlands for Alexis' brows,
And conſecrate to him eternal vows:
The charming youth ſhall my Apollo prove;
He ſhall adorn my ſongs, and tune my voice to love.

TO THE

AUTHOR OF THE FOREGOING PASTORAL.

BY Sylvia if thy charming ſelf be meant;
If Friendſhip be thy virgin vows extent:
Oh! let me in Aminta's praiſes join:
Her's my eſteem ſhall be, my paſſion thine.
When for thy head the garland I prepare,
A ſecond wreath ſhall bind Aminta's hair;
And, when my choiceſt ſongs thy worth proclaim,
Alternate verſe ſhall bleſs Aminta's name;
My heart ſhall own the juſtice of her cauſe,
And Love himſelf ſubmit to Friendſhip's laws.
But if, beneath thy numbers' ſoft diſguiſe,
Some favour'd ſwain, ſome true Alexis lies;
If Amaryllis breathes thy ſecret pains,
And thy fond heart beats meaſure to thy ſtrains;

May'ſt

May'ſt thou, howe'er I grieve, for ever find
The flame propitious, and the lover kind!
May Venus long exert her happy power,
And make thy beauty, like thy verſe, endure!
May every god his friendly aid afford,
Pan guard thy flock, and Ceres bleſs thy board!
But, if by chance the ſeries of thy joys
Permit one thought leſs cheerful to ariſe,
Piteous transfer it to the mournful ſwain,
Who, loving much, who, not belov'd again,
Feels an ill-fated paſſion's laſt exceſs,
And dies in woe, that thou may'ſt live in peace.

TO A

LADY:

SHE REFUSING TO CONTINUE A DISPUTE WITH ME, AND LEAVING ME IN THE ARGUMENT.

ANODE.

I.

SPARE, generous victor, ſpare the ſlave,
Who did unequal war purſue;
That more than triumph he might have,
In being overcome by you.

II.

In the diſpute whate'er I ſaid,
My heart was by my tongue belied;
And in my looks you might have read
How much I argued on your ſide.

III.

You, far from danger as from fear,
Might have ſuſtain'd an open fight:
For ſeldom your opinions err;
Your eyes are always in the right.

IV.

Why, fair one, would you not rely
On Reaſon's force with Beauty's join'd?
Could I their prevalence deny,
I muſt at once be deaf and blind.

V.

Alas not hoping to ſubdue,
I only to the fight aſpir'd:
To keep the beauteous foe in view
Was all the glory I deſir'd.

VI.

But ſhe, howe'er of victory ſure,
Contemns the wreath too long delay'd:
And, arm'd with more immediate power,
Calls cruel ſilence to her aid.

VII.

Deeper to wound, ſhe ſhuns the fight;
She drops her arms, to gain the field;
Secures her conqueſt by her flight;
And triumphs, when ſhe ſeems to yield.

VIII.

So, when the Parthian turn'd his ſteed,
And from the hoſtile camp withdrew,
With cruel ſkill the backward reed
He ſent; and, as he fled, he ſlew.

SEEING THE DUKE OF ORMOND'S PICTURE AT SIR GODFREY KNELLER'S.

OUT from the injur'd canvas, Kneller, ſtrike
Theſe lines too faint: the picture is not like.
Exalt thy thought, and try thy toil again:
Dreadful in arms, on Landen's glorious plain
Place Ormond's duke: impendent in the air
Let his keen ſabre, comet-like, appear,
Where'er it points, denouncing death: below
Draw routed ſquadrons, and the numerous foe,
Falling beneath, or flying from his blow:
Till, weak with wounds, and cover'd o'er with blood,
Which from the Patriot's breaſt in torrents flow'd,
He faints; his ſteed no longer feels the rein;
But ſtumbles o'er the heap, his hand had ſlain.
And now exhauſted, bleeding, pale he lies;
Lovely, ſad object! in his half-clos'd eyes
Stern vengeance yet, and hoſtile terror ſtand:
His front yet threatens, and his frowns command.
The Gallic chiefs their troops around him call;
Fear to approach him, though they ſee him fall.—
O Kneller, could thy ſhades and lights expreſs
The perfect hero in that glorious dreſs;
Ages to come might Ormond's picture know,
And palms for thee beneath his laurels grow:
In ſpite of time, thy work might ever ſhine;
Nor Homer's colours laſt ſo long as thine.

CELIA to DAMON.

" Atque in amore mala hæc proprio, ſumméque ſecundo
" Inveniuntur.—" Lucret. lib. iv.

WHAT can I ſay, what arguments can prove
My truth, what colours can deſcribe my love,
If its exceſs and fury be not known,
In what thy Celia has already done?
Thy infant flames, whilſt yet they were conceal'd
In timorous doubts, with pity I beheld;
With eaſy ſmiles diſpell'd the ſilent fear,
That durſt not tell me what I dy'd to hear.
In vain I ſtrove to check my growing flame,
Or ſhelter paſſion under friendſhip's name,
You ſaw my heart, how it my tongue bely'd;
And when you preſs'd, how faintly I deny'd.—
Ere guardian thought could bring its ſcatter'd aid,
Ere reaſon could ſupport the doubting maid,
My ſoul, ſurpris'd, and from herſelf disjoin'd,
Left all reſerve, and all the ſex, behind:
From your command her motions ſhe receiv'd;
And not for me, but you, ſhe breath'd and liv'd.
But ever bleſt be Cytherea's ſhrine,
And fires eternal on her altars ſhine!
Since thy dear breaſt has felt an equal wound;
Since in thy kindneſs my deſires are crown'd.

By

By thy each look, and thought, and care, 'tis ſhown,
Thy joys are center'd all in me alone;
And ſure I am, thou wouldſt not change this hour
For all the white ones Fate has in its power.—
Yet thus belov'd, thus loving to exceſs,
Yet thus receiving and returning bliſs,
In this great moment, in this golden now,
When every trace of what, or when, or how,
Should from my ſoul by raging love be torn,
And far on ſwelling ſeas of rapture borne;
A melancholy tear afflicts my eye,
And my heart labours with a ſudden ſigh;
Invading fears repel my coward joy,
And ills foreſeen the preſent bliſs deſtroy.
Poor as it is, this beauty was the cauſe,
That with firſt ſighs your panting boſom roſe:
But with no owner Beauty long will ſtay,
Upon the wings of Time borne ſwift away;
Paſs but ſome fleeting years, and theſe poor eyes
(Where now without a boaſt ſome luſtre lies)
No longer ſhall their little honours keep;
ball only be of uſe to read or weep:
And on this forehead, where your verſe has ſaid,
The Loves delighted, and the Graces play'd,
Inſulting age will trace his cruel way,
And leave ſad marks of his deſtructive ſway.
Mov'd by my charms, with them your love may ceaſe,
And as the fuel ſinks, the flame decreaſe:
Or angry Heaven may quicker darts prepare,
And ſickneſs ſtrike what time a while would ſpare.

Then

Then will my ſwain his glowing vows renew;
Then will his throbbing heart to mine beat true;
When my own face deters me from my glaſs,
And Kneller only ſhews what Celia was?
Fantaſtic Fame may ſound her wild alarms;
Your country, as you think, may want your arms.
You may neglect, or quench, or hate the flame,
Whoſe ſmoke too long obſcur'd your riſing name;
And quickly cold indifference will enſue,
When you Love's joys through Honour's optic view.
Then Celia's loudeſt prayer will prove too weak,
To this abandon'd breaſt to bring you back;
When my loſt lover the tall ſhip aſcends,
With muſic gay, and wet with jovial friends,
The tender accent of a woman's cry
Will paſs unheard, will unregarded die;
When the rough ſeamen's louder ſhouts prevail,
When fair occaſion ſhews the ſpringing gale,
And Intereſt guides the helm, and Honour ſwells the ſail.
Some wretched lines, from this neglected hand,
May find my hero on the foreign ſtrand,
Warm with new fires, and pleas'd with new command:
While ſhe who wrote them, of all joy bereft,
To the rude cenſure of the world is left;
Her mangled fame in barbarous paſtime loſt,
The coxcomb's novel, and the drunkard's toaſt.
But nearer care (O pardon it!) ſupplies
Sighs to my breaſt, and ſorrow to my eyes.

Love

Love, Love himſelf (the only friend I have)
May ſcorn his triumph, having bound his ſlave.
That tyrant-god, that reſtleſs conqueror,
May quit his pleaſure, to aſſert his power;
Forſake the provinces that bleſs his ſway,
To vanquiſh thoſe which will not yet obey.
Another Nymph with fatal power may riſe,
To damp the ſinking beams of Celia's eyes;
With haughty pride may hear her charms confeſt,
And ſcorn the ardent vows that I have bleſt.
You every night may ſigh for her in vain,
And riſe each morning to ſome freſh diſdain:
While Celia's ſofteſt look may ceaſe to charm,
And her embraces want the power to warm:
While theſe fond arms, thus circling you, may prove
More heavy chains than thoſe of hopeleſs love.
Juſt Gods! all other things their like produce;
The vine ariſes from her mother's juice:
When feeble plants or tender flowers decay,
They to their ſeed their images convey:
Where the old myrtle her good influence ſheds,
Sprigs of like leaf erect their filial heads:
And when the parent roſe decays and dies,
With a reſembling face the daughter-buds ariſe.
That product only which our paſſions bear
Eludes the planter's miſerable care.
While blooming Love aſſures us golden fruit,
Some inborn poiſon taints the ſecret root:
Soon fall the flowers of Joy, ſoon ſeeds of Hatred ſhoot.

Say,

Say, ſhepherd, ſay, are theſe reflections true?
Or was it but the woman's fear that drew
This cruel ſcene, unjuſt to love and you?
Will you be only and for ever mine?
Shall neither time nor age our ſouls disjoin?
From this dear boſom ſhall I ne'er be torn?
Or you grow cold, reſpectful, and forſworn?
And can you not for her you love do more
Than any youth for any nymph before?

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY LORD BUCKHURST, IN WESTMINSTER-SCHOOL,

AT A REPRESENTATION OF MR. DRYDEN'S CLEOMENES, AT CHRISTMAS 1695.

PISH, lord, I wiſh this prologue was but Greek,
Then young Cleonidas would boldly ſpeak:
But can lord Buckhurſt in poor Engliſh ſay,
Gentle ſpectators, pray excuſe the play?
No, witneſs all ye gods of ancient Greece,
Rather than condeſcend to terms like theſe,
I'd go to ſchool ſix hours on Chriſtmas-day,
Or conſtrue Perſius while my comrades play.
Such work by hireling actors ſhould be done,
Who tremble when they ſee a critic frown;

Poor

Poor rogues, that ſmart like fencers for their bread,
And, if they are not wounded, are not fed.
But, Sirs, our labour has more noble ends,
We act our tragedy to ſee our friends:
Our generous ſcenes are for pure love repeated,
And if you are not pleas'd, at leaſt you're treated.
The candles and the clothes ourſelves we bought,
Our tops neglected, and our balls forgot.
To learn our parts, we left our midnight bed,
Moſt of you ſnor'd whilſt Cleomenes read:
Not that from this confeſſion we would ſue
Praiſe undeſerv'd; we know ourſelves and you:
Reſolv'd to ſtand or periſh by our cauſe,
We neither cenſure fear, nor beg applauſe,
For theſe are Weſtminſter and Sparta's laws.
Yet, if we ſee ſome judgment well inclin'd,
To young deſert, and growing virtue kind,
That critic by ten thouſand marks ſhould know,
That greateſt ſouls to goodneſs only bow;
And that your little hero does inherit
Not Cleomenes' more than Dorſet's ſpirit.

AN

AN ODE,

PRESENTED TO THE KING,

ON HIS MAJESTY'S ARRIVAL IN HOLLAND AFTER THE QUEEN'S DEATH, 1695.

" Quis deſiderio ſit pudor aut modus
" Tam cari capitis? præcipe lugubres
" Cantus, Melpomene."

I.

AT Mary's tomb (ſad ſacred place!)
The Virtues ſhall their vigils keep:
And every Muſe, and every Grace,
In ſolemn ſtate ſhall ever weep.

II.

The future pious, mournful fair,
Oft as the rolling years return,
With fragrant wreaths and flowing hair,
Shall viſit her diſtinguiſh'd urn.

III.

For her the wiſe and great ſhall mourn,
When late records her deeds repeat:
Ages to come, and men unborn,
Shall bleſs her name, and ſigh her fate.

IV.

Fair Albion ſhall, with faithful truſt,
Her holy queen's ſad reliques guard,
Till Heaven awakes the precious duſt,
And gives the ſaint her full reward.

V.

But let the king diſmiſs his woes,
Reflecting on his fair renown;
And take the cypreſs from his brows,
To put his wonted laurels on.

VI.

If preſt by grief our monarch ſtoops,
In vain the Britiſh lions roar:
If he, whoſe hand ſuſtain'd them, droops,
The Belgic darts will wound no more.

VII.

Embattled princes wait the chief,
Whoſe voice ſhould rule, whoſe arm ſhould lead;
And, in kind murmurs, chide that grief,
Which hinders Europe being freed.

VIII.

The great example they demand
Who ſtill to conqueſt led the way;
Wiſhing him preſent to command,
As they ſtand ready to obey.

IX.

They ſeek that joy, which us'd to glow,
Expanded on the Hero's face;
When the thick ſquadrons preſt the foe,
And William led the glorious chace.

X. To

X.

To give the mourning nations joy,
Reſtore them thy auſpicious light,
Great ſun: with radiant beams deſtroy
Thoſe clouds, which keep thee from our ſight.

XI.

Let thy ſublime meridian courſe
For Mary's ſetting rays atone:
Our luſtre, with redoubled force,
Muſt now proceed from thee alone.

XII.

See, pious king, with different ſtrife
Thy ſtruggling Albion's boſom torn:
So much ſhe fears for William's life,
That Mary's fate ſhe dares not mourn.

XIII.

Her beauty, in thy ſofter half
Bury'd and loſt, ſhe ought to grieve;
But let her ſtrength in thee be ſafe;
And let her weep; but let her live.

XIV.

Thou, guardian angel, ſave the land
From thy own grief, her fierceſt foe;
Leſt Britain, reſcued by thy hand,
Should bend and ſink beneath thy woe.

XV.

Her former triumphs all are vain,
Unleſs new trophies ſtill be fought,
And hoary majeſty ſuſtain
The battles which thy youth has fought.

XVI. Where

XVI.

Where now is all that fearful love,
Which made her hate the war's alarms?
That ſoft exceſs, with which ſhe ſtrove
To keep her hero in her arms?

XVII.

While ſtill ſhe chid the coming ſpring,
Which call'd him o'er his ſubject ſeas:
While, for the ſafety of the king,
She wiſh'd the victor's glory leſs.

XVIII.

'Tis chang'd; 'tis gone: ſad Britain now
Haſtens her lord to foreign wars:
Happy, if toils may break his woe,
Or danger may divert his cares.

XIX.

In martial din ſhe drowns her ſighs,
Leſt he the riſing grief ſhould hear:
She pulls her helmet o'er her eyes,
Leſt he ſhould ſee the falling tear.

XX.

Go, mighty prince; let France be taught,
How conſtant minds by grief are try'd;
How great the land, that wept and fought,
When William led, and Mary dy'd.

XXI.

Fierce in the battle make it known,
Where Death with all his darts is ſeen,
That he can touch thy heart with none,
But that which ſtruck the beauteous queen.

XXII.

Belgia indulg'd her open grief,
While yet her maſter was not near:
With ſullen pride refus'd relief,
And ſat obdurate in deſpair.

XXIII.

As waters from her ſluices, flow'd
Unbounded ſorrow from her eyes:
To earth her bended front ſhe bow'd,
And ſent her wailings to the ſkies.

XXIV.

But when her anxious lord return'd,
Rais'd is her head, her eyes are dry'd;
She ſmiles, as William ne'er had mourn'd,
She looks, as Mary ne'er had dy'd.

XXV.

That freedom which all ſorrows claim,
She does for thy content reſign:
Her piety itſelf would blame,
If her regrets ſhould weaken thine.

XXVI.

To cure thy woe, ſhe ſhews thy fame:
Leſt the great mourner ſhould forget
That all the race, whence Orange came,
Made Virtue triumph over Fate.

XXVII.

William his country's cauſe could fight,
And with his blood her freedom ſeal:
Maurice and Henry guard that right,
For which their pious parents fell.

XXVIII. How

XXVIII.

How heroes riſe, how patriots ſet,
Thy father's bloom and death may tell:
Excelling others, theſe were great:
Thou, greater ſtill, muſt theſe excel.

XXIX.

The laſt fair inſtance thou muſt give,
Whence Naſſau's virtue can be try'd;
And ſhew the world that thou canſt live
Intrepid, as thy conſort dy'd;

XXX.

Thy virtue, whoſe reſiſtleſs force
No dire event could ever ſtay,
Muſt carry on its deſtin'd courſe,
Though death and envy ſtop the way.

XXXI.

For Britain's ſake, for Belgia's, live:
Pierc'd by their grief, forget thy own;
New toils endure, new conqueſt give,
And bring them eaſe, though thou haſt none.

XXXII.

Vanquiſh again; though ſhe be gone,
Whoſe garland crown'd the victor's hair:
And reign, though ſhe has left the throne,
Who made thy glory worth thy care.

XXXIII.

Fair Britain never yet before
Breath'd to her king an uſeleſs prayer:
Fond Belgia never did implore,
While William turn'd averſe his ear.

XXXIV.

But, ſhould the weeping hero now
Relentleſs to their wiſhes prove;
Should he recall, with pleaſing woe,
The object of his grief and love;

XXXV.

Her face with thouſand beauties bleſt,
Her mind with thouſand virtues ſtor'd,
Her power with boundleſs joy confeſt,
Her perſon only not ador'd:

XXXVI.

Yet ought his ſorrow to be checkt;
Yet ought his paſſions to abate;
If the great mourner would reflect,
Her glory in her death complete.

XXXVII.

She was inſtructed to command,
Great king, by long obeying thee;
Her ſceptre, guided by thy hand,
Preſerv'd the iſles, and rul'd the ſea.

XXXVIII.

But oh! 'twas little, that her life
O'er earth and water bears thy fame:
In death, 'twas worthy William's wife,
Amidſt the ſtars to fix his name.

XXXIX.

Beyond where matter moves, or place
Receives its forms, thy virtues roll;
From Mary's glory, angels trace
The beauty of her partner's ſoul.

XL.

Wiſe Fate, which does its heaven decree
To heroes, when they yield their breath,
Haſtens thy triumph. Half of thee
Is deify'd before thy death.

XLI.

Alone to thy renown 'tis given,
Unbounded through all worlds to go:
While ſhe, great Saint, rejoices Heaven;
And thou ſuſtain'ſt the orb below.

IN IMITATION OF ANACREON.

LET them cenſure: what care I?
The herd of critics I defy.
Let the wretches know, I write,
Regardleſs of their grace or ſpite.
No, no: the fair, the gay, the young,
Govern the numbers of my ſong;
All that they approve is ſweet;
And all is ſenſe that they repeat.

Bid the warbling Nine retire;
Venus, ſtring thy ſervant's lyre:
Love ſhall be my endleſs theme;
Pleaſure ſhall triumph over Fame:
And, when theſe maxims I decline,
Apollo, may thy fate be mine!
May I graſp at empty praiſe;
And loſe the nymph, to gain the bays!

ODE

SUR LA PRISE DE NAMUR, PAR LES ARMES DU ROI, L'ANNEE 1692.

PAR MONSIEUR BOILEAU DESPREAUX.

I.

QUELLE docte & ſaint yvreſſe
Aujourd'hui me fait la loi ?
Chaſtes Nymphes du Permeſſe,
N'eſt-ce pas vous que je voi ?
Accourez, troupe ſçavante :
Des ſons que ma lyre enfante ;
Ces arbres ſont rejoüis :
Marquez en bien la cadence :
Et vous, vents, faites ſilence :
Je vais parler de Louis.

II.

Dans ſes chanſons immortelles,
Comme un aigle audacieux,
Pindare étendant ſes aiſles,
Fuit loin des vulgaires yeux.
Mais, ô ma fidele lyre,
Si, dans l'ardeur qui m'inſpire,
Tu peus ſuivre mes tranſports :
Les chênes des monts de Thrace
N'ont rien oüi, que n'efface
La douceur de tes accords.

AN

ENGLISH BALLAD,

ON THE TAKING OF NAMUR BY THE KING OF GREAT BRITAIN, 1695.

"Dulce eſt deſipere in loco."

I. and II.

SOME folks are drunk, yet do not know it:
So might not Bacchus give you law?
Was it a Muſe, O lofty Poet,
Or Virgin of St. Cyr, you ſaw?
Why all this fury? what's the matter,
That oaks muſt come from Thrace to dance?
Muſt ſtupid ſtocks be taught to flatter?
And is there no ſuch wood in France?
Why muſt the winds all hold their tongue?
If they a little breath ſhould raiſe,
Would that have ſpoil'd the Poet's ſong,
Or puff'd away the Monarch's praiſe?

Pindar, that eagle, mounts the ſkies,
While Virtue leads the noble way:
Too like a vulture Boileau flies,
Where ſordid Intereſt ſhews the prey.
When once the Poet's honour ceaſes,
From reaſon far his tranſports rove:
And Boileau, for eight hundred pieces,
Makes Louis take the wall of Jove.

III.

Eſt-ce Apollon et Neptune,
Qui ſur ces rocs ſourcilleux
Ont, compagnons de Fortune,
Baſti ces murs orgueilleux ?
De leur enceinte, fameuſe
La Sambre unie à la Meuſe,
Defend le fatal abord ;
Et par cens bouches horribles
L'airain ſur ces monts terribles
Vomit le fer, & la mort.

IV.

Dix mille vaillans Alcides
Les bordant de toutes parts,
D' éclairs au loin homicides
Font petiller leurs remparts :
Et dans ſon ſein infidele
Par toute la terre y recele
Un feu prêt à s'élancer,
Qui ſoudain perçant ſon goufre,
Ouvre un ſepulchre de ſoufre,
A quiconque oſe avancer.

V.

Namur, devant tes murailles
Jadis la Grece eût vingt ans
Sans fruit veu les funerailles
De ſes plus fiers combattans.
Quelle effroyable puiſſance
Aujourd'hui pourtant s'avance,

III.

Neptune and Sol came from above,
Shap'd like Megrigny and Vauban:
They arm'd theſe rocks; then ſhew'd old Jove
Of Marli wood the wondrous plan.
Such walls, theſe three wiſe Gods agreed,
By human force could ne'er be ſhaken:
But you and I in Homer read
Of gods, as well as men, miſtaken.
Sambre and Maeſe their waves may join;
But ne'er can William's force reſtrain:
He'll paſs them both, who paſs'd the Boyne:
Remember this, and arm the Seine.

IV.

Full fifteen thouſand luſty fellows
With fire and ſword the fort maintain:
Each was a Hercules, you tell us;
Yet out they march'd, like common men.
Cannons above, and mines below,
Did death and tombs for foes contrive:
Yet matters have been order'd ſo,
That moſt of us are ſtill alive.

V.

If Namur be compar'd to Troy;
Then Britain's boys excell'd the Greeks:
Their ſiege did ten long years employ;
We've done our buſineſs in ten weeks.
What godhead does ſo faſt advance,
With dreadful power, thoſe hills to gain?
'Tis little Will, the ſcourge of France;
No godhead, but the firſt of men.

Prête à foudroyer tes monts ?
Quel bruit, quel feu l'environne ?
C'eſt Jupiter en perſonne ;
Ou c'eſt le vainqueur de Mons.

VI.

N'en doute point : c'eſt lui-même.
Tout brille en lui ; tout eſt roi.
Dans Bruxelles Naſſau blême
Commence à trembler pour toi.
En vain il voit le Batâve,
Deſormais docile eſclâve,
Rangé ſous ſes étendarts :
En vain au lion Belgique
Il voit l' aigle Germanique
Uni ſous les leopards.

VII.

Plein de la frayeur nouvelle,
Dont ſes ſens ſont agités,
A ſon ſecours il appelle
Les peuples les plus vantés.
Ceux-là viennent du rivage,
Où s'enorgueillit le Tage
De l'or, qui roule en ſes eaux ;
Ceux-ci des champs, où la neige
Des marais de la Norvége
Neuf mois couvre les roſeaux.

His mortal arm exerts the power
To keep e'en Mons's victor under:
And that ſame Jupiter no more
Shall fright the world with impious thunder.

VI.

Our King thus trembles at Namur;
Whilſt Villeroy, who ne'er afraid is,
To Bruxelles marches on ſecure,
To bomb the monks, and ſcare the ladies.
After this glorious expedition,
One battle makes the Marſhal great:
He muſt perform the King's commiſſion:
Who knows but Orange may retreat?
Kings are allow'd to feign the gout,
Or be prevail'd with not to fight:
And mighty Louis hop'd, no doubt,
That William would preſerve that right.

VII.

From Seine and Loire, to Rhone and Po,
See every mother's ſon appear:
In ſuch a caſe ne'er blame a foe,
If he betrays ſome little fear.
He comes, the mighty Villeroy comes;
Finds a ſmall river in his way;
So waves his colours, beats his drums,
And thinks it prudent there to ſtay.
The Gallic troops breathe blood and war;
The Marſhal cares not to march faſter:
Poor Villeroy moves ſo ſlowly here,
We fancied all, it was his Maſter.

VIII. Will

VIII.

Mais qui fait enfler la Sambre ?
Sous les Jumeaux effrayés,
Des froids torrens de Decembre
Les champs par tout ſont noyés.
Ceres s'enfuit, éplorée
De voir en proye à Borée
Ses guerets d'epics chargés,
Et ſous les urns fangeuſes
Des Hyades orageuſes
Tous ſes tréſors ſubmergés.

IX.

Déployez toutes vos rages,
Princes, vents, peuples, frimats ;
Ramaſſez tous vos nuages ;
Raſſemblez tous vos ſoldats.
Malgré vous Namur en poudre
S'en va tomber ſous la foudre
Qui domta Lille, Courtray,
Gand la ſuperbe Eſpagnole,
Saint Omer, Bezançon, Dole,
Ypres, Maſtricht, & Cambray.

X.

Mes préſages s'accompliſſent :
Il commence à chanceler :
Sous les coups qui retentiſſent
Ses murs s'en vont s'écrouler.

VIII.

Will no kind flood, no friendly rain,
  Diſguiſe the Marſhal's plain diſgrace?
No torrents ſwell the low Mehayne?
  The world will ſay, he durſt not paſs.
Why will no Hyades appear,
  Dear Poet, on the banks of Sambre;
Juſt as they did that mighty year,
  When you turn'd June into December?
The water-nymphs are too unkind
  To Villeroy; are the land-nymphs ſo?
And fly they all, at once combin'd
  To ſhame a General, and a Beau?

IX.

Truth, juſtice, ſenſe, religion, fame,
  May join to finiſh William's ſtory:
Nations ſet free may bleſs his name;
  And France in ſecret own his glory.
But Ypres, Maſtricht, and Cambray,
  Beſançon, Ghent, St. Omers, Liſle,
Courtray, and Dole——Ye critics, ſay,
  How poor to this was Pindar's ſtyle?
With eke's and alſo's tack thy ſtrain,
  Great bard! and ſing the deathleſs Prince,
Who loſt Namur the ſame campaign
  He bought Dixmuyd, and plunder'd Deynſe.

X.

I'll hold ten pound my dream is out:
  I'd tell it you, but for the rattle
Of thoſe confounded drums; no doubt
  Yon' bloody rogues intend a battle.

Dear

Mars en feu qui les domine,
Souffle à grand bruit leur ruine,
Et les bombes dans les airs
Allant chercher le tonnere,
Semblent tombant ſur la terre,
Vouloir s'ouvrir les enfers.

XI.

Accourez, Naſſau, Baviere,
De ces murs l'unique eſpoir :
A couvert d'une riviere
Venez : vous pouvez tout voir.
Conſiderez ces approches :
Voyez grimper ſur ces roches
Ces athletes belliqueux ;
Et dans les eaux, dans la flame,
Louis à tout donnant l'ame,
Marcher, courir avec eux.

XII.

Contemplez dans la tempête,
Qui ſort de ces boulevards,
La plume qui ſur ſa tête
Attire tous les regards.
A cet aſtre redoubtable
Toûjours un ſort favorable
S'attache dans les combats :
Et toûjours avec la gloire
Mars amenant la victoire
Vole, & le ſuit à grands pas.

Dear me! a hundred thouſand French
With terror fill the neighbouring field:
While William carries on the trench,
Till both the town and caſtle yield.
Villeroy to Boufflers ſhould advance,
Says Mars, through cannons' mouths in fire;
Id eſt, one Mareſchal of France
Tells t'other, he can come no nigher.

XI.

Regain the lines the ſhorteſt way,
Villeroy; or to Verſailles take poſt;
For, having ſeen it, thou canſt ſay
The ſteps, by which Namur was loſt.
The ſmoke and flame may vex thy ſight:
Look not once back: but, as thou goeſt,
Quicken the ſquadrons in their flight,
And bid the devil take the ſloweſt.
Think not what reaſon to produce,
From Louis to conceal thy fear:
He'll own the ſtrength of thy excuſe;
Tell him that William was but there.

XII.

Now let us look for Louis' feather,
That us'd to ſhine ſo like a ſtar:
The Generals could not get together,
Wanting that influence, great in war.
O Poet! thou hadſt been diſcreeter,
Hanging the monarch's hat ſo high,
If thou hadſt dubb'd thy ſtar, a meteor,
That did but blaze, and rove, and die.

XIII.

Grands defenſeurs de l'Eſpagne,
Montrez-vous : il en eſt tems :
Courage ; vers la Mahagne
Voilà vos drapeaux flottans.
Jamais ſes ondes craintives
N'ont vû ſur leurs foibles rives
Tant de guerriers s'amaſſer.
Courez donc : Qui vous retarde ?
Tout l'univers vous regarde.
N'oſez vous la traverſer ?

XIV.

Loin de fermer le paſſage
A vos nombreux bataillons,
Luxembourg a du rivage
Reculé ſes pavillons.
Quoi ? leur ſeul aſpect vous glace ?
Où ſont ces chefs pleins d'audace,
Jadis ſi prompts à marcher,
Qui devoient de la Tamiſe,
Et de la Drâve ſoûmiſe,
Juſqu' à Paris nous chercher ?

XV.

Cependant l'effroi redouble
Sur les remparts de Namur.
Son gouverneur qui ſe trouble
S'enfuit ſous ſon dernier mur.

XIII.

To animate the doubtful fight,
Namur in vain expects that ray:
In vain France hopes, the ſickly light
Should ſhine near William's fuller day:
It knows Verſailles, its proper ſtation;
Nor cares for any foreign ſphere:
Where you ſee Boileau's conſtellation,
Be ſure no danger can be near.

XIV.

The French had gather'd all their force;
And William met them in their way:
Yet off they bruſh'd, both foot and horſe.
What has friend Boileau left to ſay?
When his high Muſe is bent upon't,
To ſing her king—that great commander,
Or on the ſhores of Helleſpont,
Or in the valleys near Scamander;
Would it not ſpoil his noble taſk,
If any fooliſh Phrygian there is,
Impertinent enough to aſk,
How far Namur may be from Paris?

XV.

Two ſtanzas more before we end,
Of death, pikes, rocks, arms, bricks, and fire:
Leave them behind you, honeſt friend;
And with your countrymen retire.

Déja juſques à ſes portes
Je voi monter nos cohortes,
La flame & le fer en main :
Et ſur les monceaux de piques,
De corps morts, de rocs, de briques,
S'ouvrir un large chemin.

XVI.

C'en eſt fait. Je viens d'entendre
Sur ces rochers éperdus
Battre un ſignal pour ſe rendre ;
Le feu ceſſe. Ils ſont rendus.
Dépoüillez vôtre arrogance,
Fiers ennemis de la France,
Et deſormais gracieux,
Allez à Liege, à Bruxelles,
Porter les humbles nouvelles
De Namur pris à vos yeux.

Your ode is ſpoilt: Namur is freed;
For Dixmuyd ſomething yet is due:
So good count Guiſcard may proceed;
But Boufflers, Sir, one word with you.—

XVI.

'Tis done. In ſight of theſe commanders,
Who neither fight, nor raiſe the ſiege,
The foes of France march ſafe through Flanders;
Divide to Bruxelles, or to Liege.
Send, Fame, this news to Trianon,
That Boufflers may new honours gain:
He the ſame play by land has ſhewn,
As Tourville did upon the main.
Yet is the Marſhal made a peer:
O William, may thy arms advance!
That he may loſe Dinant next year,
And ſo be conſtable of France.

AN ODE.

I.

THE merchant, to ſecure his treaſure,
Conveys it in a borrow'd name:
Euphelia ſerves to grace my meaſure;
But Cloe is my real flame.

II.

My ſofteſt verſe, my darling lyre,
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay;
When Cloe noted her deſire,
That I ſhould ſing, that I ſhould play.

III.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raiſe,
But with my numbers mix my ſighs;
And, whilſt I ſing Euphelia's praiſe,
I fix my ſoul on Cloe's eyes.

IV.

Fair Cloe bluſh'd: Euphelia frown'd:
I ſung, and gaz'd: I play'd, and trembled:
And Venus to the Loves around
Remark'd, how ill we all diſſembled.

PRESENTED TO THE KING, AT HIS ARRIVAL IN HOLLAND, AFTER THE DISCOVERY OF THE CONSPIRACY, 1696.

" Serus in cœlum redeas, diúque
" Lætus interſis populo Quirini :
" Néve te noſtris vitiis iniquum
" Ocyor aura
" Tollat —" HOR. ad Auguſtum.

YE careful angels, whom eternal Fate
Ordains, on earth and human acts to wait ;
Who turn with ſecret power this reſtleſs ball,
And bid predeſtin'd empires riſe and fall :
Your ſacred aid religious monarchs own,
When firſt they merit, then aſcend the throne :
But tyrants dread you, leſt your juſt decree
Transfer the power, and ſet the people free.
See reſcued Britain at your altars bow ;
And hear her hymns your happy care avow :
That ſtill her axes and her rods ſupport
The judge's frown, and grace the awful court ;
That Law with all her pompous terror ſtands,
To wreſt the dagger from the traitor's hands ;
And rigid Juſtice reads the fatal word,
Poiſes the balance firſt, then draws the ſword.
Britain her ſafety to your guidance owns,
That ſhe can ſeparate parricides from ſons ;
That, impious rage diſarm'd, ſhe lives and reigns,
Her freedom kept by him, who broke her chains.

And thou, great miniſter, above the reſt
Of guardian ſpirits, be thou for ever bleſt;
Thou who of old waſt ſent to Iſrael's court,
With ſecret aid great David's ſtrong ſupport,
To mock the frantic rage of cruel Saul,
And ſtrike the uſeleſs javelin to the wall.
Thy later care o'er William's temples held,
On Boyne's propitious banks, the heavenly ſhield;
When power divine did ſovereign right declare;
And cannons mark'd whom they were bid to ſpare.
Still, bleſſed angel, be thy care the ſame!
Be William's life untouch'd as is his fame!
Let him own thine, as Britain owns his hand:
Save thou the King, as he has ſav'd the land!
We angels' forms in pious monarchs view;
We reverence William; for he acts like you;
Like you, commiſſion'd to chaſtiſe and bleſs,
He muſt avenge the world, and give it peace.
Indulgent Fate our potent prayer receives;
And ſtill Britannia ſmiles, and William lives.
The hero dear to earth, by heaven belov'd,
By troubles muſt be vex'd, by dangers prov'd:
His foes muſt aid, to make his fame complete,
And fix his throne ſecure on their defeat.
So, though with ſudden rage the tempeſt comes;
Though the winds roar; and though the water foams;
Imperial Britain on the ſea looks down,
And ſmiling ſees her rebel-ſubjects frown.
Striking her cliff, the ſtorm confirms her power;
The waves but whiten her triumphant ſhore:

In

In vain they would advance, in vain retreat;
Broken they daſh, and periſh at her feet.
For William ſtill new wonders ſhall be ſhown:
The powers, that reſcued, ſhall preſerve the throne.
Safe on his darling Britain's joyful ſea,
Behold, the monarch plows his liquid way:
His fleets in thunder through the world declare,
Whoſe empire they obey, whoſe arms they bear.
Bleſs'd by aſpiring winds, he finds the ſtrand
Blacken'd with crowds; he ſees the nation ſtand,
Bleſſing his ſafety, proud of his command.
In various tongues he hears the captains dwell
On their great leader's praiſe; by turns they tell,
And liſten, each with emulous glory fir'd,
How William conquer'd, and how France retir'd;
How Belgia, freed, the hero's arm confeſs'd,
But trembled for the courage which ſhe bleſt.
O Louis, from this great example know,
To be at once a hero and a foe:
By ſounding trumpets, hear, and rattling drums,
When William to the open vengeance comes:
And ſee the ſoldier plead the monarch's right,
Heading his troops, and foremoſt in the fight.
Hence then, cloſe ambuſh and perfidious war,
Down to your native ſeats of night repair.
And thou, Bellona, weep thy cruel pride
Reſtrain'd, behind the victor's chariot tied
In brazen knots and everlaſting chains
(So Europe's peace, ſo William's fate ordains).

While on the ivory chair, in happy ſtate,
He ſits, ſecure in innocence, and great
In regal clemency; and views beneath
Averted darts of rage, and pointleſs arms of death.

THE SECRETARY.

WRITTEN AT THE HAGUE, 1696.

WHILE with labour aſſiduous due pleaſure I mix,
And in one day atone for the buſineſs of ſix,
In a little Dutch chaiſe on a Saturday night,
On my left-hand my Horace, a Nymph on my right:
No memoirs to compoſe, and no poſt-boy to move,
That on Sunday may hinder the ſoftneſs of love;
For her, neither viſits, nor parties at tea,
Nor the long-winded cant of a dull refugee.
This night and the next ſhall be hers, ſhall be mine,
To good or ill-fortune the third we reſign:
Thus ſcorning the world and ſuperior to fate,
I drive on my car in proceſſional ſtate.
So with Phia through Athens Piſiſtratus rode;
Men thought her Minerva, and him a new god.
But why ſhould I ſtories of Athens rehearſe,
Where people knew love, and were partial to verſe;
Since none can with juſtice my pleaſures oppoſe,
In Holland half drowned in intereſt and proſe?
By Greece and paſt ages what need I be tried,
When The Hague and the preſent are both on my ſide?

And

And is it enough for the joys of the day,
To think what Anacreon or Sappho would ſay?
When good Vandergoes, and his provident Vrow,
As they gaze on my triumph, do freely allow,
That, ſearch all the province, you'll find no man dar is,
So bleſt as the Engliſhen Heer Secretar' is.

TO
CLOE WEEPING.

SEE, whilſt thou weep'ſt, fair Cloe, ſee
The world in ſympathy with thee.
The cheerful birds no longer ſing;
Each drops his head, and hangs his wing.
The clouds have bent their boſom lower,
And ſhed their ſorrows in a ſhower.
The brooks beyond their limits flow;
And louder murmurs ſpeak their woe.
The nymphs and ſwains adopt thy cares;
They heave thy ſighs, and weep thy tears.
Fantaſtic nymph! that grief ſhould move
Thy heart obdurate againſt love.
Strange tears! whoſe power can ſoften all,
But that dear breaſt on which they fall.

TO

MR. HOWARD.

AN ODE.

I.

DEAR Howard, from the ſoft aſſaults of love,
Poets and Painters never are ſecure;
Can I untouch'd the fair-one's paſſions move,
Or thou draw beauty, and not feel its power?

II.

To great Apelles when young Ammon brought
The darling idol of his captive heart;
And the pleas'd nymph with kind attention ſat,
To have her charms recorded by his art:

III.

The amorous maſter own'd her potent eyes;
Sigh'd when he look'd, and trembled as he drew;
Each flowing line confirm'd his firſt ſurpriſe,
And, as the piece advanc'd, the paſſion grew.

IV.

While Philip's ſon, while Venus' ſon, was near,
What different tortures does his boſom feel!
Great was the Rival, and the God ſevere:
Nor could he hide his flame, nor durſt reveal.

V.

The prince, renown'd in bounty as in arms,
With pity ſaw the ill-conceal'd diſtreſs;
Quitted his title to Campaſpe's charms,
And gave the fair-one to the friend's embrace.

VI. Thus

VI.

Thus the more beauteous Cloe ſat to thee,
Good Howard, emulous of the Grecian art:
But happy thou, from Cupid's arrow free,
And flames that pierc'd thy predeceſſor's heart!

VII.

Had thy poor breaſt receiv'd an equal pain;
Had I been veſted with the monarch's power;
Thou muſt have ſigh'd, unlucky youth, in vain;
Nor from my bounty hadſt thou found a cure.

VIII.

Though, to convince thee that the friend did feel
A kind concern for thy ill-fated care,
I would have ſooth'd the flame I could not heal;
Given thee the world; though I with-held the fair.

LOVE DISARMED.

BENEATH a myrtle's verdant ſhade
As Cloe half aſleep was laid,
Cupid perch'd lightly on her breaſt,
And in that heaven deſir'd to reſt:
Over her paps his wings he ſpread;
Between he found a downy bed,
And neſtled in his little head.
Still lay the God: the nymph, ſurpris'd,
Yet miſtreſs of herſelf, deviſ'd
How ſhe the vagrant might inthral,
And captive him, who captives all.

Her

Her bodice half-way ſhe unlac'd;
About his arms ſhe ſlily caſt
The ſilken bond, and held him faſt.
The god awak'd; and thrice in vain
He ſtrove to break the cruel chain;
And thrice in vain he ſhook his wing,
Incumber'd in the ſilken ſtring.
Fluttering the God, and weeping, ſaid,
Pity poor Cupid, generous maid,
Who happen'd, being blind, to ſtray,
And on thy boſom loſt his way;
Who ſtray'd, alas! but knew too well,
He never there muſt hope to dwell:
Set an unhappy priſoner free,
Who ne'er intended harm to thee.
To me pertains not, ſhe replies,
To know or care where Cupid flies;
What are his haunts, or which his way;
Where he would dwell, or whither ſtray:
Yet will I never ſet thee free;
For harm was meant, and harm to me.
Vain fears that vex thy virgin heart!
I'll give thee up my bow and dart;
Untangle but this cruel chain,
And freely let me fly again.
Agreed: ſecure my virgin heart:
Inſtant give up thy bow and dart:
The chain I'll in return untie;
And freely thou again ſhalt fly.

Thus

Thus ſhe the captive did deliver;
The captive thus gave up his quiver.
The God diſarm'd, e'er ſince that day,
Paſſes his life in harmleſs play;
Flies round, or ſits upon her breaſt,
A little, fluttering, idle gueſt.
E'er ſince that day, the beauteous maid
Governs the world in Cupid's ſtead;
Directs his arrow as ſhe wills;
Gives grief, or pleaſure; ſpares, or kills.

CLOE HUNTING.

BEHIND her neck her comely treſſes tied,
Her ivory quiver graceful by her ſide,
A hunting Cloe went: ſhe loſt her way,
And through the woods uncertain chanc'd to ſtray.
Apollo, paſſing by, beheld the maid;
And, ſiſter dear, bright Cynthia, turn, he ſaid:
The hunted hind lies cloſe in yonder brake.
Loud Cupid laugh'd, to ſee the God's miſtake;
And, laughing, cried, Learn better, great divine,
To know thy kindred, and to honour mine.
Rightly adviſ'd far hence thy ſiſter ſeek,
Or on Meander's bank, or Latmus' peak.
But in this nymph, my friend, my ſiſter know:
She draws my arrows, and ſhe bends my bow:
Fair Thames ſhe haunts, and every neighbouring grove,
Sacred to ſoft receſs, and gentle love.

Go,

Go, with thy Cynthia, hurl the pointed ſpear
At the rough boar, or chaſe the flying deer:
I and my Cloe take a nobler aim:
At human hearts we fling, nor ever miſs the game.

CUPID AND GANYMEDE.

IN Heaven, one holy-day, you read
In wiſe Anacreon, Ganymede
Drew heedleſs Cupid in, to throw
A main, to paſs an hour, or ſo.
The little Trojan, by the way,
By Hermes taught, play'd all the play.
The god unhappily engag'd,
By nature raſh, by play enrag'd,
Complain'd, and ſigh'd, and cried and fretted;
Loſt every earthly thing he betted:
In ready money, all the ſtore
Pick'd up long ſince from Danäe's ſhower;
A ſnuff-box, ſet with bleeding hearts,
Rubies, all pierc'd with diamond darts;
His nine-pins made of myrtle wood
(The tree in Ida's foreſt ſtood);
His bowl pure gold, the very ſame
Which Paris gave the Cyprian dame;
Two table-books in ſhagreen covers,
Fill'd with good verſe from real lovers;
Merchandiſe rare! a billet-doux,
Its matter paſſionate, yet true;

Heaps of hair-rings, and cypher'd ſeals;
Rich trifles; ſerious bagatelles.
What ſad diſorders play begets!
Deſperate and mad, at length he ſets
Thoſe darts, whoſe points make gods adore
His might, and deprecate his power:
Thoſe darts, whence all our joy and pain
Ariſe: thoſe darts — Come, ſeven's the main,
Cries Ganymede: the uſual trick:
Seven, ſlur a ſix; eleven: a nick.
Ill news goes faſt: 'twas quickly known
That ſimple Cupid was undone.
Swifter than lightning Venus flew:
Too late ſhe found the thing too true.
Gueſs how the goddeſs greets her ſon:
Come hither, ſirrah; no, begone;
And, hark ye, is it ſo indeed?
A comrade you for Ganymede?
An imp as wicked, for his age,
As any earthly lady's page;
A ſcandal and a ſcourge to Troy;
A prince's ſon; a black-guard boy;
A ſharper, that with box and dice
Draws in young deities to vice.
All Heaven is by the ears together,
Since firſt that little rogue came hither:
Juno herſelf has had no peace:
And truly I've been favour'd leſs:
For Jove, as Fame reports (but Fame
Says things not fit for me to name),

Has

Has acted ill for ſuch a god,
And taken ways extremely odd.
  And thou, unhappy child, ſhe ſaid,
(Her anger by her grief allay'd)
Unhappy child, who thus haſt loſt
All the eſtate we e'er could boaſt;
Whither, O whither wilt thou run,
Thy name deſpis'd, thy weakneſs known?
Nor ſhall thy ſhrine on earth be crown'd;
Nor ſhall thy power in heaven be own'd;
When thou nor man nor god canſt wound.
  Obedient Cupid kneeling cried,
Ceaſe, deareſt mother, ceaſe to chide:
Gany's a cheat, and I'm a bubble:
Yet why this great exceſs of trouble?
The dice were falſe: the darts are gone:
Yet how are you, or I, undone?
  The loſs of theſe I can ſupply
With keener ſhafts from Cloe's eye:
Fear not we e'er can be diſgrac'd
While that bright magazine ſhall laſt:
Your crowded altars ſtill ſhall ſmoke;
And man your friendly aid invoke:
Jove ſhall again revere your power,
And riſe a ſwan, or fall a ſhower.

CUPID MISTAKEN.

I.

AS after noon, one ſummer's day,
Venus ſtood bathing in a river;
Cupid a-ſhooting went that way,
New ſtrung his bow, new fill'd his quiver.

II.

With ſkill he choſe his ſharpeſt dart,
With all his might his bow he drew;
Swift to his beauteous parent's heart
The too-well-guided arrow flew.

III.

I faint! I die! the goddeſs cried:
O cruel, could'ſt thou find none other,
To wreck thy ſpleen on? parricide!
Like Nero, thou haſt ſlain thy mother.

IV.

Poor Cupid ſobbing ſcarce could ſpeak;
Indeed, Mamma, I did not know ye:
Alas! how eaſy my miſtake!
I took you for your likeneſs Cloe.

VENUS MISTAKEN.

WHEN Cloe's picture was to Venus ſhown,
Surpris'd, the goddeſs took it for her own.
And what, ſaid ſhe, does this bold painter mean?
When was I bathing thus, and naked ſeen?

Pleas'd Cupid heard, and check'd his mother's pride:
And who's blind now, Mamma? the urchin cried.
Tis Cloe's eye, and cheek, and lip, and breaſt:
Friend Howard's genius fancied all the reſt.

A SONG.

IF wine and muſick have the power
To eaſe the ſickneſs of the ſoul;
Let Phœbus every ſtring explore,
And Bacchus fill the ſprightly bowl.
Let them their friendly aid employ,
To make my Cloe's abſence light;
And ſeek for pleaſure, to deſtroy
The ſorrows of this live-long night.

But ſhe to-morrow will return:
Venus, be thou to-morrow great;
Thy myrtles ſtrow, thy odours burn;
And meet thy favourite nymph in ſtate.
Kind goddeſs, to no other powers
Let us to-morrow's bleſſings own:
Thy darling loves ſhall guide the hours;
And all the day be thine alone.

THE

THE DOVE.

« — Tantæne animis cœleſtibus iræ ? VIRG.

I.

IN Virgil's ſacred verſe we find,
That paſſion can depreſs or raiſe
The heavenly, as the human mind:
Who dare deny what Virgil ſays?

II.

But, if they ſhould, what our great maſter
Has thus laid down my tale ſhall prove:
Fair Venus wept the ſad diſaſter
Of having loſt her favourite Dove.

III.

In complaiſance poor Cupid mourn'd;
His grief reliev'd his mother's pain;
He vow'd he'd leave no ſtone unturn'd,
But ſhe ſhould have her Dove again.

IV.

Though none, ſaid he, ſhall yet be nam'd,
I know the felon well enough:
But be ſhe not, Mamma, condemn'd
Without a fair and legal proof.

V.

With that, his longeſt dart he took,
As conſtable would take his ſtaff:
That gods deſire like men to look,
Would make ev'n Heraclitus laugh.

VI.

Love's ſubalterns, a duteous band,
Like watchmen, round their chief appear:
Each had his lantern in his hand;
And Venus maſk'd brought up the rear.

VII.

Accoutred thus, their eager ſtep
To Cloe's lodging they directed:
(At once I write, alas! and weep,
That Cloe is of theft ſuſpected).

VIII.

Late they ſet out, had far to go:
St. Dunſtan's as they paſs'd ſtruck one.
Cloe, for reaſons good, you know,
Lives at the ſober end o' th' town.

IX.

With one great peal they rap the door,
Like footmen on a viſiting-day.
Folks at her houſe at ſuch an hour!
Lord! what will all the neighbours ſay?

X.

The door is open: up they run:
Nor prayers, nor threats, divert their ſpeed:
Thieves! thieves! cries Suſan; we're undone;
They'll kill my miſtreſs in her bed.

XI.

In bed indeed the nymph had been
Three hours: for, all hiſtorians ſay,
She commonly went up at ten,
Unleſs piquet was in the way.

XII.

She wak'd, be ſure, with ſtrange ſurpriſe:
O Cupid, is this right or law,
Thus to diſturb the brighteſt eyes,
That ever ſlept, or ever ſaw?

XIII.

Have you obſerv'd a ſitting hare,
Liſtening, and fearful of the ſtorm
Of horns and hounds, clap back her ear,
Afraid to keep, or leave her form?

XIV.

Or have you mark'd a partridge quake,
Viewing the towering falcon nigh?
She cuddles low behind the brake:
Nor would ſhe ſtay; nor dares ſhe fly.

XV.

Then have you ſeen the beauteous maid;
When gazing on her midnight foes,
She turn'd each way her frighted head,
Then ſunk it deep beneath the clothes.

XVI.

Venus this while was in the chamber
Incognito: for Suſan ſaid,
It ſmelt ſo ſtrong of myrrh and amber—
And Suſan is no lying maid.

XVII.

But, ſince we have no preſent need
Of Venus for an epiſode:
With Cupid let us e'en proceed;
And thus to Cloe ſpoke the god:

XVIII.

Hold up your head: hold up your hand:
Would it were not my lot to ſhew ye
This cruel writ, wherein you ſtand
Indicted by the name of Cloe!

XIX.

For that, by ſecret malice ſtirr'd,
Or by an emulous pride invited,
You have purloin'd the favourite bird,
In which my mother moſt delighted.

XX.

Her bluſhing face the lovely maid
Rais'd juſt above the milk-white ſheet;
A roſe-tree in a lily bed
Nor glows ſo red, nor breathes ſo ſweet.

XXI.

Are you not he whom virgins fear,
And widows court? is not your name
Cupid? If ſo, pray come not near—
Fair maiden, I'm the very ſame.

XXII.

Then what have I, good ſir, to ſay,
Or do with her you call your mother?
If I ſhould meet her in my way,
We hardly court'ſy to each other.

XXIII.

Diana chaſte, and Hebe ſweet,
Witneſs that what I ſpeak is true:
I would not give my Paroquet
For all the Doves that ever flew.

XXIV. Yet,

XXIV.

Yet, to compoſe this midnight noiſe,
Go freely ſearch where-e'er you pleaſe
(The rage, that rais'd, adorn'd her voice)—
Upon yon' toilet lie my keys.

XXV.

Her keys he takes; her doors unlocks;
Through wardrobe and through cloſet bounces;
Peeps into every cheſt and box;
Turns all her furbeloes and flounces.

XXVI.

But Dove, depend on't, finds he none;
So to the bed returns again:
And now the maiden, bolder grown,
Begins to treat him with diſdain.

XXVII.

I marvel much, ſhe ſmiling ſaid,
Your poultry cannot yet be found;
Lies he in yonder ſlipper dead?
Or, may be, in the tea-pot drown'd?

XXVIII.

No, traitor, angry Love replies,
He's hid ſomewhere about your breaſt;
A place nor god nor man denies,
For Venus' Dove the proper neſt.

XXIX.

Search, then, ſhe ſaid, put in your hand,
And Cynthia, dear protectreſs, guard me:
As guilty I, or free, may ſtand,
Do thou or puniſh or reward me.

XXX.

But ah! what maid to Love can truſt!
He ſcorns, and breaks, all legal power:
Into her breaſt his hand he thruſt;
And in a moment forc'd it lower.

XXXI.

O, whither do thoſe fingers rove,
Cries Cloe, treacherous urchin, whither?
O Venus! I ſhall find thy Dove,
Says he; for ſure I touch his feather.

A

LOVER'S ANGER.

AS Cloe came into the room t' other day,
I peeviſh began; where ſo long could you ſtay?
In your life-time you never regarded your hour;
You promis'd at two; and (pray look, child) 'tis four.
A lady's watch needs neither figures nor wheels;
'Tis enough, that 'tis loaded with baubles and ſeals.
A temper ſo heedleſs no mortal can bear—
Thus far I went on with a reſolute air.
Lord bleſs me! ſaid ſhe; let a body but ſpeak!
Here's an ugly hard roſe-bud fallen into my neck:
It has hurt me, and vext me to ſuch a degree—
See here! for you never believe me; pray ſee,

On

On the left ſide my breaſt, what a mark it has made!
So ſaying, her boſom ſhe careleſs diſplay'd:
That ſeat of delight I with wonder ſurvey'd,
And forgot every word I deſign'd to have ſaid.

MERCURY AND CUPID.

IN ſullen humour one day Jove
Sent Hermes down to Ida's grove,
Commanding Cupid to deliver
His ſtore of darts, his total quiver;
That Hermes ſhould the weapons break,
Or throw them into Lethe's lake.
Hermes, you know, muſt do his errand:
He found his man, produc'd his warrant;
Cupid! your darts—this very hour—
There's no contending againſt power!
How ſullen Jupiter, juſt now,
I think I ſaid; and you'll allow
That Cupid was as bad as he:
Hear but the youngſter's repartee.
Come, kinſman (ſaid the little god),
Put off your wings, lay by your rod;
Retire with me to yonder bower,
And reſt yourſelf for half an hour:
'Tis far indeed from hence to heaven;
But you fly faſt: and 'tis but ſeven.
We'll take one cooling cup of nectar;
And drink to this celeſtial Hector.

He

He break my darts! or hurt my power!
He, Leda's ſwan, and Danaë's ſhower!
Go, bid him his wiſe tongue reſtrain,
And mind his thunder, and his rain.—
My darts! O certainly I'll give 'em:
From Cloe's eyes he ſhall receive 'em.
There's one, the beſt in all my quiver,
Twang! through his very heart and liver;
He then ſhall pine, and ſigh, and rave:
Good Lord! what buſtle ſhall we have!
Neptune muſt ſtraight be ſent to ſea,
And Flora ſummon'd twice a day:
One muſt find ſhells, and t' other flowers,
For cooling grots, and fragrant bowers,
That Cloe may be ſerv'd in ſtate,
The Hours muſt at her toilet wait:
Whilſt all the reaſoning fools below
Wonder their watches go too ſlow.
Lybs muſt fly ſouth, and Eurus eaſt,
For jewels for her hair and breaſt.
No matter, though their cruel haſte
Sink cities, and lay foreſts waſte.
No matter, though this fleet be loſt;
Or that lie wind-bound on the coaſt.
What whiſpering in my mother's ear!
What care, that Juno ſhould not hear!
What work among you ſcholar gods!
Phœbus muſt write him amorous odes.
And thou, poor couſin, muſt compoſe
His letters in ſubmiſſive proſe:

Whilſt haughty Cloe, to ſuſtain
The honour of my myſtic reign,
Shall all his gifts and vows diſdain,
And laugh at your old bully's pain.
Dear couz, ſaid Hermes in a fright,
For Heaven's ſake! keep your darts: good night.

ON BEAUTY,

A RIDDLE.

RESOLVE me, Cloe, what is this:
Or forfeit me one precious kiſs.
'Tis the firſt offspring of the Graces;
Bears different forms in different places;
Acknowledg'd fine, where'er beheld;
Yet fancied finer, when conceal'd.
'Twas Flora's wealth, and Circe's charm;
Pandora's box of good and harm:
'Twas Mars's wiſh, Endymion's dream;
Apelles' draught, and Ovid's theme.
This guided Theſeus through the maze;
And ſent him home with life and praiſe:
But this undid the Phrygian boy;
And blew the flames that ruin'd Troy.
This ſhew'd great kindneſs to old Greece,
And help'd rich Jaſon to the fleece.
This through the Eaſt juſt vengeance hurl'd,
And loſt poor Anthony the world.

Injur'd,

Injur'd, though Lucrece found her doom,
This baniſh'd tyranny from Rome.
Appeas'd, though Lais gain'd her hire;
This ſet Perſepolis on fire.
For this Alcides learn'd to ſpin:
His club laid down, and lion's ſkin.
For this Apollo deign'd to keep,
With ſervile care, a mortal's ſheep.
For this the father of the Gods,
Content to leave his high abodes,
In borrow'd figures looſely ran,
Europa's bull, and Leda's ſwan:
For this he reaſſumes the nod
(While Semele commands the God);
Launches the bolt, and ſhakes the poles;
Though Momus laughs, and Juno ſcolds.
Here liſtening Cloe ſmil'd, and ſaid;
Your riddle is not hard to read:
I gueſs it—Fair-one, if you do,
Need I, alas! the theme purſue?
For this, thou ſeeſt, for this I leave
Whate'er the world thinks wiſe or grave,
Ambition, buſineſs, friendſhip, news,
My uſeful books, and ſerious Muſe.
For this, I willingly decline
The mirth of feaſts, and joys of wine;
And chooſe to ſit and talk with thee
(As thy great orders may decree)
Of cocks and bulls, and flutes and fiddles,
Of idle tales and fooliſh riddles.

THE

THE QUESTION.

TO LISETTA.

WHAT Nymph ſhould I admire, or truſt,
But Cloe beauteous, Cloe juſt?
What Nymph ſhould I deſire to ſee,
But her who leaves the plain for me?
To whom ſhould I compoſe the lay,
But her who liſtens when I play?
To whom in ſong repeat my cares,
But her who in my ſorrow ſhares?
For whom ſhould I the garland make,
But her who joys the gift to take,
And boaſts ſhe wears it for my ſake?
In love am I not fully bleſt?
Lifetta, pr'ythee tell the reſt.

LISETTA'S REPLY.

SURE Cloe juſt, and Cloe fair,
Deſerves to be your only care:
But, when you and ſhe to-day
Far into the wood did ſtray,
And I happen'd to paſs by;
Which way did you caſt your eye?
But, when your cares to her you ſing,
Yet dare not tell her whence they ſpring;

Does

Does it not more afflict your heart,
That in thoſe cares ſhe bears a part?
When you the flowers for Cloe twine,
Why do you to her garland join
The meaneſt bud that falls from mine?
Simpleſt of ſwains! the world may ſee,
Whom Cloe loves, and who loves me.

THE GARLAND.

I.

THE pride of every grove I choſe,
The violet ſweet and lily fair,
The dappled pink, and bluſhing roſe,
To deck my charming Cloe's hair.

II.

At morn the nymph vouchſaf'd to place
Upon her brow the various wreath;
The flowers leſs blooming than her face,
The ſcent leſs fragrant than her breath.

III.

The flowers ſhe wore along the day:
And every nymph and ſhepherd ſaid,
That in her hair they look'd more gay
Than glowing in their native bed.

IV.

Undreſt at evening, when ſhe found
Their odours loſt, their colours paſt;
She chang'd her look, and on the ground
Her garland and her eye ſhe caſt.

V. That

V.

That eye dropt ſenſe diſtinct and clear,
As any Muſe's tongue could ſpeak,
When from its lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

VI.

Diſſembling what I knew too well,
My love, my life, ſaid I, explain
This change of humour: pr'ythee tell:
That falling tear—what does it mean?

VII.

She ſigh'd; ſhe ſmil'd: and to the flowers
Pointing, the lovely Moraliſt ſaid;
See, friend, in ſome few fleeting hours,
See yonder, what a change is made.

VIII.

Ah me! the blooming pride of May,
And that of Beauty, are but one:
At morn both flouriſh bright and gay;
Both fade at evening, pale, and gone.

IX.

At dawn poor Stella danc'd and ſung;
The amorous youth around her bow'd:
At night her fatal knell was rung;
I ſaw, and kiſs'd her in her ſhroud.

X.

Such as ſhe is, who died to-day;
Such I, alas! may be to-morrow:
Go, Damon, bid thy Muſe diſplay
The juſtice of thy Cloe's ſorrow.

THE LADY WHO OFFERS HER LOOKING-GLASS TO VENUS.

TAKEN FROM AN EPIGRAM OF PLATO.

VENUS, take my votive glaſs;
Since I am not what I was;
What from this day I ſhall be,
Venus, let me never ſee.

CLOE JEALOUS.

I.

FORBEAR to aſk me, why I weep;
Vext Cloe to her ſhepherd ſaid;
'Tis for my two poor ſtraggling ſheep,
Perhaps, or for my ſquirrel dead.

II.

For mind I what you late have writ?
Your ſubtle queſtions and replies?
Emblems, to teach a female wit
The ways, where changing Cupid flies?

III.

Your riddle purpos'd to rehearſe
The general power that beauty has:
But why did no peculiar verſe
Deſcribe one charm of Cloe's face?

IV. The

IV.

The glaſs, which was at Venus' ſhrine,
With ſuch myſterious ſorrow laid:
The garland (and you call it mine)
Which ſhew'd how youth and beauty fade:

V.

Ten thouſand trifles light as theſe
Nor can my rage, nor anger, move:
She ſhould be humble, who would pleaſe;
And ſhe muſt ſuffer, who can love.

VI.

When in my glaſs I chanc'd to look;
Of Venus what did I implore?
That every grace, which thence I took,
Should know to charm my Damon more.

VII.

Reading thy verſe; who heeds, ſaid I,
If here or there his glances flew?
O, free for ever be his eye,
Whoſe heart to me is always true!

VIII.

My bloom indeed, my little flower
Of beauty quickly loſt its pride:
For, ſever'd from its native bower,
It on thy glowing boſom dy'd.

IX.

Yet car'd I not what might preſage
Or withering wreath, or fleeting youth;
Love I eſteem'd more ſtrong than Age,
And Time leſs permanent than Truth.

X.

Why then I weep, forbear to know:
Fall uncontroll'd, my tears, and free;
O Damon! tis the only woe,
I ever yet conceal'd from thee.

XI.

The ſecret wound with which I bleed
Shall lie wrapt up, ev'n in my hearſe;
But on my tomb-ſtone thou ſhalt read
My anſwer to thy dubious verſe.

ANSWER TO CLOE JEALOUS,

IN THE SAME STYLE; THE AUTHOR SICK.

I

YES, faireſt proof of Beauty's power,
Dear idol of my panting heart,
Nature points this my fatal hour:
And I have liv'd; and we muſt part.

II.

While now I take my laſt adieu,
Heave thou no ſigh, nor ſhed a tear;
Leſt yet my half-clos'd eye may view
On earth an object worth its care.

III.

From Jealouſy's tormenting ſtrife
For ever be thy boſom freed:
That nothing may diſturb thy life,
Content I haſten to the dead.

IV. Yet

IV.

Yet when ſome better-fated youth
Shall with his amorous parley move thee;
Reflect one moment on his truth
Who, dying thus, perſiſts to love thee.

A

BETTER ANSWER.

I.

DEAR Cloe, how blubber'd is that pretty face!
Thy cheek all on fire, and thy hair all uncurl'd:
Pr'ythee quit this caprice; and (as old Falſtaff ſays)
Let us ev'n talk a little like folks of this world.

II.

How canſt thou preſume, thou haſt leave to deſtroy
The beauties, which Venus but lent to thy keeping?
Thoſe looks were deſign'd to inſpire love and joy:
More ordinary eyes may ſerve people for weeping.

III.

To be vext at a trifle or two that I writ,
Your judgment at once, and my paſſion, you wrong:
You take that for fact, which will ſcarce be found wit:
Od's-life! muſt one ſwear to the truth of a ſong?

IV.

What I ſpeak, my fair Cloe, and what I write, ſhews
The difference there is betwixt nature and art:
I court others in verſe; but I love thee in proſe:
And they have my whimſies, but thou haſt my heart.

V.

The God of us verſe-men (you know, child) the Sun,
How after his journeys he ſets up his reſt:
If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run;
At night he declines on his Thetis's breaſt.

VI.

So when I am weary'd with wandering all day,
To thee my delight in the evening I come:
No matter what beauties I ſaw in my way;
They were but my viſits, but thou art my home.

VII.

Then finiſh, dear Cloe, this paſtoral war;
And let us like Horace and Lydia agree:
For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
As he was a poet ſublimer than me.

PALLAS AND VENUS.

AN EPIGRAM.

THE Trojan Swain had judg'd the great diſpute,
And Beauty's power obtain'd the golden fruit;
When Venus, looſe in all her naked charms,
Met Jove's great daughter clad in ſhining arms.
The wanton goddeſs view'd the warlike maid
From head to foot, and tauntingly ſhe ſaid:
Yield, ſiſter; rival, yield: naked, you ſee,
I vanquiſh: gueſs how potent I ſhould be,
If to the field I came in armour dreſt;
Dreadful, like thine, my ſhield, and terrible my creſt!

The

The warrior goddeſs with diſdain reply'd:
Thy folly, child, is equal to thy pride:
Let a brave enemy for once adviſe,
And Venus (if 'tis poſſible) be wiſe.
Thou, to be ſtrong, muſt put off every dreſs:
Thy only armour is thy nakedneſs;
And more than once (or thou art much bely'd)
By Mars himſelf that armour has been try'd.

TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN IN LOVE.

A TALE.

FROM public noiſe and factious ſtrife,
From all the buſy ills of life,
Take me, my Celia, to thy breaſt;
And lull my wearied ſoul to reſt.
For ever, in this humble cell,
Let thee and I, my fair one, dwell;
None enter elſe, but Love—and he
Shall bar the door, and keep the key.
To painted roofs and ſhining ſpires
(Uneaſy ſeats of high deſires)
Let the unthinking many crowd,
That dare be covetous and proud:
In golden bondage let them wait,
And barter happineſs for ſtate.
But oh! my Celia, when thy ſwain
Deſires to ſee a court again,

May Heaven around this deſtin'd head
The choiceſt of its curſes ſhed!
To ſum up all the rage of fate
In the two things I dread and hate,
May'ſt thou be falſe, and I be great!
Thus, on his Celia's panting breaſt,
Fond Celadon his ſoul expreſt;
While with delight the lovely maid
Receiv'd the vows ſhe thus repaid:
Hope of my age, joy of my youth,
Bleſt miracle of love and truth;
All that could e'er be counted mine,
My love and life, long ſince are thine;
A real joy I never knew,
Till I believ'd thy paſſion true:
A real grief I ne'er can find,
Till thou prov'ſt perjur'd, or unkind.
Contempt, and poverty, and care,
All we abhor, and all we fear,
Bleſt with thy preſence, I can bear.
Through waters and through flames I'll go,
Sufferer and ſolace of thy woe:
Trace me ſome yet unheard-of way,
That I thy ardour may repay;
And make my conſtant paſſion known
By more than woman yet has done.
Had I a wiſh that did not bear
The ſtamp and image of my dear;
I'd pierce my heart through every vein,
And die, to let it out again.

No: Venus ſhall my witneſs be
(If Venus ever lov'd like me),
That for one hour I would not quit
My ſhepherd's arms, and this retreat,
To be the Perſian Monarch's bride,
Partner of all his power and pride;
Or rule in regal ſtate above,
Mother of Gods, and wife of Jove.
"O happy theſe of human race!"
But ſoon, alas! our pleaſures paſs.
He thank'd her on his bended knee;
Then drank a quart of milk and tea;
And, leaving her ador'd embrace,
Haſten'd to court, to beg a place.
While ſhe, his abſence to bemoan,
The very moment he was gone,
Call'd Thyrſis from beneath the bed!
Where all this time he had been hid.

MORAL.

WHILE men have theſe ambitious fancies;
And wanton wenches read romances;
Our ſex will—What? Out with it. Lye;
And theirs in equal ſtrains reply.
The moral of the tale I ſing
(A poſy for a wedding ring)
In this ſhort verſe will be confin'd:
Love is a jeſt, and vows are wind.

AN

ENGLISH PADLOCK.

MISS Danaë, when fair and young,
(As Horace has divinely ſung)
Could not be kept from Jove's embrace
By doors of ſteel, and walls of braſs.
The reaſon of the thing is clear,
Would Jove the naked truth aver.
Cupid was with him of the party;
And ſhew'd himſelf ſincere and hearty;
For, give that whipſter but his errand,
He takes my lord chief juſtice' warrant;
Dauntleſs as death away he walks;
Breaks the doors open, ſnaps the locks;
Searches the parlour, chamber, ſtudy;
Nor ſtops till he has culprit's body.
Since this has been authentic truth,
By age deliver'd down to youth;
Tell us, miſtaken huſband, tell us,
Why ſo myſterious, why ſo jealous?
Does the reſtraint, the bolt, the bar,
Make us leſs curious, her leſs fair?
The ſpy, which does this treaſure keep,
Does ſhe ne'er ſay her prayers, nor ſleep?
Does ſhe to no exceſs incline?
Does ſhe fly muſic, mirth, and wine?
Or have not gold and flattery power
To purchaſe one unguarded hour?

Your

Your care does further yet extend:
That ſpy is guarded by your friend.—
But has this friend nor eye nor heart?
May he not feel the cruel dart,
Which, ſoon or late, all mortals feel?
May he not, with too tender zeal,
Give the fair priſoner cauſe to ſee,
How much he wiſhes ſhe were free?
May he not craftily infer
The rules of friendſhip too ſevere,
Which chain him to a hated truſt;
Which make him wretched, to be juſt?
And may not ſhe, this darling ſhe,
Youthful and healthy, fleſh and blood,
Eaſy with him, ill us'd by thee,
Allow this logic to be good?
Sir, will your queſtions never end?
I truſt to neither ſpy nor friend.
In ſhort, I keep her from the ſight
Of every human face.—She'll write.
From pen and paper ſhe's debarr'd.—
Has ſhe a bodkin and a card?
She'll prick her mind.—She will, you ſay:
But how ſhall ſhe that mind convey?
I keep her in one room: I lock it:
The key (look here) is in this pocket.
The key-hole, is that left? Moſt certain.
She'll thruſt her letter through—Sir Martin.
Dear angry friend, what muſt be done?
Is there no way?—There is but one.

Send

Send her abroad: and let her ſee,
That all this mingled maſs, which ſhe,
Being forbidden, longs to know,
Is a dull farce, an empty ſhow,
Powder, and pocket-glaſs, and beau;
A ſtaple of romance and lies,
Falſe tears and real perjuries:
Where ſighs and looks are bought and ſold,
And love is made but to be told:
Where the fat bawd and laviſh heir
The ſpoils of ruin'd beauty ſhare;
And youth, ſeduc'd from friends and fame,
Muſt give up age to want and ſhame.
Let her behold the frantic ſcene,
The women wretched, falſe the men:
And when, theſe certain ills to ſhun,
She would to thy embraces run;
Receive her with extended arms,
Seem more delighted with her charms;
Wait on her to the park and play,
Put on good-humour; make her gay;
Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind;
Let all her ways be unconfin'd;
And clap your padlock—on her mind.

HANS CARVEL.

HANS CARVEL, impotent and old,
Married a laſs of London mould:
Handſome? enough; extremely gay:
Lov'd muſic, company, and play:
High flights ſhe had, and wit at will;
And ſo her tongue lay ſeldom ſtill:
For in all viſits who but ſhe,
To argue, or to repartée?
She made it plain, that human paſſion
Was order'd by predeſtination;
That, if weak women went aſtray,
Their ſtars were more in fault than they:
Whole tragedies ſhe had by heart;
Enter'd into Roxana's part:
To triumph in her rival's blood,
The action certainly was good.
How like a vine young Ammon curl'd!
Oh that dear conqueror of the world!
She pitied Betterton in age,
That ridicul'd the god-like rage.
She, firſt of all the town, was told,
Where neweſt India things were ſold:
So in a morning, without bodice,
Slipt ſometimes out to Mrs. Thody's;
To cheapen tea, to buy a ſcreen:
What elſe could ſo much virtue mean?

For,

For, to prevent the leaſt reproach,
Betty went with her in the coach.
But, when no very great affair
Excited her peculiar care,
She without fail was wak'd at ten;
Drank chocolate, then ſlept again:
At twelve ſhe roſe; with much ado
Her clothes were huddled on by two;
Then, does my Lady dine at home?
Yes, ſure!—But is the Colonel come?
Next, how to ſpend the afternoon,
And not come home again too ſoon;
The Change, the City, or the Play,
As each was proper for the day:
A turn in ſummer to Hyde-Park,
When it grew tolerably dark.
Wife's pleaſure cauſes huſband's pain:
Strange fancies come in Hans's brain:
He thought of what he did not name;
And would reform, but durſt not blame.
At firſt he therefore preach'd his wife
The comforts of a pious life:
Told her, how tranſient beauty was;
That all muſt die, and fleſh was graſs:
He bought her ſermons, pſalms, and graces;
And doubled down the uſeful places.
But ſtill the weight of worldly care
Allow'd her little time for prayer:
And Cleopatra was read o'er;
While Scot, and Wake, and twenty more,

That

That teach one to deny one's-ſelf,
Stood unmoleſted on the ſhelf.
An untouch'd bible grac'd her toilet:
No fear that thumb of hers ſhould ſpoil it.
In ſhort, the trade was ſtill the ſame:
The Dame went out: the Colonel came.
What's to be done? poor Carvel cry'd:
Another battery muſt be try'd:
What if to ſpells I had recourſe?
'Tis but to hinder ſomething worſe.
The end muſt juſtify the means;
He only ſins who ill intends:
Since therefore 'tis to combat evil;
'Tis lawful to employ the Devil.
Forthwith the Devil did appear
(For name him, and he's always near);
Not in the ſhape in which he plies
At Miſs's elbow when ſhe lies;
Or ſtands before the nurſery-doors,
To take the naughty boy that roars:
But, without ſawcer-eye or claw,
Like a grave Barriſter at Law.
Hans Carvel, lay aſide your grief,
The Devil ſays; I bring relief.
Relief! ſays Hans: pray, let me crave
Your name, Sir—Satan—Sir, your ſlave;
I did not look upon your feet:
You'll pardon me:—Ay, now I ſee't:
And pray, Sir, when came you from hell?
Our friends there, did you leave them well?

All

All well; but pr'ythee, honeſt Hans,
(Says Satan) leave your complaiſance:
The truth is this: I cannot ſtay
Flaring in ſun-ſhine all the day:
For, *entre nous*, we helliſh ſprites
Love more the freſco of the nights;
And oftener our receipts convey
In dreams, than any other way.
I tell you therefore as a friend,
Ere morning dawns, your fears ſhall end:
Go then this evening, maſter Carvel,
Lay down your fowls, and broach your barrel;
Let friends and wine diſſolve your care;
Whilſt I the great receipt prepare:
To-night I'll bring it, by my faith!
Believe for once what Satan ſaith.
Away went Hans: glad? not a little;
Obey'd the Devil to a tittle;
Invited friends ſome half a dozen,
The Colonel and my Lady's couſin.
The meat was ſerv'd; the bowls were crown'd;
Catches were ſung; and healths went round;
Barbadoes waters for the cloſe;
Till Hans had fairly got his doſe:
The Colonel toaſted "to the beſt:"
The Dame mov'd off, to be undreſt:
The chimes went twelve: the gueſts withdrew:
But when, or how, Hans hardly knew.
Some modern anecdotes aver,
He nodded in his elbow chair;

From thence was carried off to bed:
John held his heels, and Nan his head.
My Lady was diſturb'd: new ſorrow!
Which Hans muſt anſwer for to-morrow.
In bed then view this happy pair;
And think how Hymen triumph'd there.
Hans faſt aſleep as ſoon as laid;
The duty of the night unpaid:
The waking Dame, with thoughts oppreſt,
That made her hate both him and reſt:
By ſuch a huſband, ſuch a wife!
'Twas Acme's and Septimius' life:
The Lady ſigh'd: the Lover ſnor'd:
The punctual Devil kept his word:
Appear'd to honeſt Hans again;
But not at all by Madam ſeen:
And giving him a magic ring,
Fit for the finger of a king;
Dear Hans, ſaid he, this jewel take,
And wear it long for Satan's ſake:
'Twill do your buſineſs to a hair:
For, long as you this ring ſhall wear,
As ſure as I look over Lincoln,
That ne'er ſhall happen which you think on.
Hans took the ring with joy extreme
(All this was only in a dream);
And, thruſting it beyond his joint,
'Tis done, he cry'd: I've gain'd my point.—
What point, ſaid ſhe, you ugly beaſt?
You neither give me joy nor reſt:

'Tis

'Tis done.—What's done, you drunken bear?
You've thruſt your finger God knows where.

A DUTCH PROVERB.

FIRE, water, woman, are man's ruin;
Says wiſe Profeſſor Vander Brüin.
By flames a houſe I hir'd was loſt
Laſt year: and I muſt pay the coſt.
This ſpring the rains o'erflow'd my ground:
And my beſt Elanders mare was drown'd.
A ſlave I am to Clara's eyes:
The gipſy knows her power, and flies.
Fire, water, woman, are my ruin:
And great thy wiſdom, Vander Brüin.

PAULO PURGANTI AND HIS WIFE;

AN HONEST, BUT A SIMPLE PAIR.

"Eſt enim quiddam, idque intelligitur in omni virtute,
"quod deceat: quod cogitatione magis à virtute po-
"teſt quàm re ſeparari." Cic. de Off. l. i.

BEYOND the fix'd and ſettled rules
Of vice and virtue in the ſchools,
Beyond the letter of the law,
Which keeps our men and maids in awe,

The

The better ſort ſhould ſet before 'em
A grace, a manner, a decorum;
Something, that gives their acts a light;
Makes them not only juſt, but bright;
And ſets them in that open fame,
Which witty malice cannot blame.
For 'tis in life, as 'tis in painting:
Much may be right, yet much be wanting;
From lines drawn true, our eye may trace
A foot, a knee, a hand, a face;
May juſtly own the picture wrought
Exact to rule, exempt from fault:
Yet, if the colouring be not there,
The Titian ſtroke, the Guido air;
To niceſt judgment ſhow the piece,
At beſt 'twill only not diſpleaſe:
It would not gain on Jerſey's eye;
Bradford would frown, and ſet it by.
Thus in the picture of our mind
The action may be well deſign'd;
Guided by law, and bound by duty;
Yet want this *je ne ſçai quoi* of beauty:
And though its error may be ſuch,
As Knags and Burgeſs cannot hit;
It yet may feel the nicer touch
Of Wicherley's or Congreve's wit.
What is this talk? replies a friend,
And where will this dry moral end?
The truth of what you here lay down
By ſome example ſhould be ſhown.—
With all my heart—for once; read on.

An honeſt, but a ſimple pair
(And twenty other I forbear)
May ſerve to make this theſis clear.
A doctor of great ſkill and fame,
Paulo Purganti was his name,
Had a good, comely, virtuous wife;
No woman led a better life:
She to intrigues was ev'n hard-hearted:
She chuckled when a bawd was carted;
And thought the nation ne'er would thrive,
Till all the whores were burnt alive.
On married men, that dar'd be bad,
She thought no mercy ſhould be had;
They ſhould be hang'd, or ſtarv'd, or flead,
Or ſerv'd like Romiſh prieſts in Swede.—
In ſhort, all lewdneſs ſhe defied:
And ſtiff was her parochial pride.
Yet, in an honeſt way, the dame
Was a great lover of that fame;
And could from Scripture take her cue,
That huſbands ſhould give wives their due.
Her prudence did ſo juſtly ſteer
Between the gay and the ſevere,
That if in ſome regards ſhe choſe
To curb poor Paulo in too cloſe;
In others ſhe relax'd again,
And govern'd with a looſer rein.
Thus though ſhe ſtrictly did confine
The Doctor from exceſs of wine:
With oyſters, eggs, and vermicelli,
She let him almoſt burſt his belly:

Thus drying coffee was denied;
But chocolate that loſs ſupplied:
And for tobacco (who could bear it?)
Filthy concomitant of claret:
(Bleſt revolution!) one might ſee
Eringo roots, and Bohea tea.
She often ſet the Doctor's band,
And ſtrok'd his beard, and ſqueez'd his hand:
Kindly complain'd, that after noon
He went to pore on books too ſoon:
She held it wholeſomer by much,
To reſt a little on the couch:
About his waiſt in bed a-nights
She clung ſo cloſe—for fear of ſprites.
The Doctor underſtood the call;
But had not always wherewithal.
The lion's ſkin too ſhort, you know,
(As Plutarch's Morals finely ſhow)
Was lengthen'd by the fox's tail:
And art ſupplies, where ſtrength may fail.
Unwilling then in arms to meet
The enemy he could not beat;
He ſtrove to lengthen the campaign,
And ſave his forces by chicane.
Fabius, the Roman chief, who thus
By fair retreat grew Maximus,
Shews us, that all that warrior can do,
With force inferior, is *cunctando*.
One day then, as the foe drew near,
With love, and joy, and life, and dear;

Our Don, who knew this tittle-tattle
Did, ſure as trumpet, call to battle,
Thought it extremely *à propos*,
To ward againſt the coming blow:
To ward: but how? Ay, there's the queſtion;
Fierce the aſſault, unarm'd the baſtion.
The Doctor feign'd a ſtrange ſurpriſe:
He felt her pulſe; he view'd her eyes:
That beat too faſt, theſe roll'd too quick;
She was, he ſaid, or would be ſick:
He judg'd it abſolutely good,
That ſhe ſhould purge, and cleanſe her blood.
Spa waters for that end were got:
If they paſt eaſily or not,
What matters it? the lady's fever
Continued violent as ever.
For a diſtemper of this kind
(Blackmore and Hans are of my mind),
If once it youthful blood infects,
And chiefly of the female ſex,
Is ſcarce remov'd by pill or potion;
Whate'er might be our Doctor's notion.
One luckleſs night then, as in bed
The Doctor and the Dame were laid;
Again this cruel fever came,
High pulſe, ſhort breath, and blood in flame.
What meaſures ſhall poor Paulo keep
With Madam in this piteous taking?
She, like Macbeth, has murder'd ſleep,
And won't allow him reſt, though waking.

Sad

Sad ſtate of matters! when we dare
Nor aſk for peace, nor offer war;
Nor Livy nor Comines have ſhown
What in this juncture may be done.
Grotius might own, that Paulo's caſe is
Harder than any which he places
Amongſt his *Belli* and his *Pacis*.

He ſtrove, alas! but ſtrove in vain,
By dint of logick to maintain
That all the ſex was born to grieve,
Down to her Ladyſhip from Eve.
He rang'd his tropes, and preach'd up patience,
Back'd his opinion with quotations,
Divines and Moraliſts; and run ye on
Quite through from Seneca to Bunyan.
As much in vain he bid her try
To fold her arms, to cloſe her eye;
Telling her, reſt would do her good,
If any thing in nature could:
So held the Greeks quite down from Galen,
Maſters and princes of the calling:
So all our modern friends maintain
(Though no great Greeks) in Warwick-lane.

Reduce, my Muſe, the wandering ſong:
A tale ſhould never be too long.

The more he talk'd, the more ſhe burn'd,
And ſigh'd, and toſt, and groan'd, and turn'd:
At laſt, I wiſh, ſaid ſhe, my dear—
(And whiſper'd ſomething in his ear)

You wiſh! wiſh on, the Doctor cries:
Lord! when will womankind be wiſe?
What, in your waters? are you mad?
Why poiſon is not half ſo bad.
I'll do it—but I give you warning:
You'll die before to-morrow morning.—
'Tis kind, my dear, what you adviſe;
The lady with a ſigh replies!
But life, you know, at beſt is pain;
And death is what we ſhould diſdain.
So do it therefore, and adieu:
For I will die for love of you.—
Let wanton wives by death be ſcar'd:
But, to my comfort, I'm prepar'd.

THE LADLE.

THE ſceptics think, 'twas long ago,
Since gods came down incognito,
To ſee who were their friends or foes,
And how our actions fell or roſe:
That ſince they gave things their beginning,
And ſet this whirligig a-ſpinning,
Supine they in their heaven remain,
Exempt from paſſion and from pain:
And frankly leave us human elves,
To cut and ſhuffle for ourſelves;
To ſtand or walk, to riſe or tumble,
As matter and as motion jumble.

The

The Poets now and Painters hold
This theſis both abſurd and bold:
And your good-natur'd gods, they ſay,
Deſcend ſome twice or thrice a-day:
Elſe all theſe things we toil ſo hard in
Would not avail one ſingle farthing:
For, when the hero we rehearſe,
To grace his actions and our verſe;
'Tis not by dint of human thought,
That to his Latium he is brought;
Iris deſcends by Fate's commands,
To guide his ſteps through foreign lands:
And Amphitrite clears the way
From rocks and quickſands in the ſea.
And if you ſee him in a ſketch
(Though drawn by Paulo or Carache),
He ſhews not half his force and ſtrength,
Strutting in armour, and at length:
That he may make his proper figure,
The piece muſt yet be four yards bigger:
The nymphs conduct him to the field;
One holds his ſword, and one his ſhield;
Mars, ſtanding by, aſſerts his quarrel;
And Fame flies after with a laurel.
Theſe points, I ſay, of ſpeculation
(As 'twere to ſave or ſink the nation)
Men idly-learned will diſpute,
Aſſert, object, confirm, refute:
Each mighty angry, mighty right,
With equal arms ſuſtains the fight;

Till now no umpire can agree 'em:
So both draw off, and ſing Te Deum.
Is it in equilibrio,
If deities deſcend or no?
Then let th' affirmative prevail,
As requiſite to form my tale:
For by all parties 'tis confeſt,
That thoſe opinions are the beſt,
Which in their nature moſt conduce
To preſent ends, and private uſe.
Two gods came therefore from above,
One Mercury, the other Jove:
The humour was (it ſeems) to know
If all the favours they beſtow
Could from our own perverſeneſs eaſe us;
And if our wiſh enjoy'd would pleaſe us.
Diſcourſing largely on this theme,
O'er hills and dales their godſhips came;
Till, well nigh tir'd at almoſt night,
They thought it proper to alight.
Note here, that it as true as odd is,
That in diſguiſe a god or goddeſs
Exerts no ſupernatural powers;
But acts on maxims much like ours.
They ſpied at laſt a country farm,
Where all was ſnug, and clean, and warm;
For woods before, and hills behind,
Secur'd it both from rain and wind:
Large oxen in the field were lowing:
Good grain was ſow'd: good fruit was growing:

Of

Of laſt-year's corn in barns great ſtore:
Fat turkeys gobbling at the door:
And wealth (in ſhort) with peace conſented
That people here ſhould live contented:
But did they in effect do ſo?
Have patience, friend, and thou ſhalt know.
The honeſt farmer and his wife,
To years declin'd from prime of life,
Had ſtruggled with the marriage nooſe;
As almoſt every couple does:
Sometimes, my plague! ſometimes, my darling!
Kiſſing to-day, to-morrow ſnarling;
Jointly ſubmitting to endure
That evil, which admits no cure.
Our gods the outward gate unbarr'd:
Our farmer met them in the yard;
Thought they were folks that loſt their way;
And aſk'd them civilly to ſtay:
Told them, for ſupper, or for bed,
They might go on, and be worſe ſped.—
So ſaid, ſo done; the gods conſent:
All three into the parlour went:
They compliment; they ſit; they chat;
Fight o'er the wars; reform the ſtate:
A thouſand knotty points they clear,
Till ſupper and my wife appear.
Jove made his leg, and kiſs'd the dame:
Obſequious Hermes did the ſame.
Jove kiſs'd the farmer's wife, you ſay!
He did—but in an honeſt way:

Oh!

Oh! not with half that warmth and life,
With which he kiſs'd Amphitryon's wife.—
Well then, things handſomely were ſerv'd:
My miſtreſs for the ſtrangers carv'd.
How ſtrong the beer, how good the meat,
How loud they laugh'd, how much they eat,
In epic ſumptuous would appear:
Yet ſhall be paſs'd in ſilence here:
For I ſhould grieve to have it ſaid,
That, by a fine deſcription led,
I made my epiſode too long,
Or tir'd my friend, to grace my ſong.
The grace-cup ſerv'd, the cloth away,
Jove thought it time to ſhew his play:
Landlord and landlady, he cried,
Folly and jeſting laid aſide,
That ye thus hoſpitably live,
And ſtrangers with good cheer receive,
Is mighty grateful to your betters,
And makes e'en gods themſelves your debtors.
To give this theſis plainer proof,
You have to-night beneath your roof
A pair of gods (nay never wonder):
This youth can fly, and I can thunder.
I'm Jupiter, and he Mercurius,
My page, my ſon indeed, but ſpurious.
Form then three wiſhes, you and Madam;
And ſure as you already had 'em,
The things deſir'd, in half an hour,
Shall all be here, and in your power.

Thank

Thank you, great gods, the woman ſays:
Oh! may your altars ever blaze!
A Ladle for our ſilver-diſh
Is what I want, is what I wiſh.—
A Ladle! cries the man, a Ladle!
Odzooks, Coriſca, you have pray'd ill;
What ſhould be great, you turn to farce;
I wiſh the Ladle in your a—.
With equal grief and ſhame, my Muſe
The ſequel of the tale purſues;
The Ladle fell into the room,
And ſtuck in old Coriſca's bum.
Our couple weep two wiſhes paſt,
And kindly join to form the laſt;
To eaſe the woman's aukward pain,
And get the Ladle out again.

MORAL.

THIS commoner has worth and parts,
Is prais'd for arms, or lov'd for arts:
His head aches for a coronet:
And who is bleſs'd that is not great?
Some ſenſe, and more eſtate, kind Heaven
To this well-lotted peer has given:
What then? He muſt have rule and ſway:
And all is wrong, till he's in play.
The Miſer muſt make up his plumb,
And dares not touch the hoarded ſum;
The ſickly dotard wants a wife,
To draw off his laſt dregs of life.

Againſt our peace we arm our will:
Amidſt our plenty, ſomething ſtill
For horſes, houſes, pictures, planting,
To thee, to me, to him, is wanting.
The cruel ſomething unpoſſeſs'd
Corrodes, and leavens all the reſt.
That ſomething, if we could obtain,
Would ſoon create a future pain:
And to the coffin, from the cradle,
'Tis all a Wiſh, and all a Ladle.

WRITTEN AT PARIS, 1700, IN THE BEGINNING OF ROBE'S GEOGRAPHY.

OF all that William rules, or Robe
Deſcribes, great Rhéa, of thy globe;
When or on poſt-horſe, or in chaiſe,
With much expence, and little eaſe,
My deſtin'd miles I ſhall have gone,
By Thames or Maeſe, by Po or Rhone,
And found no foot of earth my own;
Great Mother, let me once be able
To have a garden, houſe, and ſtable;
That I may read, and ride, and plant,
Superior to deſire or want;
And as health fails, and years increaſe,
Sit down, and think, and die, in peace.
Oblige thy favourite undertakers
To throw me in but twenty acres:

This

This number ſure they may allow;
For paſture ten, and ten for plow:
'Tis all that I could wiſh or hope,
For me and John, and Nell and Crop.
Then, as thou wilt, diſpoſe the reſt
(And let not Fortune ſpoil the jeſt)
To thoſe who, at the market-rate,
Can barter honour for eſtate.
Now, if thou grant'ſt me my requeſt,
To make thy votary truly bleſt,
Let curſt revenge and ſaucy pride
To ſome bleak rock far off be tied;
Nor e'er approach my rural ſeat,
To tempt me to be baſe and great.
And, Goddeſs, this kind office done,
Charge Venus to command her ſon
(Where-ever elſe ſhe lets him rove)
To ſhun my houſe, and field, and grove:
Peace cannot dwell with Hate or Love.
Hear, gracious Rhéa, what I ſay:
And thy petitioner ſhall pray.

WRITTEN IN THE BEGINNING OF MEZERAY'S HISTORY OF FRANCE.

I.

WHATE'ER thy countrymen have done,
By law and wit, by ſword and gun,
In thee is faithfully recited:
And all the living world, that view
Thy work, give thee the praiſes due,
At once inſtructed and delighted.

II. Yet

II.

Yet for the fame of all theſe deeds
What beggar in the Invalids,
With lameneſs broke, with blindneſs ſmitten,
Wiſh'd ever decently to die,
To have been either Mezeray,
Or any monarch he has written?

III.

It's ſtrange, dear author, yet it true is,
That, down from Pharamond to Louis,
All covet life, yet call it pain;
All feel the ill, yet ſhun the cure:
Can ſenſe this paradox endure?
Reſolve me, Cambray or Fontaine.

IV.

The man, in graver tragick known
(Though his beſt part long ſince was done),
Still on the ſtage deſires to tarry:
And he, who play'd the Harlequin,
After the jeſt ſtill loads the ſcene,
Unwilling to retire, though weary.

WRITTEN IN THE NOUVEAUX INTERETS DES PRINCES DE L'EUROPE.

BLEST be the princes, who have fought
For pompous names, or wide dominion;
Since by their error we are taught
That happineſs is but opinion!

ADRIANI MORIENTIS AD ANIMAM SUAM.

ANIMULA vagula, blandula,
Hoſpes, comeſque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca,
Pallidula, rigida, nudula?
Nec, ut ſoles, dabis joca.

BY MONSIEUR FONTENELLE.

MA petite ame, ma mignonne,
Tu t'en vas donc, ma fille, & Dieu ſache où tu vas;
Tu pars ſeulette, nuë, & tremblotante, helas!
Que deviendra ton humeur folichonne!
Que deviendront tant de jolis ébats?

IMITATED.

POOR, little, pretty, fluttering thing,
Muſt we no longer live together?
And doſt thou prune thy trembling wing,
To take thy flight thou know'ſt not whither?
Thy humourous vein, thy pleaſing folly,
Lies all neglected, all forgot:
And, penſive, wavering, melancholy,
Thou dread'ſt and hop'ſt thou know'ſt not what.

A PASSAGE IN THE MORIÆ ENCOMIUM OF ERASMUS IMITATED.

IN awful pomp, and melancholy ſtate,
See ſettled Reaſon on the judgment ſeat:
Around her crowd Diſtruſt, and Doubt, and Fear,
And thoughtful Foreſight, and tormenting Care:
Far from the throne, the trembling Pleaſures ſtand,
Chain'd up, or exil'd by her ſtern command.
Wretched her ſubjects, gloomy ſits the queen;
Till happy Chance reverts the cruel ſcene;
And apiſh Folly, with her wild reſort
Of wit and jeſt, diſturbs the ſolemn court.
See the fantaſtic minſtrelſy advance,
To breathe the ſong, and animate the dance.
Bleſt the uſurper! happy the ſurpriſe!
Her mimic poſtures catch our eager eyes;
Her jingling bells affect our captive ear;
And in the ſights we ſee, and ſounds we hear,
Againſt our judgment, ſhe our ſenſe employs;
The laws of troubled Reaſon ſhe deſtroys,
And in their place rejoices to indite
Wild ſchemes of mirth, and plans of looſe delight.

TO

DR. SHERLOCK,

ON HIS

PRACTICAL DISCOURSE CONCERNING DEATH.

FORGIVE the Muſe, who, in unhallow'd ſtrains,
The Saint one moment from his God detains:
For ſure, whate'er you do, where-e'er you are,
'Tis all but one good work, one conſtant prayer:
Forgive her; and intreat that God, to whom
Thy favour'd vows with kind acceptance come,
To raiſe her notes to that ſublime degree,
Which ſuits a ſong of piety and thee.
Wondrous good man! whoſe labours may repel
The force of ſin, may ſtop the rage of hell;
Thou, like the Baptiſt, from thy God waſt ſent,
The crying voice, to bid the world repent.
The Youth ſhall ſtudy, and no more engage
Their flattering wiſhes for uncertain age;
No more, with fruitleſs care and cheated ſtrife,
Chaſe fleeting pleaſure through this maze of life;
Finding the wretched all they here can have,
But preſent food, and but a future grave:
Each, great as Philip's victor ſon, ſhall view
This abject world, and, weeping, aſk a new.
Decrepit Age ſhall read thee, and confeſs
Thy labours can aſſuage, where medicines ceaſe;
Shall bleſs thy words, their wounded ſoul's relief,
The drops that ſweeten their laſt dregs of life;

Shall look to Heaven, and laugh at all beneath;
Own riches gather'd, trouble; fame, a breath;
And Life an ill, whoſe only cure is Death.

Thy even thoughts with ſo much plainneſs flow,
Their ſenſe untutor'd Infancy may know:
Yet to ſuch height is all that plainneſs wrought,
Wit may admire, and letter'd pride be taught.
Eaſy in words thy ſtyle, in ſenſe ſublime,
On its bleſt ſteps each age and ſex may riſe;
'Tis like the ladder in the Patriarch's dream,
Its foot on earth, its height above the ſkies:
Diffus'd its virtue, boundleſs is its power;
'Tis public health, and univerſal cure:
Of heavenly manna 'tis a ſecond feaſt;
A nation's food, and all to every taſte.

To its laſt height mad Britain's guilt was rear'd;
And various death for various crimes ſhe fear'd.
With your kind work her drooping hopes revive;
You bid her read, repent, adore, and live:
You wreſt the bolt from Heaven's avenging hand;
Stop ready death, and ſave a ſinking land.

O! ſave us ſtill: ſtill bleſs us with thy ſtay:
O! want thy heaven, till we have learnt the way:
Refuſe to leave thy deſtin'd charge too ſoon;
And, for the church's good, defer thy own.
O! live; and let thy works urge our belief;
Live to explain thy doctrine by thy life;
Till future Infancy, baptiz'd by thee,
Grow ripe in years, and old in piety;
Till Chriſtians, yet unborn, be taught to die.

Then,

Then, in full age and hoary holineſs,
Retire, great teacher! to thy promis'd bliſs:
Untouch'd thy tomb, uninjur'd be thy duſt,
As thy own fame among the future juſt;
Till in laſt ſounds the dreadful trumpet ſpeaks;
Till judgment calls, and quicken'd Nature wakes;
Till, through the utmoſt earth, and deepeſt ſea,
Our ſcatter'd atoms find their deſtin'd way,
In haſte to clothe their kindred ſouls again,
Perfect our ſtate, and build immortal man:
Then fearleſs thou, who well ſuſtain'dſt the fight,
To paths of joy, or tracts of endleſs light,
Lead up all thoſe who heard thee, and believ'd;
'Midſt thy own flock, great ſhepherd! be receiv'd;
And glad all heaven with millions thou haſt ſav'd.

CARMEN SECULARE,

FOR THE YEAR 1700.

TO THE KING.

"Aſpice, venturo lætentur ut omnia ſæc'lo:
"O mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ,
"Spiritus, & quantum ſat erit tua dicere facta!"
VIRG. Eclog. iv.

I.

THY elder look, great Janus, caſt
Into the long records of ages paſt:
Review the years in faireſt action dreſt
With noted white, ſuperior to the reſt;

Æras deriv'd, and chronicles begun,
From empires founded, and from battles won;
Shew all the ſpoils by valiant kings atchiev'd,
And groaning nations by their arms reliev'd;
The wounds of patriots in their country's cauſe,
And happy power ſuſtain'd by wholeſome laws;
In comely rank call every merit forth,
Imprint on every act its ſtandard-worth;
The glorious parallels then downward bring
To modern wonders, and to Britain's king;
With equal juſtice, and hiſtoric care,
Their laws, their toils, their arms, with his compare;
Confeſs the various attributes of fame
Collected and complete in William's name;
To all the liſtening world relate
(As thou doſt his ſtory read)
That nothing went before ſo great,
And nothing greater can ſucceed.

II.

Thy native Latium was thy darling care,
Prudent in peace, and terrible in war:
The boldeſt virtues that have govern'd earth
From Latium's fruitful womb derive their birth.
Then turn to her fair-written page;
From dawning childhood to eſtabliſh'd age
The glories of her empire trace;
Confront the heroes of thy Roman race;
And let the juſteſt palm the victor's temples grace.

III.

The ſon of Mars reduc'd the trembling ſwains,
And ſpread his empire o'er the diſtant plains:

But

But yet the Sabins violated charms
Obſcur'd the glory of his riſing arms.
Numa the rights of ſtrict religion knew;
On every altar laid the incenſe due;
  Unſkill'd to dart the pointed ſpear,
Or lead the forward youth to noble war.
Stern Brutus was with too much horror good,
Holding his faſces ſtain'd with filial blood.
Fabius was wiſe, but with exceſs of care
He ſav'd his country, but prolong'd the war.
While Decius, Paulus, Curius, greatly fought,
  And by their ſtrict examples taught
  How wild deſires ſhould be controll'd,
And how much brighter virtue was than gold;
They ſcarce their ſwelling thirſt of fame could hide;
And boaſted poverty with too much pride.
Exceſs in youth made Scipio leſs rever'd;
And Cato, dying, ſeem'd to own he fear'd.
Julius with honour tam'd Rome's foreign foes;
But patriots fell, ere the dictator roſe:
And, while with clemency Auguſtus reign'd,
The monarch was ador'd; the city chain'd.

IV.

With juſteſt honour be their merits dreſt;
  But be their failings too confeſt:
  Their virtue like their Tyber's flood
Rolling, its courſe deſign'd their country's good.
But oft' the torrent's too impetuous ſpeed
From the low earth tore ſome polluting weed;

And with the blood of Jove there always ran
Some viler part, ſome tincture of the man.

V.

Few virtues after theſe ſo far prevail,
But that their vices more than turn the ſcale:
Valour, grown wild by pride, and power by rage,
Did the true charms of majeſty impair;
Rome by degrees, advancing more in age,
Shew'd ſad remains of what had once been fair;
Till Heaven a better race of men ſupplies:
And glory ſhoots new beams from weſtern ſkies.

VI.

Turn then to Pharamond and Charlemain,
And the long heroes of the Gallic ſtrain;
Experienc'd chiefs, for hardy proweſs known,
And bloody wreaths in venturous battles won.
From the firſt William, our great Norman king,
The bold Plantagenets and Tudors bring;
Illuſtrious virtues, who by turns have roſe
In foreign fields to check Britannia's foes;
With happy laws her empire to ſuſtain,
And with full power aſſert her ambient main.
But ſometimes, too induſtrious to be great,
Nor patient to expect the turns of fate,
They open'd camps, deform'd by civil fight,
And made proud conqueſt trample over right:
Diſparted Britain mourn'd their doubtful ſway,
And dreaded both, when neither would obey.

VII. From

VII.

From Didier and imperial Adolph trace
The glorious offspring of the Naſſau race,
Devoted lives to public liberty;
The chief ſtill dying, or the country free.
Then ſee the kindred blood of Orange flow,
From warlike Cornet, through the lines of Beau;
Through Chalon next, and there with Naſſau join,
From Rhone's fair banks tranſplanted to the Rhine.
Bring next the royal liſt of Stuarts forth,
Undaunted minds, that rul'd the rugged north:
Till Heaven's decrees by ripening times are ſhown;
Till Scotland's kings aſcend the Engliſh throne;
And the fair rivals live for ever one.

VIII.

Janus, mighty deity,
Be kind; and, as thy ſearching eye
Does our modern ſtory trace,
Finding ſome of Stuart's race
Unhappy, paſs their annals by:
No harſh reflection let remembrance raiſe:
Forbear to mention what thou canſt not praiſe:
But, as thou dwell'ſt upon that heavenly name *,
To grief for ever ſacred, as to fame,
Oh! read it to thyſelf; in ſilence weep;
And thy convulſive ſorrows inward keep:
Leſt Britain's grief ſhould waken at the ſound,
And blood guſh freſh from her eternal wound.

* Mary.

IX.

Whither wouldſt thou further look?
Read William's acts, and cloſe the ample book:
Peruſe the wonders of his dawning life:
How, like Alcides, he began;
With infant patience calm'd ſeditious ſtrife,
And quell'd the ſnakes which round his cradle ran.

X.

Deſcribe his youth, attentive to alarms,
By dangers form'd, and perfected in arms:
When conquering, mild; when conquer'd, not diſgrac'd;
By wrongs not leſſen'd, nor by triumphs rais'd:
Superior to the blind events
Of little human accidents;
And conſtant to his firſt decree,
To curb the proud, to ſet the injur'd free;
To bow the haughty neck, and raiſe the ſuppliant knee.

XI.

His opening years to riper manhood bring;
And ſee the hero perfect in the king:
Imperious arms by manly reaſon ſway'd,
And power ſupreme by free conſent obey'd;
With how much haſte his mercy meets his foes,
And how unbounded his forgiveneſs flows;
With what deſire he makes his ſubjects bleſs'd,
His favours granted ere his throne addreſs'd:
What trophies o'er our captiv'd hearts he rears,
By arts of peace more potent than by wars:

How

How o'er himſelf as o'er the world he reigns,
His morals ſtrengthening what his law ordains.

XII.

Through all his thread of life already ſpun,
Becoming grace and proper action run:
The piece by Virtue's equal hand is wrought,
Mixt with no crime, and ſhaded with no fault;
No footſteps of the victor's rage
Left in the camp where William did engage:
No tincture of the monarch's pride
Upon the royal purple ſpy'd:
His fame, like gold, the more 'tis try'd,
The more ſhall its intrinſic worth proclaim;
Shall paſs the combat of the ſearching flame,
And triumph o'er the vanquiſh'd heat,
For ever coming out the ſame,
And loſing nor its luſtre nor its weight.

XIII.

Janus, be to William juſt;
To faithful Hiſtory his actions truſt:
Command her, with peculiar care
To trace each toil, and comment every war:
His ſaving wonders bid her write
In characters diſtinctly bright;
That each revolving age may read
The Patriot's piety, the Hero's deed:
And ſtill the ſire inculcate to his ſon
Tranſmiſſive leſſons of the king's renown;
That William's glory ſtill may live;
When all that preſent art can give,

The

The pillar'd marble, and the tablet braſs,
Mouldering, drop the victor's praiſe:
When the great monuments of his power
Shall now be viſible no more;
When Sambre ſhall have chang'd her winding flood;
And children aſk, where Namur ſtood.

XIV.

Namur, proud city, how her towers were arm'd!
How ſhe contemn'd th' approaching foe!
Till ſhe by William's trumpets was alarm'd,
And ſhook, and ſunk, and fell beneath his blow.
Jove and Pallas, mighty powers,
Guided the hero to the hoſtile towers.
Perſeus ſeem'd leſs ſwift in war,
When, wing'd with ſpeed, he flew through air.
Embattled nations ſtrive in vain
The Hero's glory to reſtrain:
Streams arm'd with rocks, and mountains red with fire,
In vain againſt his force conſpire.
Behold him from the dreadful height appear!
And lo! Britannia's lions waving there.

XV.

Europe freed, and France repell'd,
The Hero from the height beheld:
He ſpake the word, that war and rage ſhould ceaſe;
He bid the Maeſe and Rhine in ſafety flow;
And dictated a laſting peace
To the rejoicing world below.
To reſcued ſtates, and vindicated crowns,
His equal hand preſcrib'd their ancient bounds;
Ordain'd,

Ordain'd, whom every province ſhould obey;
How far each monarch ſhould extend his ſway;
Taught them how clemency made power rever'd,
And that the prince belov'd was truly fear'd.
Firm by his ſide unſpotted honour ſtood,
Pleas'd to confeſs him not ſo great as good:
His head with brighter beams fair Virtue deck'd,
Than thoſe which all his numerous crowns reflect;
Eſtabliſh'd Freedom clapp'd her joyful wings;
Proclaim'd the firſt of men, and beſt of kings.

XVI.

Whither would the Muſe aſpire
With Pindar's rage, without his fire?
Pardon me, Janus, 'twas a fault,
Created by too great a thought:
Mindleſs of the God and day,
I from thy altars, Janus, ſtray,
From thee, and from myſelf, borne far away.
The fiery Pegaſus diſdains
To mind the rider's voice, or hear the reins:
When glorious fields and opening camps he views,
He runs with an unbounded looſe:
Hardly the Muſe can ſit the headſtrong horſe;
Nor would ſhe, if ſhe could, check his impetuous force;
With the glad noiſe the cliffs and vallies ring,
While ſhe through earth and air purſues the king.

XVII.

She now beholds him on the Belgic ſhore,
Whilſt Britain's tears his ready help implore;

Diſſembling for her ſake his riſing cares,
And with wiſe ſilence pondering vengeful wars,
She through the raging ocean now
Views him advancing his auſpicious prow;
Combating adverſe winds and winter ſeas,
Sighing the moments that defer our eaſe:
Daring to weild the ſceptre's dangerous weight,
And taking the command, to ſave the ſtate;
Though, ere the doubtful gift can be ſecur'd,
New wars muſt be ſuſtain'd, new wounds endur'd.

XVIII.

Through rough Ierne's camps ſhe ſounds alarms,
And kingdoms yet to be redeem'd by arms;
In the dank marſhes finds her glorious theme,
And plunges after him through Boyne's fierce ſtream.
She bids the Nereids run with trembling haſte,
To tell old Ocean how the Hero paſt.
The God rebukes their fear, and owns the praiſe
Worthy that arm, whoſe empire he obeys.

XIX.

Back to his Albion ſhe delights to bring
The humbleſt victor, and the kindeſt king.
Albion with open triumph would receive
Her hero, nor obtains his leave:
Firm he rejects the altars ſhe would raiſe;
And thanks the zeal, while he declines the praiſe.
Again ſhe follows him through Belgia's land,
And countries often ſav'd by William's hand;
Hears joyful nations bleſs thoſe happy toils,
Which freed the people, but return'd the ſpoils.

In

In various views ſhe tries her conſtant theme;
Finds him in councils, and in arms the ſame;
When certain to o'ercome, inclin'd to ſave,
Tardy to vengeance, and with mercy brave.

XX.

Sudden another ſcene employs her ſight;
She ſets her Hero in another light;
Paints his great mind ſuperior to ſucceſs,
Declining conqueſt, to eſtabliſh peace:
She brings Aſtrea down to earth again;
And Quiet, brooding o'er his future reign.

XXI.

Then with unweary wing the Goddeſs ſoars
Eaſt, over Danube and Propontis' ſhores;
Where jarring empires, ready to engage,
Retard their armies, and ſuſpend their rage;
Till William's word, like that of Fate, declares,
If they ſhall ſtudy peace, or lengthen wars.
How ſacred his renown for equal laws,
To whom the world defers its common cauſe!
How fair his friendſhips, and his leagues how juſt,
Whom every nation courts, whom all religions truſt!

XXII.

From the Mæotis to the Northern ſea,
The Goddeſs wings her deſperate way;
Sees the young Muſcovite, the mighty head,
Whoſe ſovereign terror forty nations dread,
Inamour'd with a greater monarch's praiſe,
And paſſing half the earth to his embrace:

She

She in his rule beholds his Volga's force,
O'er precipices with impetuous ſway
Breaking, and, as he rolls his rapid courſe,
Drowning, or bearing down, whatever meets his way.
But her own king ſhe likens to his Thames,
With gentle courſe devolving fruitful ſtreams;
Serene yet ſtrong, majeſtic yet ſedate,
Swift without violence, without terror great.
Each ardent nymph the riſing current craves;
Each ſhepherd's prayer retards the parting waves;
The vales along the bank their ſweets diſcloſe;
Freſh flowers for ever riſe; and fruitful harveſt grows.

XXIII.

Yet whither would th' adventurous Goddeſs go?
Sees ſhe not clouds, and earth, and main, below?
Minds ſhe the dangers of the Lycian coaſt,
And fields, where mad Bellerophon was loſt?
Or is her towering flight reclaim'd
By ſeas from Icarus's downfall nam'd?
Vain is the call, and uſeleſs the advice:
To wiſe perſuaſion deaf, and human cries,
Yet upward ſhe inceſſant flies;
Reſolv'd to reach the high empyrean ſphere,
And tell great Jove, ſhe ſings his image here;
To aſk for William an Olympic crown,
To Chromius' ſtrength, and Theron's ſpeed unknown:
Till, loſt in trackleſs fields of ſhining day,
Unable to diſcern the way,
Which Naſſau's virtue only could explore,
Untouch'd, unknown, to any Muſe before;

She,

She, from the noble precipices thrown,
Comes ruſhing with uncommon ruin down.
Glorious attempt! unhappy fate!
The ſong too daring, and the theme too great!
Yet rather thus ſhe wills to die,
Than in continued annals live, to ſing
A ſecond hero, or a vulgar king;
And with ignoble ſafety fly
In ſight of earth, along a middle ſky.

XXIV.

To Janus' altars, and the numerous throng
That round his myſtic temple preſs,
For William's life and Albion's peace,
Ambitious Muſe, reduce the roving ſong.
Janus, caſt thy forward eye
Future, into great Rhéa's pregnant womb;
Where young ideas brooding lie,
And tender images of things to come:
Till, by thy high commands releas'd,
Till, by thy hand in proper atoms dreſs'd,
In decent order they advance to light;
Yet then too ſwiftly fleet by human ſight;
And meditate too ſoon their everlaſting flight.

XXV.

Nor beaks of ſhips in naval triumph borne,
Nor ſtandards from the hoſtile ramparts torn,
Nor trophies brought from battles won,
Nor oaken wreath, nor mural crown,

Can

Can any future honours give
To the victorious monarch's name:
The plenitude of William's fame
Can no accumulated ſtores receive.
Shut then, auſpicious God, thy ſacred gate,
And make us happy, as our king is great.
Be kind, and with a milder hand
Cloſing the volume of the finiſh'd age
(Though noble, 'twas an iron page),
A more delightful leaf expand,
Free from alarms, and fierce Bellona's rage:
Bid the great months begin their joyful round,
By Flora ſome, and ſome by Ceres crown'd:
Teach the glad hours to ſcatter, as they fly,
Soft quiet, gentle love, and endleſs joy;
Lead forth the years for peace and plenty fam'd,
From Saturn's rule and better metal nam'd.

XXVI.

Secure by William's care let Britain ſtand;
Nor dread the bold invader's hand:
From adverſe ſhores in ſafety let her hear
Foreign calamity, and diſtant war;
Of which let her, great Heaven, no portion bear!
Betwixt the nations let her hold her ſcale,
And, as ſhe wills, let either part prevail:
Let her glad vallies ſmile with wavy corn;
Let fleecy flocks her riſing hills adorn;
Around her coaſt let ſtrong defence be ſpread;
Let fair abundance on her breaſt be ſhed;
And heavenly ſweets bloom round the Goddeſs' head!

XXVII. Where

XXVII.

Where the white towers and ancient roofs did ſtand,
Remains of Wolſey's or great Henry's hand,
To age now yielding, or devour'd by flame,
Let a young phœnix raiſe her towering head;
Her wings with lengthen'd honour let her ſpread;
And by her greatneſs ſhew her builder's fame:
Auguſt and open as the hero's mind,
Be her capacious courts deſign'd:
Let every ſacred pillar bear
Trophies of arms, and monuments of war.
The king ſhall there in Parian marble breathe,
His ſhoulder bleeding freſh: and at his feet
Diſarm'd ſhall lie the threatening death
(For ſo was ſaving Jove's decree complete).
Behind, that angel ſhall be plac'd, whoſe ſhield
Sav'd Europe, in the blow repell'd:
On the firm baſis, from his oozy bed,
Boyne ſhall raiſe his laurel'd head;
And his immortal ſtream be known,
Artfully waving through the wounded ſtone.

XXVIII.

And thou, imperial Windſor, ſtand enlarg'd,
With all the monarch's trophies charg'd:
Thou, the fair heaven, that doſt the ſtars incloſe,
Which William's boſom wears, or hand beſtows
On the great champions who ſupport his throne,
And virtues neareſt to his own.

XXIX.

Round Ormond's knee, thou ty'ſt the myſtic ſtring,
That makes the knight companion to the king.
From glorious camps return'd, and foreign fields,
Bowing before thy ſainted warrior's ſhrine,
Faſt by his great forefather's coats, and ſhields
Blazon'd from Bohun's or from Butler's line,
He hangs his arms; nor fears thoſe arms ſhould ſhine
With an unequal ray; or that his deed
With paler glory ſhould recede,
Eclips'd by theirs, or leſſen'd by the fame
Ev'n of his own maternal Naſſau's name.

XXX.

Thou ſmiling ſeeſt great Dorſet's worth confeſt,
The ray diſtinguiſhing the patriot's breaſt;
Born to protect and love, to help and pleaſe;
Sovereign of wit, and ornament of peace.
O! long as breath informs this fleeting frame,
Ne'er let me paſs in ſilence Dorſet's name;
Ne'er ceaſe to mention the continued debt,
Which the great patron only would forget,
And duty, long as life, muſt ſtudy to acquit.

XXXI.

Renown'd in thy records ſhall Ca'ndiſh ſtand,
Aſſerting legal power and juſt command:
To the great houſe thy favour ſhall be ſhown,
The father's ſtar tranſmiſſive to the ſon.
From thee the Talbot's and the Seymour's race
Inform'd, their ſire's immortal ſteps ſhall trace.

Happy, may their ſons receive
The bright reward, which thou alone canſt give!

XXXII.

And if a God theſe lucky numbers guide;
If ſure Apollo o'er the verſe preſide;
Jerſey, belov'd by all (for all muſt feel
The influence of a form and mind,
Where comely grace and conſtant virtue dwell,
Like mingled ſtreams, more forcible when join'd)—
Jerſey ſhall at thy altars ſtand;
Shall there receive the azure band,
That faireſt mark of favour and of fame,
Familiar to the Villiers' name.

XXXIII.

Science to raiſe, and knowledge to enlarge,
Be our great maſter's future charge;
To write his own memoirs, and leave his heirs
High ſchemes of government, and plans of wars;
By fair rewards our noble youth to raiſe
To emulous merit, and to thirſt of praiſe;
To lead them out from eaſe ere opening dawn
Through the thick foreſt and the diſtant lawn,
Where the fleet ſtag employs their ardent care,
And chaces give them images of war;
To teach them vigilance by falſe alarms,
Inure them in feign'd camps to real arms;
Practiſe them now to curb the turning ſteed,
Mocking the foe; now to his rapid ſpeed
To give the rein, and in the full career
To draw the certain ſword, or ſend the pointed ſpear.

XXXIV.

Let him unite his ſubjects hearts,
Planting ſocieties for peaceful arts;
Some that in nature ſhall true knowledge found,
And by experiment make precept ſound;
Some that to morals ſhall recal the age,
And purge from vicious droſs the ſinking ſtage;
Some that with care true eloquence ſhall teach,
And to juſt idioms fix our doubtful ſpeech;
That from our writers diſtant realms may know
The thanks we to our monarch owe;
And ſchools profeſs our tongue through every land,
That has invok'd his aid, or bleſt his hand.

XXXV.

Let his high power the drooping Muſes rear;
The Muſes only can reward his care:
'Tis they that guard the great Atrides' ſpoils;
'Tis they that ſtill renew Ulyſſes' toils;
To them by ſmiling Jove 'twas given to ſave
Diſtinguiſh'd patriots from the common grave;
To them, great William's glory to recal,
When ſtatues moulder, and when arches fall.
Nor let the Muſes, with ungrateful pride,
The ſources of their treaſure hide:
The hero's virtue does the ſtring inſpire,
When with big joy they ſtrike the living lyre.
On William's fame their fate depends;
With him the ſong begins; with him it ends.

From

From the bright effluence of his deed
They borrow that reflected light,
With which the laſting lamp they feed,
Whoſe beams diſpel the damps of envious night.

XXXVI.

Through various climes, and to each diſtant pole,
In happy tides let active commerce roll:
Let Britain's ſhips export an annual fleece,
Richer than Argos brought to ancient Greece:
Returning loaden with the ſhining ſtores,
Which lie profuſe on either India's ſhores.
As our high veſſels paſs their watery way,
Let all the naval world due homage pay:
With haſty reverence their top-honours lower,
Confeſſing the aſſerted power,
To whom by Fate 'twas given, with happy ſway,
To calm the earth, and vindicate the ſea.

XXXVII.

Our prayers are heard; our maſter's fleets ſhall go
As far as winds can bear, or waters flow,
New lands to make, new Indias to explore,
In worlds unknown to plant Britannia's power;
Nations yet wild by precept to reclaim,
And teach them arms and arts in William's name.

XXXVIII.

With humble joy, and with reſpectful fear,
The liſtening people ſhall his ſtory hear,
The wounds he bore, the dangers he ſuſtain'd,
How far he conquer'd, and how well he reign'd;

Shall own his mercy equal to his fame,
And form their children's accents to his name,
Inquiring how, and when, from Heaven he came.
Their regal tyrants ſhall with bluſhes hide
Their little luſts of arbitrary pride,
Nor bear to ſee their vaſſals ty'd;
When William's virtues raiſe their opening thought,
His forty years for public freedom fought,
Europe by his hand ſuſtain'd,
His conqueſt by his piety reſtrain'd,
And o'er himſelf the laſt great triumph gain'd.

XXXIX.

No longer ſhall their wretched zeal adore
Ideas of deſtructive power,
Spirits that hurt, and godheads that devour:
New incenſe they ſhall bring, new altars raiſe,
And fill their temples with a ſtranger's praiſe;
When the great father's character they find
Viſibly ſtampt upon the hero's mind;
And own a preſent Deity confeſt,
In valour that preſerv'd, and power that bleſt.

XL.

Through the large convex of the azure ſky
(For thither Nature caſts our common eye)
Fierce meteors ſhoot their arbitrary light;
And comets march with lawleſs horror bright;
Theſe hear no rule, no righteous order own;
Their influence dreaded as their ways unknown;
Through threaten'd lands they wild deſtruction throw,
Till ardent prayer averts the public woe.

But

But the bright orb that bleſſes all above,
The ſacred fire, the real ſon of Jove,
Rules not his actions by capricious will;
Nor by ungovern'd pówer declines to ill:
Fix'd by juſt laws, he goes for ever right:
Man knows his courſe, and thence adores his light.

XLI.

O Janus! would intreated Fate conſpire
To grant what Britain's wiſhes could require;
Above, that Sun ſhould ceaſe his way to go,
Ere William ceaſe to rule, and bleſs below:
But a relentleſs Deſtiny
Urges all that e'er was born:
Snatch'd from her arms, Britannia once muſt mourn
The Demi-God; the earthly half muſt die.
Yet if our incenſe can your wrath remove;
If human prayers avail on minds above;
Exert, great God! thy intereſt in the ſky,
Gain each kind Power, each guardian Deity;
That, conquer'd by the public vow,
They bear the diſmal miſchief far away!
O! long as utmoſt nature may allow,
Let them retard the threaten'd day!
Still be our maſter's life thy happy care:
Still let his bleſſings with his years increaſe:
To his laborious youth, conſum'd in war,
Add laſting age, adorn'd and crown'd with peace:
Let twiſted olives bind thoſe laurels faſt,
Whoſe verdure muſt for ever laſt!

XLII.

Long let this growing æra bleſs his ſway;
And let our ſons his preſent rule obey:
On his ſure virtue long let earth rely,
And late let the imperial eagle fly,
To bear the Hero through his father's ſky,
To Leda's twins, or he whoſe glorious ſpeed
On foot prevail'd, or he who tam'd the ſteed;
To Hercules, at length abſolv'd by fate
From earthly toil, and above envy great;
To Virgil's theme, bright Cytherea's ſon,
Sire of the Latian and the Britiſh throne:
To all the radiant names above,
Rever'd by men, and dear to Jove;
Late, Janus, let the Naſſau-ſtar
New-born, in riſing majeſty appear,
To triumph over vanquiſh'd night,
And guide the proſperous mariner
With everlaſting beams of friendly light.

THE REMEDY WORSE THAN THE DISEASE.

I SENT for Ratcliffe; was ſo ill,
That other Doctors gave me over:
He felt my pulſe, preſcrib'd his pill,
And I was likely to recover.

But, when the wit began to wheeze,
And wine had warm'd the Politician,
Cur'd yeſterday of my diſeaſe,
I dy'd laſt night of my Phyſician.

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